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Long Live Our King and Queen

"Dieu
Et
Mon
Droit"

A KING IS CROWNED ...

In Every Corner Of The Empire



The Imperial
Royal Crown,
symbol of Empire

A KING IS CROWNED!

In Westminster Abbey the colored shadows fall from soaring windows on the massed ranks of bishops and princes. Jewels glitter in the rich dusk, and all the robes of pomp and dignity blend in a tapestry of splendor.

Here are the lords of earth and the servants of Heaven gathered in tribute to a man, a crown and an idea.

DESTINY chose the man, tradition appointed the crown, but the hearts of the British people, dead, living and yet unborn, give life to the idea of British kingship.

The British King is king not by conquest, not by the mere inheritance of a name, but by the profound desire of British men and women to consecrate in him their unity, their faith, and their ideal.

Destiny chose the man.

Many dynasties have arisen and declined; the chances of birth and death, quarrel and war and rebellion, have set kings up and stricken them down again.

Destiny brought the house of Guelf to the throne, to become the house of Windsor. Destiny guided the hand of Victoria as it stretched out the sceptre over half the earth, guided Edward through peace, and George the Fifth through war and world upheaval.

Destiny brought to the throne

Edward the Eighth, beloved of millions, and turned him aside again for the love of one woman.

Destiny marked out George, Duke of York, that quiet-living English gentleman, and laid upon him the glory and the burden.

Tradition appointed the crown ...

Immemorial emblem of kingship, that band of gold, acquired through centuries the special shape and symbolism of the English realm, of the United Kingdom, of the vast British Empire.

But the hearts of the British people give life to the idea of kingship ...

Kings have arisen out of the British earth, and learned to open their hearts to the understanding of stranger subject peoples.

Kings have come into England as conquerors, and have in turn been conquered by England, and become the eager servants of the people they ruled.

Good kings and bad have sat on

England's throne: strong kings and weak, but the strongest have been those who most devotedly served.

The English people have defied their kings, changed them, rebelled against them, and even shown them death. But where they rose against the king, they rose in the name of the kingship they revered—the kingship which is an embodiment of all they love and cherish.

A king is crowned in Westminster Abbey ... but not only there ... ah, no; not only there ...

He is crowned in the fields of England, crowned by the labor of men behind the plough. In the roaring mills of the North the smoke and thunder rise about his crown as incense and music.

National Unity

HE is crowned at sea—wherever the keels of England carry English sailors and English trade, there is his throne, secure above the waves.

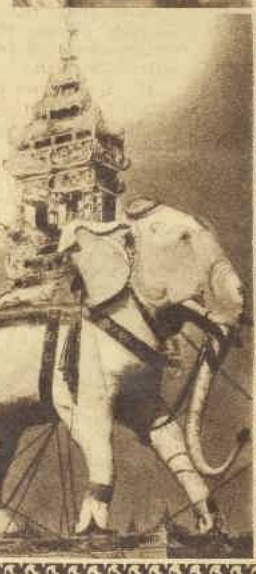
Amid Canadian snows the British king is crowned. The fishermen in the fog-banks, the ranchers, the farmers of mighty wheatfields, the crowds in the city streets, all stretch a hand to set that shining crown, and the roar of the railroad spanning the Continent carries the sound of his name from sea to sea.

He is crowned in the crack of the stockwhips on Australian stations, in the grim unceasing march of men against the desert, in the creak and rumble of waggons hauling the wool to town, and the bustle of busy ports whence wheat goes out to the world.

Wherever Britishers toil and plan, wherever they believe in the English ideals, they set their hand to the crowning of the King.

It is we, the people of the Empire, who crown the King. We set upon him, not the golden crown, but the unseen emblem of our national unity.

We hail him, not as a stranger who demands our fealty but as the chief among ourselves, the active head of the State, the guardian of those unwritten things which are the essence of British nationality.



Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Britain's Prime Minister

THREE men who are central figures in the historical occasion of the Coronation of the King of England are the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Norfolk.

Head of the British Parliament, Mr. Stanley Baldwin was the leading parliamentary figure in the constitutional crisis in December 1917 that resulted in the abdication of King Edward VIII. He entered politics in 1906, and his present term as Prime Minister dates from June, 1935.



To Crown the King

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Cosmo Lang, by right of Ancient Usage, anoints and crowns the King. He conducts the entire Coronation service, making the presentation to the people, administering the oath, and delivering the Royal oaths and regalia. In all the ceremonies he is assisted by the Dean of Westminster. By ancient custom he claims a fee for his services: the purple velvet chair appointed to him in Westminster Abbey.



Hereditary Vice

THE Duke of Norfolk, whose family has held the hereditary office of Earl Marshal since the 15th century, is one of the two great Officers of State, the other being the Lord Great Chamberlain. The Earl Marshal has organized and arranged the entire Coronation ceremony, allocated the seats a positions for the 7000 nobles and gentry in Westminster Abbey, and is held responsible for order in the King's presence.

Travelled...then found beauty and back home!



ERASMIC "fineness" veils you lightly, with an indecipherable glamour.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream, 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube. A light, protective powder base.
Erasmic Cold Cream, 2/6 Jar. Softens and nourishes as it cleanses.



1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

57.14.27

GEORGE R.



ELIZABETH R.

*"Long May They Reign Over Us"*

Scenes of Unparalleled Splendor as
Long-Planned Coronation Reaches
Magnificent Climax.



WHOLE WORLD TUNES-IN TO LONDON

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

A MILLION visitors from every corner of the earth, among them the most splendid galaxy of potentates and envoys ever assembled, have poured into London—a London transformed into a city of fairylike beauty and dreamlike grandeur.

It is the month of May—always beautiful, but this year sublime, and the season has burgeoned in a profusion of budding trees and blooming gardens to rival the glittering panoply of man's devising.

Under blue skies, in sparkling sunshine, men have for many weeks been draping the ancient city with flags and garlands, bunting and tinsel, till there's no dingiest corner, no meanest alley of the slums, that is not bright with color.

City of Light

AT night the streets throw up to the sky a blaze of radiance from arcs and floodlights, flickering Neon and festoons of colored lanterns.

Six thousand pounds a mile has been spent to transform the aged face of the world's metropolis.

The "City"—the small commercial and financial district—has staged its own grand scheme adornment.

Even the Thames, that hoary veteran of trade and transport, sparkles with lights and reflects the bright colors of new paint and decorations. Tramp steamers shine with adornment, warships gleam in perfect trim, and a squadron of liners have been transformed into grandstands and hotels for the occasion.

To London's population, and to the visitors from country, Empire, and abroad, the celebrations are the most spectacular entertainment conceivable.

Never at any hour in history has the continued power and serenity of British rule been more vital to the Empire and the world.

And for that reason the nations of the British Commonwealth, and the nations of the earth, have honored the Coronation with the greatest and most magnificent pageant of all time.

MORE than a million people attended the grand dress rehearsal for the pageant, and traffic authorities have been faced with unprecedented problems.

To be in London now is to stand in the heart of the world.

It is to see gathered in one spot, at one time, all earthly splendor.

Two thousand years of history roll behind the wheels of the royal coach. Before the hoofs of its outriders open the shining curtains of the future.

Five hundred million subjects hail their King, and fifty nations salute their monarchy.

Apart from all the official celebrations, every neighborhood group has clubbed together to stage a private carnival in the streets.

Tea-parties, dancing in the streets, amateur theatricals on improvised stages in the open, indicate a general revival of the spirit of the old English fete day on a grand scale.

Never have the people more heartily thrown the weight of their enthusiasm behind a great official function.

As for "society" it has launched a whirl of entertainments unequalled at any rate for many years. Hundreds of debutantes from every part of the kingdom, from the Dominions, and elsewhere, have been presented at the May Court or will be presented at that in July.

Scarcely resting between parties and official receptions, they received the stern command of their chaperons to be in bed early on the night before the great day itself.

Fashion Splendor

OFFICIAL parties and a host of prominent people from Australia are among those enjoying a season such as even gay London will not see again for many years.

The elaboration of entertainment, the perfect styling and costly nature of the clothes worn, make this a fashion-lover's dream.

For years fashions will be influenced by the ideas and modes born of this Coronation.

THE official ceremonies themselves stagger the imagination.

The procession with the gilded State coach, which has been used by British monarchs since 1761, captures the glories of past, present, and future.

Amid the traditional trappings that belong to England's history are the virile contingents from the young nations of the Empire.

And, for a note of ultra-modernity, newsreel cameras are recording every tiny detail of each day's ceremonies on millions of feet of film—some in color—and despatching the pictures by racing aeroplanes to every corner of the globe.

Dense Crowds

THE ceremony in the Abbey will be remembered as a blaze of splendor surrounding a central core of solemn ritual . . . Tier on tier of nobles in coronets and rich robes—each ensemble costing anything up to £3000.

Crowds so great that a special annexe had to be built on to the historic pile, cunningly constructed to resemble the ancient stonework.

And for further touches of modernity, radio and telephone communications have been installed in the Abbey to keep touch with the Palace and with the world.

Spectators will never forget the sight of half the world's wealth of jewels (that is an expert estimate) scintillating in the rich light of the great hall.

Many of those jewels have been

brought from their immemorial repositories in the treasuries of Indian rulers, lords of ancient lineage come to pay tribute to their lord in turn.

Gorgeous apparel that will live in the visual memory of Londoners marks out the envoys of fifty foreign nations.

Ruling sovereigns do not, by custom, attend the coronation of a brother king, but send their sons, brothers or high officers.

Thus sixteen-year-old Prince Michael, himself once King of Rumania, and succeeded by his own father, was selected by King Carol as his deputy.

Prince Chichibu, brother of the Emperor of Japan, with his lovely bride in her gorgeous Oriental attire, is Nippon's representative. Princess Juliana of Holland represents her mother, Queen Wilhelmina.

Empire Rejoices

A DOZEN other European and Eastern Princes of note, and many scarcely known before to English people, are among the envoys.

These high official guests of King and Nation will spend the whole of their stay from the Coronation onwards as residents in Royal palaces, embassies, and palatial hotels.

They will attend many sumptuous functions, but none to parallel the great State banquet of May 13, with its banks of flowers, its background of music, and gold dinner service worth millions of pounds.

Balls, garden parties, receptions mark the whole of the Coronation season programme. Private entertainments by visitors, such as the Indian princes, will return England's hospitality with Oriental munificence.

And all through the Empire, entertainment and celebration make the month of May a season of rejoicing worthy of the central pageant and of the great event it marks—the crowning of England's King and Queen.

Whether it be in the gilded halls of palaces, in the ballrooms of remotest dominions, or in the dingy parlours of the London slums, decked transiently with bunting, the spirit of the Coronation month will be the same—joy in the community of Britons with their King.

Brilliant Coronation scenes in color on Page 17, and other pages.

UNIQUE EXPERIMENT to Make Happy MARRIAGES

Domestic "Trouble-Fixer" Reports On First Year's Work

Unique in Australia, a Government experiment in straightening out marriage problems so that they won't end in the divorce court is now nearing its first year of trial.

A report on the scheme is now being prepared. It promises to be one of the most remarkable official documents ever recorded on romances, marriages, domestic troubles, and divorces.

THE report is being prepared by Brig.-General S. Price Weir, who for twelve months has been acting as Marriage Conciliator in Adelaide.

He received his appointment from

the Government, to whom his report will be submitted through the Attorney-General some time this month.

Whether it will lead to any radical changes in our marriage and divorce laws is a matter for speculation. In all States the experi-

Will You Drop Us a Line?

WE have tried to make this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly a fitting record of a great event. We hope you will like it.

Perhaps you will drop us a line and tell us what you thought of it, and what features interest you. This is not a competition.

ment has been followed with keen interest.

The N.S.W. Government is closely watching the experiment. If it proves successful, the Minister for Justice, Mr. Martin, has indicated that a similar official appointment will probably be made here.

Since his new job as Marriage Conciliator was conferred upon Brig.-General Weir in June last year nothing has been heard by the



BRIG.-GENERAL WEIR, Australia's first marriage conciliator, who, for nearly twelve months, has been patching up broken romances.



I know you'll like THIS coffee

"It's packed the day it's roasted—packed in tins and vacuum sealed.

"When I opened that tin the aroma was lovely—it was actually as fresh as the day it was roasted.

"So naturally it's different. To begin with it's made from a blend of selected Mocha and Mysore coffee beans.

"And then again, it's Bushells!

"Want another cup? Of course you do."

Also packed in 1-lb. and ½-lb. glass jars.



Bushells
Pure Coffee
VACUUM PACKED

Packed Fresh Stays Fresh

public of the work he has done to reunite estranged married couples.

He said on his appointment that his work would be done in secret and he has kept to his word.

His "laboratory" has been the offices of the Adelaide Benevolent and Strangers' Friends' Society in a little out of the way street, where there are but few passers-by.

Instead of test tubes and bunsen burners, the Brig.-General has dealt in records of unhappy marriages; instead of nitrates, carbonates and oxides, he has had humanity as the ingredients of his experiments—unhappy people whose marital happiness has become a thing of the past.

Spare-time Work

THE result he has been searching for is not another precious metal or cure for prevalent disease, but something equally valuable to both family and national life—unity between husband and wife. What success he has had will soon be publicly known.

Brig.-General Weir, who runs the Benevolent and Strangers' Friends' Society, undertook his marriage conciliation job to be done only in his spare time.

He has interviewed probably hundreds of couples in secret and made careful investigations as to the cause of their unhappiness, without respecting his promise not to mention either names of persons or what their differences of opinion have been. The beneficial results of his marriage-fixing have been noticed by observers.

"It is an endless task fixing broken marriages," said Miss Kate Cocks, former chief of Adelaide women police, commenting on Brig.-General Weir's work. "Young women who feel their lives have been ruined can build palaces on their ruins, but it is very difficult to

Sydney Magistrate Is Marriage-fixer Also

THE marriage conciliation idea operating in Adelaide closely follows the technique employed by a Sydney magistrate, Mr. Sheridan, who has acquired a reputation as an arbitrator in matrimonial differences.

Two cases recently came under public notice, one a young couple aged 18 and 21, and the other concerning a couple married many years.

Their domestic troubles brought them to Court, and Mr. Sheridan tactfully suggested in each case that the couples should reconcile their differences. The quartet went off satisfied.

build again on the ruins of a destroyed marriage.

"Brig.-General Weir is a cheerful and understanding man.

"Other persons in various organisations have undertaken to reconcile marriages in the course of their work, but it has never been a recognised job, though there is plenty of room for such a one."

At the time of his appointment, almost twelve months ago, Brig.-General Weir said he did not mind how hard he worked, or what long hours, so long as his efforts had the desired effect of preventing the breaking up of marriages.

"I am afraid that more marriages have been unsuccessful because of unemployment than anything, but there are numerous other reasons," he said then.

His report in a few weeks is expected to throw some light on these "numerous other reasons" that cause unhappy marriages and lead to divorce.

Our Birthday Baby Quest

Was your baby born on June 10, 1933? Then send his or her photo to us. It may win a £2/2/- prize.

THE Australian Women's Weekly wants pictures of readers' children—boys or girls—born on that date because it is also the birthday of this newspaper.

The Australian Women's Weekly is four years old, and would like to hear from other four-year-olds as happy and thriving as itself.

A selection of the pictures will be published in our birthday issue of June 12. Of course, it will be impossible to publish all of them, but

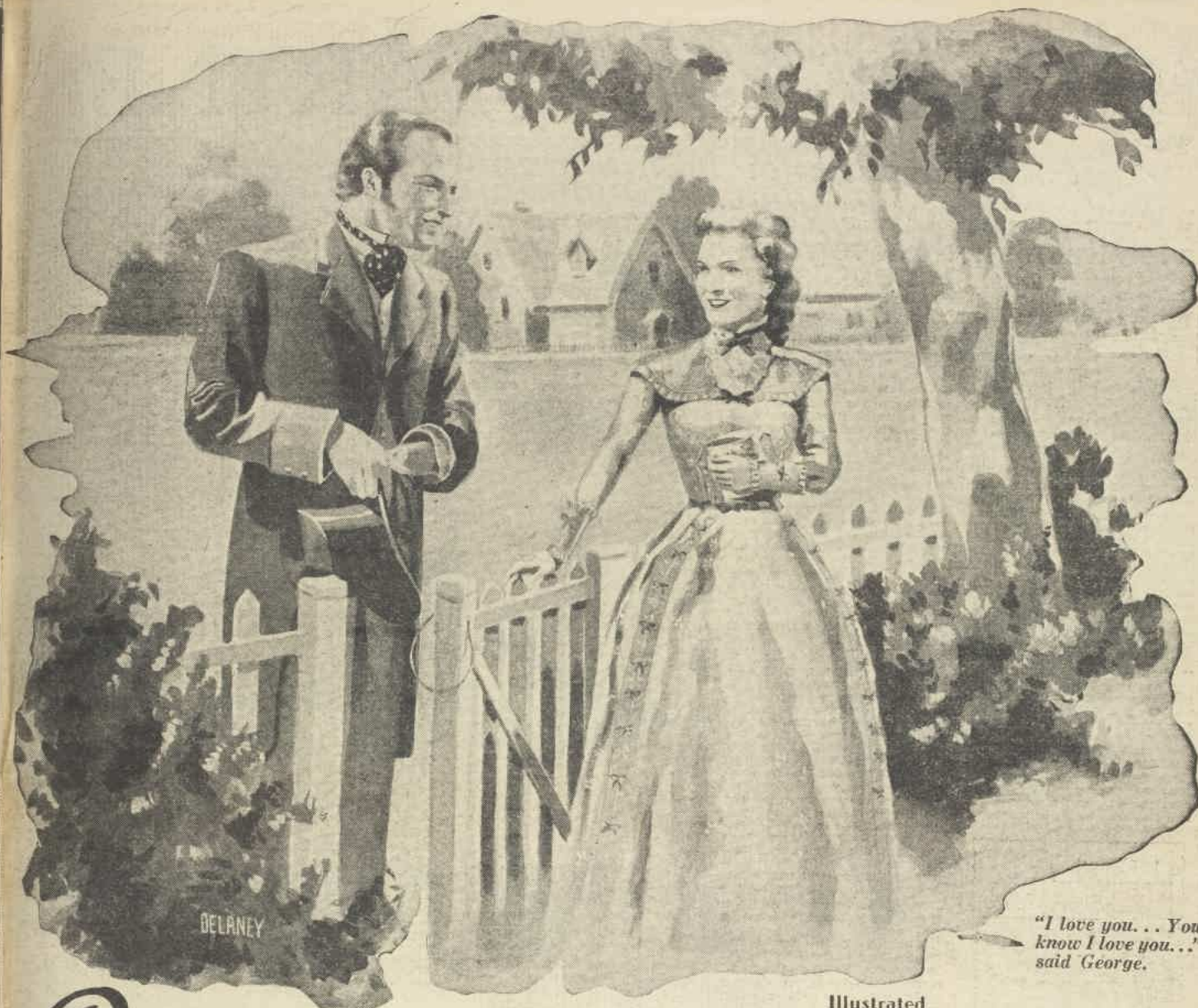
the best photograph will win £2/2/-.

All others used will be paid for at 10/6 each.

Natural home studies and good clear prints are the most likely to figure in the prize list.

Photos must be sent in by May 9. Mark the envelope: "Birthday Babies."

But don't confuse the date—the baby's birthday must have been JUNE 10, 1933—the day of our first issue.



"I love you... You know I love you..." said George.

Illustrated
by
DELANEY

CORONATION SOUVENIRS

She had lived in five reigns... and the cavalcade of coronation and jubilee brought bitter-sweet memories to this old lady

A Complete
Short Story
By
URSULA
BLOOM

that they meant to her, for they were the embodiment of her dreams. Every mug was brimful of memories, sweet, delicious memories. You do not sell your dreams.

There was the first mug of all. The mug they had made when for fifty years a great little lady had reigned over the land. She nodded to herself as she recalled that day.

THERE was dancing in the orchard, and the beacon flares were to be lit at night. There was a big feed for all the poor people, and a special service of thanksgiving in the little church. And George Clark was home. She had seen George Clark looking at her over the hymn-book, when they had sung "The Old Hundredth." She had seen him and had known what he meant. He hadn't forgotten that dance, that coming-out dance of hers, and the time when he had kissed her. How frightened she had been! How worried! Mamma had said, "He isn't a nice man for you to know, dear. We wouldn't like you to marry a man like George Clark. Why, his people are only tradesmen."

And now she saw him peeping at her over the hymn-book.

Now thank we all our God.

With heart and soul and voices.

She felt young and gay and terribly excited over it all, just as though it were her jubilee and not the dear Queen's. And afterwards they gave her the mug. She met George Clark in the orchard, met him when they were dancing on the grass to the tune of the brass band.

Just such an exquisite evening again. Scent of flowers, and the keen, swift vitality of life and youth racing through her.

And she standing there with the jubilee mug in her hand, and wondering what to say to him, wondering how she could tell him that she loved him when her people were not going to allow it.

George telling Papa about it. Oh, what a heap of memories were crammed into that little jubilee mug, which now was only an ordinary china mug to all the world, but to her Pandora's magic box.

The beacons lit upon the hill, scarlet and azure. The dreadful scene at home, and her parents enforcing that she should do what

they wished. Marry George Clark? Never! That just desperate moment when she had run down the crazy path after him, despite what they had said. That last moment, still clinging to her little jubilee mug. "I can't let you go like this, George. I can't. I'll always love you. I'll always love you..."

"Yes," she nodded to herself, "that's what the first mug means to me. Nobody else would know. Nobody else would understand."

Into the room there crept the first tender shadows of the twilight lying softly across the laburnums and lilacs outside. The faded blue eyes moved towards the second mug. On it there was pictured the face of a gallant Queen, with the blue ribbon of the Garter across her breast, and the crown of England set on her small imperious head as it had been for sixty years.

The village had grown to think of her as an old maid whom the tide of life had left behind. Her people were dead. She still had the house, and the meadows, and a great emptiness in her heart, and a servant longing.

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THEY stood in a row on the shelf above the chair where the old lady sat. They were fine mugs, with pictures of royalties upon them; commemoration mugs of jubilees and coronations.

"I'm sorry," said the old lady with a dignity all her own, "but they are not for sale. You see, they mean a lot to me."

The dealer eyed her curiously. Personally he thought the mugs were boring, but some people collected them. You could always be sure of selling them. He had come here, as a friend of the old lady's grandchild. "Gran's a funny old stick, mad keen on all this Coronation business," the grandson had said. "Of course, she can't last

much longer. She has changed a lot lately."

The dealer had admired the mugs. "Well, if you won't part, you won't," he said.

"No, I won't," said the old lady sweetly and she settled herself in her armchair for the nap that she always treated herself to after tea. The dealer left.

The old lady sat there, in the pleasant little room that had been home for so long and she folded her hands composedly in her lap. From the garden there drifted in the scent of may from the big red tree that she had planted there in her youth. There were lilacs, too, white and mauve, toasting in the light wind. To-night there would be beacons on the hilltops, just as she had remembered before when she was a girl. She smiled happily to herself. She glanced up at the mugs in their row. Her mugs. Of course, he had not realised all

CHOOSE Your PARTNER

A charming story of a tennis star who was taught a few lessons in the love game



AT four o'clock in the afternoon the sun-terrace of the Hotel Valetta is crowded with people who have nothing to do but laugh and smoke, while they sip tea or iced drinks and discuss the latest scandal.

At four o'clock precisely, Marilyn picked up her racquet and sauntered off to the end court, where a hotel visitor awaited her for a tennis lesson.

Forty-five minutes of strenuous tuition left Marilyn feeling as limp as a wet wash-leather. Her pupil weighed at least fifteen stone and could not run a yard, but Mrs. Dakers-Batterby was convinced that the only way to keep youthful was to indulge in the sports and pastimes of the young. The lady would be much better advised, thought Marilyn, to take up golf.

But it was not Marilyn's place to give advice to the hotel visitors. She was merely the tennis coach at the Valetta and spent her time teaching people the proper grip for a backhand drive, and the art of placing the ball where it would cause most difficulty for their opponents.

Marilyn glanced at her watch. Only twenty minutes to her next appointment. Hardly worth while going inside. Better to lounge in

the finals of the county championship.

She understood from the manager that later in the season a professional was coming, who would take over the gentlemen visitors, but in the meantime she had to take all pupils.

"If you're any good at all," the manager said, "you'll be good enough for the men who want coaching."

And so Marilyn, a slim, sun-tanned figure in beautifully pleated cream shorts—she held the view that tiresome clothes affected one's play—took on all comers, and because she was nursing a fractured heart was totally blind to the many admiring glances of some of the male visitors.

On the whole she liked the work, and was only too thankful that the post was no rest-cure and sent her to bed every night too utterly tired even to give a passing thought to Tony.

THERE were times, of course, when she longed to be one of that happy, care-free crowd who were on holiday. To join their adventurous expeditions, to dance at night, but she reminded herself sternly that she was supposed to be working for a living, and not idling at an expensive hotel on the coast.

Marilyn became aware that a tall man in flannels had suddenly appeared beside her.

"You're—er—Miss Mason?" he queried. "They said I should find you here."

"Yes. Did you want an appointment?" searching for her diary.

The young man hesitated. "An appointment? Couldn't we have a game now?"

Marilyn crinkled her brows. "Well—I've got Miss Drummond in ten minutes. I'm free after that."

"Oh!" The young man leaned his racquet on the adjacent chair. "My name's Rex Appleton. I'm—"

He broke off, for at that moment a page-boy handed a note to Marilyn.

"Miss Drummond has cancelled," she explained. "Would you like to take the lesson in her place?"

He opened his mouth to say something, but evidently changed his mind. Marilyn was already out of her coat and collecting a bag of balls.

"You have played before, of course?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. Quite a bit, in fact—but I—"

"What is your weak point?"

The reply seemed a long time coming and Marilyn looked up at his face. His eyes seemed to be focused on a point somewhere near the tip of her nose.

"I said—what is your weak point?" she repeated.

"Oh—I—er—all of them, I expect."

Marilyn made no comment. A new arrival, she supposed. Pity that a strong, presentable-looking young man should be such a bone-head.

"Will you serve or shall we toss for it?"

"No, you serve," he replied meekly.

Marilyn sent over a medium-paced one. No good putting him in a fluster with one of her famous slashers.

To her surprise, he made a neat return. She sent the ball to his backhand, and he actually changed his racquet into the left hand and netted the shot.

She raced up to the net. "You mustn't do that!" she called out severely. "This is the correct backhand grip. You turn your racket—so! And your feet must be like this—see?"

He smiled and nodded and the lesson went on. Lobs, overhead smashes, baseline drives, all of it. Marilyn was a little perplexed by his play. He seemed to know



Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

Marilyn remembered suddenly, and wiped the smile off her face as she swept by.

how to do everything in a clumsy kind of way, but muffed his shots. Sheer awkwardness, she supposed, although once or twice he sent a ball whizzing past her, or a service that left her standing. Erratic. Lots of players like him, but more often women. Men were generally more consistent, she found.

At the end of the lesson they walked off the court together.

"That was a pretty tough half-hour for you," he declared. "Can I get you a drink of tea or anything?"

Marilyn decided he was nice, even if he would never get within a thousand miles of the Centre Court at Wimbledon.

"I'm not really supposed to accept refreshments from the guests, you know," she told him, her brown eyes twinkling.

"How about a glass of water, then?" he suggested. "And I'll tell the waiter to put a dash of something interesting in it."

She smiled agreement, and he was about to turn away in search

of a waiter when the entertainments manager came bustling up to them.

"Ah, that's right, Appleton. You seem to have found Miss Mason all right." He turned to Marilyn and beamed. "Sorry I hadn't time just then to introduce you to each other, but you've gathered that this is our new tennis-coach, Mr. Appleton."

MARILYN'S indignation rose up in her throat and tied itself in a knot, so that she was quite incapable of speech. She had never in her life been so humiliated, not even when Tony had made his shame-faced confession.

She glared accusingly at Rex Appleton and snapped, "Yes, we've already played one game."

She swung round and dashed away inside the hotel.

What a mean trick! Egging her on to make a fool of herself. Purposely fumbling his shots and

playing pat-ball, when all the time—oh, it was the dirtiest thing.

When presently her indignation cooled down a little, she saw with regret that it was a pity that she would now be forced to be at daggers drawn with him. If he had been ordinarily decent, they could have had a lot of fun together comparing notes about the oddities of the visitors.

Her blood boiled at the very idea of being civil to this—this trickster!

And yet he even had the temerity to come up to her in the lounge after dinner that evening.

"Will you let me offer you that drink now, by way of apology?"

"Certainly not!" she snapped and did not care in the least how rude he thought she was.

"You don't intend to forgive me then?" he went on, and at the back of his voice she could hear unmistakable amusement. That thoroughly annoyed her.

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A Complete
Short Story
By...
IRIS
LEIGH

a deck-chair and let the sunshine and the Channel breezes soak into her. She flung her thick cream coat round her shoulders and settled down, her gaze fixed idly on the blue sea, dotted with yachts and rowing boats, with the black line of the pier stretching out like a great insect.

She lit a cigarette and reflected that it was curious she should now be making a living out of a former pastime—a pastime that had been such a bond between her and Tony.

But she mustn't start thinking of Tony. That was all over and done with.

Tony had flitted her. Tony, who swore that he would love her, even when she was wrinkled and grey-haired and had three chins, announced one day suddenly that he had fallen hopelessly in love with the daughter of some rich American people who had taken a house for the summer.

The worst of it was that Marilyn, planning for a June wedding, had already given notice at the bank where she worked. She could not very well withdraw, for they were reducing the staff in the department, and it would mean another girl would have to go.

Besides, in the shock of realising that Tony no longer loved her, Marilyn hardly cared what happened.

A stroke of luck had brought her that job at the Hotel Valetta—someone in the hairdresser's pointed out the advertisement—and Marilyn thanked her stars that years of practice had made her a first-class tennis player. She and Tony had once even got as far as

PROUD BEAUTY

Savaran
Series
No. 2

By
Douglas Newton

Another fine romantic adventure yarn in which Savaran, that gay Captain Blood of the desert, goes to the rescue of a headstrong, beautiful girl



HILARION LAZAGA, police major, from the Portuguese colony of Anacora, drank long and gazed longer at the girl facing him under the silken awning of her tent. What a marvel she was in her still, white, arrogant beauty, also how entirely insane to parade such loveliness unescorted through the wilds of Africa, but then these Americans were all mad. Still, he felt it his duty to break off talk of his own business to say:

"Permit me to mention that it is not wise for the Senhorita to travel alone in such a land as this."

"I prefer it," said Elia Barbary looking coldly at the big, overbearing pomposity of the man.

But that is not natural, with your looks," he said, twirling a shoe-lace moustache with a jack-boot manner; then as an angry gleam came to the splendid dark eyes, he added hastily: "I speak out of concern for the Senhorita. Even I, Hilarion Lazaga, whose name is terror, do not travel the Gongoda country without ten well-armed dogaris."

"I am not new to safari," said Elia Barbary evenly. "I have hunted his game in all parts of Africa—alone."

"But not in Gongoda," said Lazaga. "Gongoda is not a good place. This king they have, Sandra Boma, is bad; an animal of the worst degree. A dangerous and treacherous snake, with a nasty reputation with—his eyes dropped before her haughty glance, with, er, ladies."

"You were speaking of an escaped criminal named Savaran," said Elia Barbary changing the conversation with a contempt that made the big man bristle.

"It is my duty, Senhorita, first to insist upon this matter of your safety," he said fiercely.

"I have listened," she said evenly. "I can look after myself." She turned to a tall hooded Arab who had just stepped softly into the shadow beside her tent, said in Swahili, "The peace of Allah on thee. Whence come you and what want you with me?"

LAZAGA, who had no taste for so summary a dismissal from a beauty as yet unconquered by his well-known gallantry, said sharply:

"Let the dog wait. I have yet to finish warning you against this felon, Savaran."

Elia Barbary having once dismissed a man, that man ceased to have further human existence—that had been her attitude to the male from her cradle up. She turned to freeze Lazaga off the earth, and the shadowy Arab said in a soft sing-song:

COMPLETE
SHORT
STORY

"Peace to you, O Lily of Wonder. Thy slave can wait. I will sit within the shadow of thy beauty while he whose name is Fear talks."

"You see the effect of me on these black scum," the Portuguese said with swelling chest. "They are all like that, and Savaran, in spite of his boasts, will find me terrible, too. I am here to catch this Savaran and hang him."

"I have heard of that man," said Elia Barbary, held by her interest, "and from what I have heard he will not be easy to hang."

"Not for an ordinary man—no," admitted the Portuguese largely, "but me, I am Lazaga. That is why I am sent to take him. It needs a redoubtable man, for this Savaran is not without a certain low cunning and power over the natives. But I, Lazaga, will show Africa the way a man of deeds deals with a mere rascal of a boasting sneak-thief."

"It is of Savaran you speak," came the sing-song of the Arab, who was now squatting in the shade and smoking placidly. "But that is a name of power. From the Fezzan to the Great Thirst kings tremble at the rumor of it and even the white lords mass their regiments for fear of his stroke. There is no man so great in Africa since the days of Saladin, on whom be peace."

"It is not meet for a black dog to lift his voice in the presence of white lords," Lazaga snapped at him. He turned to Elia Barbary. "That is the boasting the fellow has spread among the ignorant natives. But the real truth about this Savaran is that he is a contemptible creature: a ragged adventurer, chased from one State to another by the police; a smuggler, a gun-runner, a thief, a stirrer-up of native revolt. I myself hold four warrants for his arrest, two of which are hanging matters."

"And he is here in Gongoda?" said Elia.

"I have word it is so," said Lazaga. "He sneaked by the police of

our western colony of Lumpuli by a base trick and was last heard of heading for Sandra Boma's court. He is, of course, after Sandra Boma's diamonds."

"He's just plain crook," said the girl, her lovely face cold with contempt.

"Of the lowest order," said Lazaga, "a trafficker with niggers. He is even wanted for smuggling drugs."

"That makes him more detestable," she said fiercely. "I hope you will take him, Major; such brutes ought not to be at large."

"Be assured, I, Hilarion Lazaga, will take him if he is twenty times more formidable than his boasts," said the major grandly.

His chest swelled magnificently, he twirled his moustache grandly. He knew he was superb—and just at the peak of his pride he was taken aback by a laugh.

The Arab in the shade had

Savaran took the cigarette from his lips, expelled a slow and luxurious cloud of smoke, said calmly: "I did not know there were two of our might in Africa, Lazaga."

Lazaga's pistol came out, but it was a shaky voice that cried: "Up, scum. I am arresting you."

"The terror of your name unnerves me," Savaran grinned. "My shaking limbs refuse to lift me."

"Up!" roared the now angry Portuguese, "or I shoot you as you are."

"It is unsportsmanlike to shoot sitting game," said Savaran, with a flash of splendid teeth. "ungallant to shed blood in the presence of a lady. Also, why lose the glory of taking Savaran alive, Lazaga?"

"Well, then, alive I take you and hang you on the spot," cried the other, and shouted for his dogaris. But when they came running they looked one look at Savaran and were content to remain behind

Alone in Africa

laughed. He was still squatting and smoking calmly, but the hood of his burnoose was back now, and Lazaga, snatching up his hippo-hide whip to chastise the fellow, looked sharply and dropped the whip agast.

"Savaran!" he choked.

The Arab's face showed dark, sharp and eagle-fierce above the snow of his robe. There was a smile, dry, sardonic and terrible, on his masterful lips. He did not stir. It was Lazaga who backed, gasping in fear and fumbling at his pistol butt.

Lazaga, ignoring his orders and rolling fearful, negroid eyes at the spider-spare adventurer.

"It appears they know Savaran, low trash and thief though he is," said the seated man with a smile, for Elia Barbary. "He is not then so mean a person as a dago liar painted him."

Elia Barbary rose coldly from her chair.

"Possibly my presence hinders you, Major Lazaga," she said. "Get your business done and leave my camp as soon as possible."

"The terror of your name unnerves me," Savaran grinned. "My shaking limbs refuse to lift me."

She took a step towards her tent door only to be halted by Savaran's soft laugh.

"I ask pardon for incommoding you while I justified myself," he said. "But now I will remove this offence and end the incident."

He blew upon a gold whistle and Lazaga, turning with an oath to order his men to act, checked his order with a yelp.

From the jungle surrounding the camp clearing, in a complete ring, tall men came striding inward. They seemed to materialise out of the very shadows at the trill of the whistle. They were brawny, french-bronze savages, barbaric in tall feathers and gold bangles. The sun blazed on their vermilion shields, their spade-headed stabbing spears and the workmanlike Mauser rifles slung across each broad back. They moved with an effortless leopard lift. Lazaga goggled at him, gasped: "Sandra Boma's bodyguard!"

"And mine," said Savaran, getting to his feet. "You are a little late in the day, Lazaga. I reached Gongoda a month ago and a month is more than enough for Savaran to found a kingdom. Gongoda lies in my palm, Lazaga, and the Riad—which I subdued in my stride. Sandra Boma is king of both, by leave of Savaran, who has other work to do with his hundred thousand spears."

"Gongoda! The Riad!" stammered Lazaga, a green tinge in his yellow face. "Then—then half of middle Africa is at your feet."

"As a beginning—yes," said Savaran, with his ruthless, eagle smile. "But I am a man of ambition and destiny, Lazaga. I am already dreaming a larger dream, and Savaran's dreams come true. Even now I march to break the Tarak. To-morrow, who knows, but all the tropic belt, jungle and desert and down, from ocean to ocean will be mine. The conqueror will, Lazaga, it cannot be denied." His wolf smile mocked the Portuguese. "How unfortunate for you that you should meet Savaran when his day has dawned. Now, which tree will you hang me on—or I you?"

Please turn to Page 11



OUR
NEW
SERIALBy
FANNY
HEASLIP
LEAThe
FOUR
MARYSIllustrated by
FISCHER

DOMINEER-
ing age, rest-
less middle
life, untameable
youth in a swift-
moving story of
what happens when
three women of dif-
ferent generations,
with conflicting
ideals and desires,
have to live together
under the same
roof.

The wedding was over. The background of excitement, invitations and parties was dissolving. For Elizabeth was beginning a new life.

some mysterious way he managed to bestow case and glasses beneath the snowy folds of his surplice, where in a snug black trousers pocket reposed a decent fee. "May I congratulate you both?" he said in organ tones which in unofficial moments he was not quite able to modify. The bride gave him her cheek to kiss. An elderly man of some distinction, he had come at her insistent request from a New York church to this simple Connecticut garden to perform the ceremony. In his less distinguished youth he had married her parents, who at present were motoring somewhere in Switzerland, Italy, France or Germany.

"Dear Doctor Hathaway!" said the bride, excitement in her voice.

"Dear little Elizabeth!" said Doctor Hathaway, sincerely moved. He would have liked to express a hope that the union would be blessed with brave sons and fair daughters, but considered that one never knew quite how these young people felt about such matters, so merely pressed her hand in his own slightly withered one and beamed.

The wedding was over. The background of excitement, invitations and parties was dissolving. For Elizabeth was beginning a new life.

The wedding guests were closing in. Against midsummer roses and honeysuckle and banks of deep purple petunias, women's pale, frilly gowns showed only like other flowers. Without the men's dark coats the scene would have had the over-sweetness of a modernised Boucheur.

The third of the four Marys, whose name to her friends was Meg, came up with both hands out. "Well, children," she said, "love and luck! You can do with them both." Elizabeth was no kin of hers, merely a friend of her daughter's. The outstretched hands conveyed this in a gracious offering of hospitality and affection subtly blended. At forty, Meg's dark eyes were young. Question yet smouldered there. She kissed Elizabeth but evaded the groom's kiss lightly. "Come, come, Alan," she said. "Keep your lips for your wife, my lad!"

Someone laughed. Someone almost always laughed when Meg Swift was about. Laughter was her stock in trade—as book reviewer and weekly columnist on a New York evening paper she had her long nervous fingers ready on all the stops that evoked laughter. Under cover of which life went on, of course, not always food for guffawing.

She said, "I never saw a sweeter bride—really. . . . Did you, mother?"

The second Mary, following upon her daughter's footsteps at the slower pace her years and flesh made necessary, displayed not quite so spontaneous an enthusiasm. "Very nice," she said. "I could hear you quite distinctly, Elizabeth. Mr. Wythe rather swallowed his doings and willings."

"Emotion, Mrs. Davis," said the groom quickly. He laughed into the

calm, shrewd old face delicately wrinkled about eyes and mouth and high, dominant nose.

"I'll be bound," said the second Mary dryly. She was white-haired now, but when she had been still young enough and soft enough and gay enough to make the name seem right for her, "Molly" was what she had been called.

"Oh, Meg, how can I ever thank you?" cried Elizabeth nervously. "Letting me be married in this lovely little place." The note of strain which had quivered in her voice when she spoke to the minister did not lessen. She closed tense fingers on Meg's slender arm.

"My dear," said Meg, "why not?" She was too touched to smile. The next moment she thought: "Do I still know sincerity when I hear it, or is she just putting on an act? Mimi would know."

Mimi was the fourth Mary, daughter of Meg, granddaughter of Molly, great-granddaughter of the first Mary, whose name no one had ever attempted to soften, and who had been sleeping now for upwards of thirty-five years in a somewhat overgrown little churchyard on the Gulf Coast peculiarly adapted to such slumbers.

Mimi stood beside Elizabeth in a gown as ethereal as the bride's, a hat no less broad, shielding, however, a face distinctly less telltale. Her hair was red—not even sunlight needed to burnish it. Her eyes were greyish green, with a ring of black about the iris. Her mouth might have been pale with-out the vivid unreality of her lipstick. She held an armful of yellow roses where Elizabeth held white orchids and gardenias.

LAUGHTER and talk arose like fountain spray as the wedding guests surrounded Elizabeth and her husband. Mimi stood faintly smiling. Speaking mostly when spoken to. Her unusual eyes caught the flight of a bird from a jasmine-starved vine on a near-by trellis, followed the lengthening shadows on the grass. She started when a young man stopped close beside her and held up a glass.

"Love and kisses," he said. "Must be a terrible job being bridesmaid. Never saw you play-

ing second fiddle before. Can't say that I think it suits you."

Mimi stared at him coldly.

He waved a large brown hand.

The bride was draining a glass when Mimi looked. With the groom close beside her. With people all about her, laughing and exclaiming. Her pretty round-chinned face was flushed and ardent. Her laugh tinkled over all the rest like a bell keyed higher. The groom was wearing—Mimi recognised it in immobile silence—his conquering look. Got what the look said to Mimi, watching.

"Aren't weddings a circus?" the young man at Mimi's elbow was saying lazily. He had rough brown hair, a pleasantly wide smile and a knowledgeable glint in narrowed near-sighted eyes.

MIMI said, "Mother is somewhere about the place—if it's she you're looking for." She put out a hand to someone going by and turned from him.

"Ungrateful brat!" said Jimmy Kilmartin pleasantly. He regarded the bride and groom with detached interest, made no effort to speak to them, and went off presently in the direction of the small white house set among hovering trees, which was Meg Swift's own, bought with money which, even while most people's money was slipping through their fingers, her keen mind and dogged purpose had made for her. As he went he stormed amiably within himself at the cursed contrariness of things in general. "A terrible setup for Meg. She ought to kick that girl of hers out. Make her get to work. Put the old lady on a round-the-world cruise and get rid of her." He chuckled, envisaging it.

Under the bridal oak glasses passed and repassed, clinked, were emptied and refilled. Voices rang louder. Almost everyone now had kissed the bride. Her cheeks were burning.

Meg, returning after ten minutes or so with Jimmy Kilmartin at her elbow, said to him, "It's time for them to be getting away, really. If they want to catch the ferry and make it before dark." She knew—no one else did—where the honeymooners were going. She

Please turn to Page 16

THE wedding was over—that part of it, at least, which had to do with heroic vows concerning love, honor and worldly goods. Through branches of an aged oak, the dead gold of a sinking sun fell warmly across the bride's blonde head, the sun's largess being deflected only slightly by the broad, transparent brim of her picturesque hat. Upon the groom's head sunlight fell equally dappling a wavy dark tuffet resilient as Apollo's. His fine eyes laughed. He stooped to the bride's adoring smile. "So that's that!" he said, and kissed her. Not without relief. The minister looked on, benignly approving. He took off his glasses, put them into a steel case and snapped it shut, after which in

The Fashion Parade by Petrov



SPLENDOR is the keynote of Coronation - time fashions. Evening coats, in particular, give full and often extravagant expression to the fashion significance of the great occasion. Full-length capes inspired by Coronation robes are rivalled in magnificence only by the gorgeous capes of the great dignitaries of the Church.

Extravaganza...

● **EXTREME LEFT:** A mink coat to dream about. Flaring skirt sweeping the floor. Huge cuffs and revers. Finished with jewelled belt.

● **LEFT:** A very sophisticated "Snow-white and Rose-red." Crimson and white velvet, the latter braided with silver. Short pointed train.

● **ABOVE AT LEFT:** Figured gold lame for a coat which slopes downwards and increases in fullness towards the back. Extraordinary sleeves, puffed high above each shoulder. The belt is diamante. The dress is orange.

● **ABOVE:** Pale velvet crepe encrusted with little silver crowns makes a trailing gown accompanied by a violet velvet coat with collar and sleeves of ermine.

MARCH OF THE MODE by *Rene*

Courtly Elegance....



ON this page, our fashion artist, Rene, has sketched Court gowns sponsored by three famous fashion houses. They are meant to be worn for receptions with trains and without trains for formal dinner-parties. These designs will influence formal evening fashions for the whole Coronation season.

At the extreme left is sketched a Paquin model of reversible magnolia satin. Next this is an official Rêville design. Of pink-white chiffon, it is hand-

embroidered with mother-of-pearl iridescent sequins. The next model is by Hartnell. It is of silver lame with shoulder straps and wide-pointed belt of cellophane studded with brilliants. Next, a Rêville gown of gold brocade with a cluster of flounces at the décolleté. Train of gold brocade lined with gold lame.

Rene,

CORONATION CURTAIN RAISER!



• "PLANTAGENET": This magnificent evening coat was specially created by Reville for Coronation occasions. It is of soft mauve, beautifully interwoven with a formal pattern of silver.

• INTENDED for Royal Ascot, the Reville model above is of black-and-white silk crepon. The interesting pattern portrays a forest scene and roaming deer.

• AT RIGHT: A Reville model for formal Court occasions. The dress of hand-made lace is posed over a silk crepe slip. The train is detachable.

Glorious Frocks for Court, Races and Garden Parties

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

In an atmosphere of intense excitement huge audiences of fashionable women watched the two-day Coronation exhibition given by ten leading London dress designers at Grosvenor House, the luxury hotel in Park Lane.

THEY paid 25/- a ticket to see, in a glamorous curtain-raiser pageant, the frocks that people from all parts of the world will see at the Royal Courts, at Ascot, and at garden parties.

Race and garden-party frocks are so romantic and picturesque that they look like costumes for a bal masque. Most of them were worn under contrasting coats or over-dresses in directoire style and short-sleeved.

Intricate cut, flowing draperies and low décolletage make dinner frocks more formal. Ronald Morris's "Garden of Allah," in heavy

stone-colored crepe, was a perfection of draping with a long flowing pleated cape that could be worn in three ways—flowing loose, caught in to the waist with a jewelled girdle, or flung round the neck and across one shoulder as a long scarf.

The sleeves of Peter Russell's stiff Duchess of York blue brocade coat were three-quarter length to show the tight-fitting sleeves of a clinging dinner gown of cloth of gold.

Ablaze with jewel, sequin and gold thread embroideries, Court ball gowns were the highlight of the parade. The heavily-embroidered gowns were of necessity cut on simple lines. Brocades and taffetas

PHOTOGRAPHS from
Mary St. Claire by Air
Mail.

are wider than ever round the hem-line, but both types of frocks share an absence of material on the shoulders and back.

Under a flowing coat, "Scheherazade" was embroidered all over in an ancient Persian design in small steel blue and silver sequins, giving it the appearance of pliable metal. Reville's ball gown—parchment taffeta overdress with an underdress of hand-woven parchment brocade of foliage design in gold and silver—caught every gleam of light.

The Queen's favorite color, a pale turquoise-blue, was used for a number of both day and evening frocks. Royal-blue was second favorite, with yellow in several shades a near third. Most startling garment in royal-blue was a three-quarter coat of ostrich feathers worn over a light blue street frock, with royal-blue gloves and hat.

Evening coats are sometimes as richly embroidered as frocks beneath them. Most of them are of directoire or Plantagenet inspiration. Reville showed a magnificent one of heliotrope and silver hand-woven English brocade.

Greet
the
morning
with
PEP
and
ZIP!



Can't be done? Oh! Yes it can! Thousands are doing it by taking Cream of Yeast. Away with tired, "blue", weary looks and feelings—away with headaches, "bad nerves", coated tongue, unpleasant breath, blotched, sallow skin! Just take Cream of Yeast and see your pep and energy increase. Nothing like it! Bucks you up better than black coffee; stimulates harmlessly (better than alcohol); calms the nerves better than aspirin; improves the general health more surely than salts. Only 1/11d. for 24 Tablets, or 3/6 for 48, any Chemists. You may be "down"—but you can't be "out"—

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CREAM of YEAST

An Editorial

MAY 15, 1937

WHAT THE CORONATION MEANS TO US



British throne.

It is an affirmation by the British people throughout the world of their unity and their common ideals.

The strength of British nationhood is community of purpose and of character.

Politically, that community is expressed in the democratic government of elected parliaments under a free constitution.

But in essence our racial brotherhood can only be consecrated in the person of one man—a British king who is a British citizen in the truest sense.

One hears occasionally the suggestion that "the King is only a figurehead."

Actually, that is very far from being the truth.

The high duty of the British king is a very real job, not the least part of which is the interpretation of the deeply-felt but unspoken desires and aspirations of his people.

The King has great responsibilities, and he has the power to fulfil them. He has the power to ensure that what the nation's legislators enact and its administrators carry out is not merely the letter of the law but the spirit of the law.

No one else can do this but the King.

Parliament, elected by the people, is a guarantee of the right of every citizen to an expression of his views and a protection of his rights.

But the King, revered by every Britisher, has the solemn duty of a deeper, more permanent, and more spiritual understanding of the will of the people.

For such a high task a man of more than ordinary qualities is needed.

We greet the citizen King who is the King of citizens.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Taste Goes Round and Around

FRUIT-BASKETS and funnels are among the themes of the latest millinery creations. In the past couple of seasons we have seen the return of flowers, feathers, ribbons and all the extravaganzas that for more than twenty years have been regarded as grotesque memorials of an age of atrocious taste.

And very nice they look, too, when made—and worn!—with an artistic touch. Much nicer, certainly, than the dowdy cloches and stonches of a few years ago, and promising greater scope than the miniatures of recent seasons.

It just goes to show that taste is a variable quantity, and must essentially remain so. No fashion was ever made that could endure forever. The worst of them never recur; the best, bob up every few decades and delight humanity anew.

There is just one fashion that never comes in again—that of the period just past. Each generation finds an exotic appeal in antiquity, a quaint charm in the garb of its grandmother, but only risibly comedy in the clothes of its own parents.

Wages for Wives

A CONFERENCE of women. Public servants recently advocated wages for wives as a counter to the regulations forcing women out of jobs as soon as they marry.

From the point of view of the woman employee who by ability and effort has built up her earnings to a high level, this forced sacrifice is a heavy price to pay.

If she were assured of an independent income as a married woman she would feel happier, there would be more marriages, more children, more jobs for men.

That is the attractive theory, but sound sense finds little hope for the establishment of wages for wives. After all, in ninety per cent. of homes, every penny that comes in is spent by the wife for the benefit of the family. There is no margin either for wages for Mrs. or "holding-out" by Mr. As for Government wages for wives, only a dreamer would hope for them.

Vanishing Landing-place

AT a time when Empire sentiment is in the air, it is particularly disturbing to learn of the sad fate of Captain Cook's landing place at Kurnell, New South Wales. This historic spot is gradually slipping into the sea!

If something is not done about it soon, we shall probably have the unique distinction of being unable to point to the spot on which the first English landed.

Australia could do more to preserve such historic spots as this, which foster the best sort of national spirit.

LYRIC OF LIFE

IMPRESSION

The dawn came over the hills to-day
And an elegant picture she made
In silver ruffles of windy lace
And necklace of ancient jade.
A rose was pinned to her yellow dress,
There were trinkets of gold on her wrist.
And her dainty feet in scarlet shoes
Danced over the morning mists.
P. Duncan-Brown.

The New England

MESSAGES from London tell us that "even the meanest slums" are bedecked with bunting for the Coronation.

It is a cheering thought that in these days there is far less of pathetic irony in that picture than there would have been years ago. Life in the slums is actually being made happier, not merely glossed over, and the slums are disappearing fast.

Special types of flats, designed by scientific architects, are being built all through England's crowded areas. One new block in Bristol is planned for small families and elderly unmarried people, who must live near their work.

Partly furnished, these flats let for as low as four shillings a week. The scheme is a



QUEEN'S TRAINBEARERS attend rehearsal. Lady Elizabeth Percy and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck (centre), two of the trainbearers at the Coronation, are shown after attending a rehearsal at Westminster Abbey with the youthful Lord Jeffrey Percy (left) and the Duchess of Northumberland. Mistress of the Robes.

tribute to the success of modern planning, as opposed to old-fashioned haphazard "social work." The new King rules a new England.

Our Lost Stage

WE in Australia, watching the decline of the theatre and the steady growth of motion pictures, have imagined this complete collapse of the stage a world phenomenon. It is not.

In London to-day there are 37 theatres showing to packed audiences, four variety shows, several ballets and operas, and only 18 cinemas.

In our biggest city there are 14 picture houses, showing to packed audiences, one theatre, and one variety show.

Is it that we in Australia lack appreciation of the drama?

Or is it that stage productions killed their own business by failing to give the public the best available?

At any rate, the stage has revived remarkably elsewhere, and a revival here would be welcome, if only as a stimulus to the films, whose standard has fallen so low.

Queen's Diary of Coronation Day

Coronations occur so seldom that only a privileged few have the opportunity of learning the private thoughts of Royalty about the imposing ceremony.

THE thoughts and impressions of a Queen on Coronation Day, graphically diared by the nineteen-year-old Queen Victoria a century ago, give us an interesting picture of scenes which, apart from the alterations to the setting, dictated by radio, aeroplanes, and other modern inventions, might well be an account of this week's historic happenings.

One of the many recent publications dealing with her life, "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria," published by John Murray, gives the following diary version of the great Queen's Coronation:

"I was awake at four o'clock by the guns in the park and could not get much sleep afterwards on account of the noise of the people, bands, etc., etc."

"Got up at seven, feeling strong and well; the park presented a curious spectacle, crowds of people up to Constitution Hill, soldiers, bands, etc."

"I dressed, having taken a little breakfast before I dressed, and a little after. At half-past 9 I went into the next room, dressed exactly in my House of Lords costume."

"At 10 I got into the State Coach with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle, and we began our progress. . . . It was a fine day, and the crowds of people exceeded what I have ever seen."

"Their good humor and excessive loyalty was beyond everything, and I really cannot say how proud I feel to be the Queen of such a nation."

"I was alarmed at times for fear that the people would be crushed and squeezed on account of the tremendous rush and pressure."

"Sight Was Splendid"

"I REACHED the Abbey amid deafening cheers at a little after half past eleven."

"I first went into a robing room quite close to the entrance, where I found my eight trainbearers: Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Mary Talbot, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Wiltshire Stanhope, Lady Anne Fitzwilliam, Lady Mary Grimston, and Lady Louisa Jenkinson—all dressed alike and beautifully in white satin and silver tissue with wreaths of silver corn-ears in front, and a small one of pink roses round the plait behind, and pink roses in the trimming of the dresses."

"After putting on my mantles and the young ladies having properly got hold of it, and Lord Conyngham holding the end of it, I left the robing room, and the Procession began."

"The sight was splendid, the bank of Peers quite beautiful all in their robes, and the Peers on the other side."

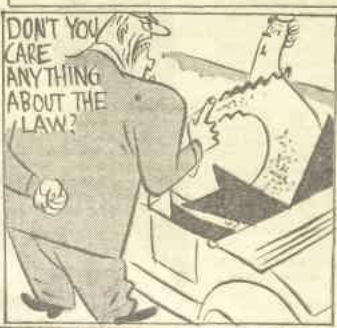
"My young trainbearers were always near me, and helped me whenever I wanted anything. The Bishop of Durham stood on the side near me, but he was, as Lord Melbourne told me, remarkably maladroit and never could tell me what was to take place."

"At the beginning of the Anthem, I retired to St. Edward's Chapel, a small, dark place immediately behind the Altar, and with my ladies and trainbearers—took off my crimson robe and kirtle, and put on the superintendence of cloth of gold, also in the shape of a kirtle, which was put over a singular sort of little gown of linen trimmed with lace."

"I also took off my circlet of diamonds, and then proceeded bareheaded into the Abbey; I was then seated upon St. Edward's chair, where the Dalmatic robe was clasped round me by the Lord Great Chamberlain."

"Then followed all the various things; and last (of those things) the crown being placed on my head—which was, I must own, a most beautiful impressive moment: all the Peers and Peersesses put on their coronets at the same instant."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



WHEN MANDRAKE Crowned LOWER



Mandrake presents L. W. Lower with a token of loyalty. (For explanation read accompanying article.)

A Vivid Explanation Of A Great Historic Event

Once again I am called upon to save the reputation of this page by endeavoring to explain the illustration by that distinguished foreigner, Hartmut Lahm.

Ever since he became naturalised, Mr. Lahm has shown such overwhelming patriotism that pukka Britishers go away and hide in remote corners when they see him coming.

TAKE the present example of affection. Afflicted by the current rage for Coronation topics, Mr. Lahm has let his head go in his reckless Slovakian manner and produced what he calls an opus. I opus all right with you.

I said to him, "But is that supposed to be me on the throne?"

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

a pillow? And the large negro wiping the wall down with a broom?"

"It iss about the Coronation, see! It iss for you to write on. The man in the back of the throne iss the butler or waiter or some von. He iss saying, 'What about a quick one, your Majesty?' See!"

"All right! Don't look so harshly at me."

And he left me holding the baby, so to speak.

Now for Coronations! In very early days, the head man of the tribe always wore a crown (from the early Saxon, "Dong," or the Erse, "Stonker," or "Lid." See Caster, Cady, & Tit-for-tat).

That doesn't seem to make things much better. Better try it another way.

It was a frosty day in May when the King was seated on his throne cogitating. It was his favorite hobby. He had absently wandered from his bath with the bath-mat still wrapped about him and his bowler hat, which he always wore when under the shower, in his hand.

Helpful Equerry

THE Royal serviette ring (see illustration) had slipped down around his wrist, but this went unnoticed as he had a toothache at the time. (You can check up on all this by an occasional glance at the drawing!)

Turning to his equerry, who was usually wound round the left leg of the throne, he said, "Do you think a spot of rum would do me any good?" You see, he had a cold.

"Yea, sire!" replied the equerry eagerly. "The Official Sniffer (extreme left), and I shall retire forthwith to the cellars and select the very best." They then retired.

That's two of them gone. Turning to Mandrake the King said graciously, "What's the matter with you?"

"I have brought your Majesty this chocolate blancmange with a nut on it as a token of our loyalty!"

"Banzai!" shrieked the lady with the neck like a lighthouse who had brought her own cigarettes with her.

The judge (man with the crash helmet on, extreme right) looked askance at this remark, but this did not affect the flapper in the right-hand corner. She just went on licking her ice-cream which she had taken from the small boy who had come in to see if there were any empties to be garnered after the ceremony.

Just then the butler burst in with a barrel on a stick, crying, "Look what I found on your pillow, Ma! A little barrel with a tap and all." (You wait till I see that confounded artist! I'll knock him cold. As if a man hasn't got enough to put up with.)

Lothar, the giant negro, was whitewashing the wall with a feather-duster during the ceremony in order to cover up the place where he'd torn off a bit of the wallpaper to use as a singlet. I think that's about the lot.

You can forget that gang outside. That's the overflow from the bazaar, or something.

One of these days I'm going to become an artist, and I'll give some of these so-called humorists something to think about. The trouble is, they do this sort of thing to you, and then go away and hide.

Wep is no better. Before he went away on his holidays he left me two illustrations, one of a woman shopping during an earthquake, and another of two men strangling themselves with a coil of barbed wire. I ask you, is that fair?

You tell them you're going to make blancmange, and they bring you some pickled onions to go with it.

Don't be surprised if I do my own illustration next week. I'm getting tired of translating hieroglyphics to the masses. I think that'll be all!

And if anybody deserves a lemonade, it's me!

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should be used in every home.

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WALKING
ABOUT**

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PROUD Beauty

Continued from Page 7

PERHAPS he would have hanged Lazaga—who ever could say what Savaran would do in his fierce whimsy?—but just then there came a blare of silver trumpets and gold chained slaves bearing Sandra Boma on a polanquin of jewelled ivory trotted into the clearing.

Sandra Boma was your true savage monarch in temperament if not in capacity. He could not even alight from his litter without using the backs of crouching women as stepping stools. He rolled towards Ela Barbary's tent robed in tissue of gold, his fabled diamonds blazing in the African sun. He was magnificent, Sandra Boma, in all things save mind and manhood.

He was over fat, over short and over young, yet his face proclaimed that even his few years had made him a master in over-indulgence and viciousness. The soulless cruelty of an animal stamped his aquat, sooty features; stealthy cunning was in his charcoal-black eyes.

Those eyes found Ela Barbary at once, swept her straight, regal whiteness with an unsavory gusto while his lips seemed to smack in relish. Then he saw Lazaga in the hands of his guard, and that passion that was even more to him than love of women, cruelty, blazed within him.

"Yullah! An offering prisoner," he cried in a vice-husky voice. He clapped his pudgy hands. "My chair of state, here under this awning. We will sit and watch this pig die—softly. It will be pleasant."

Perhaps it was this that saved the shaking Lazaga. Savaran, being Savaran, could not resist the chance of showing Ela Barbary how he coerced kings. He said grimly:

"The man will be marched in safety to his own territory of Anacora by guards who will be answerable to me for his life."

Sandra Boma turned a face evil with hate upon the lean adventurer. It could be seen there was no love lost between the king and the kingmaker.

"The king has said he shall die," he snarled. "My chair, at once!"

"The king then will fight the white goms when they come with their cannons and flying canoes that drop earthquakes," said Savaran grimly cheerful. "The British and the French as well as the Portuguese, for all are jealous when white blood is shed by black."

"Let them come," said Sandra Boma. "Who am I to tremble? Am I not Sandra Boma, King of Kings from the days of Adam, conqueror of the Riad, the Word of Life and Death for all Africa? I fear them not!"

He sat himself fatly in his golden seat. Savaran merely turned and called for his horse.

"What is this?" Sandra Boma squealed on another note. "You leave me, Savaran?"

"You fight white men alone," said Savaran calmly. "And may you also hold back the Riad spears better than you did before I came."

Sandra Boma was up and at the spider-spare man's side at a bound, clawing pitifully at Savaran's robe, entreating him to stay, for the Riad had treated the Gongoda people as slaves, and henchmen before Savaran had conquered them for Gongoda, and the Riad taking vengeance for defeats were not a pleasant people. No wonder Sandra Boma cringed in fear and snivelled promises to do all the Lord Zavarani commanded.

"Give the man presents and send him back to his land," said Savaran curtly and his flashing smile called Ela Barbary to admire his power over rulers. And Ela Barbary drew herself up in cold scorn and said:

"It's... loathsome... a white man trafficking with such a black reptile!"

With a look of absolute disgust she turned and entered her tent. And Lazaga, fired by her, flung down the jewels that had been put in his hands and shouted for her to hear.

"I take nothing from a thief who has gone nigger. And be warned, Savaran. Set as much as a foot in Anacora and by the living truth nothing will stop me hanging you. I swear here and now that whatever the cost to

myself I will rid the world of such a devil as you."

Savaran smiled cheerfully, picked Lazaga's pistol from Ela Barbary's table, ostentatiously made sure it was loaded, and then thrust it into the braggart's hand.

"Better take your gun then, Lazaga," he said. "One who boasts so rashly will need good protection."

For a breathless half-minute they stood, then the power in Savaran's eyes sent the courage oozing out of Lazaga's veins. He turned and walked sullenly away, beaten.

FOUR hours later Savaran stood in the outer chamber of Ela Barbary's tent, saying with his fiercely genial smile:

"You will break camp at dawn, Miss Barbary, and will reach Kallat in a week of quick marching. I am sending twenty picked men with you."

Ela Barbary stood cool and hostile in the soft gloom of her big tent. She was at once more beautiful, more difficult, and more desirable.

"I do not discuss my affairs with you," she said evenly.

"I am not discussing anything," he said. "I am giving orders, and warning you that my men will see that they are carried out."

"Leave my tent," she cried; "your play-acting does not impress me, if it does your filthy black king. I stay or so, as I choose."

"You are magnificent," he said, his fierce eyes saying more. "There never was a woman so queenly. No wonder Savaran loves you."

He reached out, lifted her hand, kissed it as Napoleon must have kissed the hand of Marie Louise. Half intimidated by the strange force in him, half hating him, she hesitated to snatch it away until his lips touched, then with a little cry she jerked free, caught a whip from the rack round the tent pole, and slashed his face.

"A man like you," she cried. "You—devil!"

Please turn to Page 34

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Many sufferers have obtained relief from these symptoms, and you can also. A SUFFERER REPORTS: "I am very pleased with the progress I have made through using Membrobus. It has done so well after years of suffering. I have gained 15 pounds weight, and my chest feels quite sound. The cough is gone now, and there is very little spasm, and the pains in the chest have cleared up. I feel better than I have done for 20 years."

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And remember this is the last day of this astounding offer!

THE SHEIK: Through the desert's worst sandstorm I have come to thee, my fair one!
SHEIKESS: Verily, Ali Baba, thou must be a man of grit!



EXPLORER: I shammed dead, the lion sniffed me, then, with a wild roar, plunged into the forest.
BORED LISTENER: I've smelt that hair oil of yours myself.

DAD (to stranded motorist): Wonderful drop of rain, isn't it?

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

ORCHESTRA LEADER: I had to let Joe go.
"Why?"
"Oh, he kept his hat on his trombone during 'God Save the King'."

"I HEARD Dick tell Nell Jones she was always in his mind."
"He must be terribly broad-minded."

"MY ambition is to be a great doctor. I want to become a bone specialist."
"Well, you have a good head for it."

LAWYER: The petty thief has no regard for his victim.
Victim: Yes, he has, a sneaking regard.

"I HEAR the girl you are running around with now is a reducing expert."
"I should say so! You should see my bank-roll."

"LET me have a nice large veal roast."
"Yes, Mrs. Brown."
"And be sure it's tender. I have to make chicken sandwiches for the Ladies' Sewing Society."

YOUNG WIFE: This cake I have made for you is the result of a good resolution.
Husband: It wasn't made to break.

JUDGE: You were under the bed with a bag of tools. Have you any excuse to offer?
Accused: It was force of habit, your Honor; I'm a motorist.

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REGD.

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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 8

SHE moved between guests, not a difficult passage for her, slight as she was. She murmured something in Elizabeth's ear.

"Oh, Meg—of course!" gasped Elizabeth. She caught Alan's hand. "Darling, I must run and change. So must you."

Mimi had drifted nearer. She was standing listening without a great deal of interest, with only the vaguest pretence of attention, to a man next to her who was telling her how lovely she looked.

The groom said, "Run along, Bessy—I'll be ready before you are." He squeezed her hand hard. She half turned, glowing. She would have been gone at once except that, turning, she intercepted the slant of his black eyes towards Mimi's face. While she caught her breath, waiting, he said: "Hello, Mimi. Doesn't the groom kiss the bridesmaid?"

Nothing to say, of course. Nothing to do. Hadn't everyone been kissing Elizabeth? Still—Elizabeth waited, watching, the hot blood chilling a little in her smooth young cheeks.

"Hello, Alan," said Mimi. "I thought I'd forgotten something."

He took the step or two that remained between them. She lifted a smile, still as the smile of a porcelain figurine, but something glimmered between her lashes. Their lips met. People laughed.

Someone said, "Fancy Alan forgetting Mimi!"

"For that matter," said Mimi, "fancy me forgetting him!" Elizabeth suddenly stretched out the hand which wore the platinum wedding ring. "Mimi, darling—do come along and help me." They went away together.

"Perhaps I'd better go, too," Meg said to young Kilmartin uneasily. "Mimi's no earthly good as a maid."

"Elizabeth knows that," said Kilmartin. "Stay where you are."

MIMI'S room, where Elizabeth was to change, was low-ceilinged and cool, with curtains of violet silk at the windows, and a view of distant hills. There was a wide chromium-faced mirror above the violet-petticoated dressing-table, reflecting among a litter of feminine belongings a blue glass bowl full of garden roses.

Elizabeth unfrocked herself capably. Mimi stood leaning against a chair and looking on.

"Well," said Elizabeth presently, "I think everything went off very well, don't you?" She stepped out of a taffeta slip and stood in a wisp or two of chiffon. She had a skin like milk and not a bad body. Rounded like a child's. In a few years, and with a reasonable amount of conjugal contentment, she would likely be fat.

"As weddings go," said Mimi, "I'd say yours was not bad." "Everyone was so sweet to me," said Elizabeth. "And, after all, Tommy didn't lose the ring."

Tommy Gaunt, a short, chubby-faced, hard-drinking polo player, had been best man.

Elizabeth changed her stockings with close attention to seams in the right place, drew them up over what she knew to be nicely dimpled knees. "I think," she said, "you might have been a little sweeter to Tommy, darling. He's mad about you, and you know it."

"Say simply he's mad," said Mimi languidly. "Don't begin matchmaking for me just yet, will you, angel?" She yawned and lit a cigarette from the case in her white-and-gold bag. "Will you have one?"

"I'm not smoking," said Elizabeth. "Alan doesn't like me to." She primmed her small mouth.

"Fancy that!" said Mimi, smiling briefly.

Elizabeth was drawing on a brown crepe frock with woollen embroidery. "Alan's sure to like me in this, don't you think?"

"I can see him even now, drunk with delight," said Mimi.

Elizabeth put on a small brown hat, cocked it well over one eye, looked at herself in the mirror and straightened the hat to a more innocent angle. "He loathes anything extreme."

"Even extreme simplicity?" said Mimi.

Elizabeth picked up a bag and gloves which Meg had left waiting for her. She went over to Mimi and looked at her sweetly and ap-

pealingly. "Darling, you've been so lovely to me—you and Meg. Of course, you and I did go to school together. And, of course, we've always been friends—still—"

"Think no more of it," said Mimi.

Elizabeth persisted gently: "If Alan had been willing to wait till mother and dad got back in the autumn— But you know how he is—he said what was the use of wasting all that time when we might just as well be together?"

"Mightn't have been so simple later on, either," said Mimi. Elizabeth with money. Alan without. Elizabeth's mother and dad might have been none too complaisant. "All ready now, aren't you?" Mimi said. She powdered her face and retouched her lips. "Alan will be impatient." She closed her gold-and-silver vanity. In an upper corner inside the lid were initials: A.W.—M.S., and a date. Less than a year before.

"I know," said Elizabeth. "He's so terribly sweet that way. He says he can't bear me out of his sight."

"Then for heaven's sake get back to him," said Mimi, without a particle of feeling in either face or voice.

Elizabeth put her arms around her. "Good-bye, darling. You shall be our very first guest—the moment we get back. You're coming to dinner the very first night. You and Tommy Gaunt."

"Oh, Tommy and me! I can hardly wait," said Mimi. She suffered Elizabeth's embrace.

On the threshold Elizabeth turned. "Oh, Mimi—I did want to have Meg's young man at the wedding."

"Which of her young men are you talking about?" asked Mimi coolly.

"Don't be silly. You know. Brook Avery— isn't that his name? The English boy."

Mimi stiffened slightly. "Don't bother."

"But I did. I tried to speak to him myself—he was out."

Meg's voice called from the hall below. "Elizabeth—better hurry!"

"Coming!" cried Elizabeth. On a note of triumph shrill and sweet as a skylark's she ran laughing down the stairs.

Please turn to Page 57

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WRITE NOW!
Everybody is welcome to write to this page on any topic that interests her. Letters should be short and concise. Address to which entries should be sent may be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

NOT SNOBS!

AUSTRALIANS simply can't stand snobbishness.
Perhaps it is the absence of this obnoxious trait from most of our successful men which takes the bitterness out of much of our industrial discontent. We may dislike the present system for the financial inequalities it breeds, but we cannot hate our jovial "captains of industry." For the most part they do not look down upon us, but are almost pathetically eager to show us that they, too, are human.
Shall I be guilty of disloyalty if I suggest that women are more prone to snobbishness than men?
£1 for this letter to B. L. Webb, 22 Tintern Rd., Ashfield, N.S.W.

FOR CAR-OWNERS

I AM a car-owner, and after being fined or warned practically every week for offending against parking bylaws have conceived an idea which should relieve persons who are forced, through business reasons, to leave cars standing in city streets.
Would it be possible for persons engaged in this capacity to pay a fee, in the form of additional registration or licence fee, which, on production, would enable them to stand for a greater period in the city?
My suggestion is not that this should be a concession to shoppers or theatre-goers, or those who are lurching or pleasure-bound, but for those persons who, in endeavoring to earn their living, are constantly persecuted and fined at court as if they had committed a criminal offence.
Allan Mack, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Do Modern Wives Think of Little But Jam-Making?

MRS. STEYNE (24/4/37) declares that housewives are set in their ideas, intent on ministering only to the material side of their families. I congratulate her for drawing a very interesting, true-to-life picture of one type of housewife, who, fortunately, is by no means in the majority. Young matrons to-day are interested in the world outside.
Miss Bellamy, Margaret St., Launceston, Tas.

Inevitable

MRS. STEYNE is quite correct in her mournful picture of modern housewives. But how can they get out of the rut?
They must spend all their time



thinking about "the material things" for their family—jam-making and the like—and snatch the only companionship during the day in gossip with the woman-next-door.
Miss P. Chapman, Woodfull Av., Fullarton, S.A.

Modern Inventions

I THINK Mrs. Steyne is wrong. Wireless and labor-saving devices have combined to give the intelligent woman an opportunity to lift both her thoughts and her activities out of the rut of jam-making and house-cleaning.
M. Taylor, 13 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Married Women Not Always Best Teachers!

MRS. LOTT'S claim (24/4/37) that married women with children make the best teachers is a sound one.

Women who have reared, or are rearing, children know more intimately the working out of their minds and have a more understanding sympathy for them. By marrying, a teacher should become more valuable to the department.
A. E. Branch, Kean Street, Cottesloe, W.A.

Too Busy For Both

IT is not necessary to be married to have the maternal instinct. I have known single women ("born" mothers) most sympathetic towards children, and married women snappy and almost cruel. Marriage in itself is an occupation. One can't run two jobs successfully.
Mrs. M. Mordaunt, Eltham Road, Morningside, Vic.

Interests Divided

AS an ex-teacher with eleven years' experience in the Education Department, and now a wife of seven years' standing with a family of three, I do not agree with Mrs. Lott on married teachers.
Though quite successful in each sphere, I am sure that if I were to take up teaching again now (with my knowledge brushed up, of course) I would never make so good a job of it as I did before I married. My interests would be too

Lazy Public

HOW many people, living in the city, avail themselves of the parks and gardens at their disposal? Sometimes I think it must be because of their lack of appreciation of the beautiful, but usually it happens that they are too lazy to go to see these things.
We have men paid to plant flowers, trees and shrubs just for the public benefit, and yet, how many go to the parks to admire beauty of the plant life?
Miss P. Linane, 53 Regent St., Paddington, N.S.W.

divided. I would be "Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none." I think most women would be in a similar position.
Mrs. Winifred Janetzki, Box 66, Yarrawonga, Vic.

From Ex-Teacher

FREQUENTLY I have thought and expressed exactly what you have done in your letter, Mrs. Lott. I was an infant teacher in the service of the Education Department.
For four years I have been a mother, and my years of motherhood have caused me to confess to not understanding many of the little ones.
Were I to teach again I am sure I would have a fuller understanding of the workings of the child mind. Four years of motherhood have taught me infinitely more than my course in child psychology.
Mrs. Catherine Brisley, 45 Station Street, Waratah, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Foolish Argument

IT is a fact, admitted by school-teachers themselves, that mothers who have been teachers rarely control their children in the same efficient, tactful manner as women who have not been teachers.
All mothers do not necessarily have the maternal instinct; this is, to a large extent, born in one and not acquired. Many single women have a deeper sympathy and understanding of child nature than married women.
The married woman teacher is not any more successful with children than the unmarried.
J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Do Clothes Make The Man?

I DO not agree with Mr. O. C. Ritchie (24/4/37) when he says that "clothes do not count" when seeking positions or at any other time.

Apart from the impression conveyed to others, we must consider the psychological effect of smart clothes upon the wearer. When we are well-dressed we are confident, hopeful, and command respect.
Certainly personality counts, but do we not express our personality through the medium of our choice of clothes?
Mrs. A. Smith, P.E.I. Works, Amity Point, Stradbroke Island, via Brisbane.

Very Necessary

A SMARTLY-DRESSED person has a much better chance of securing a job than he whose suit, though neat and clean, is a trifle threadbare.
Apart from his appearance, and the effect it has on his prospective



employer, the knowledge of his smart and harmonious clothing inspires him with confidence.
Miss L. Lyne, Exeter, W. Tamar, Tas.

Don't Count

CLOTHES count little. An employer is not particularly impressed with the smart attire of his prospective employee unless it happens to be a necessary requirement for the job. If references are good, appearance tidy and clean, I think that's all that matters.
Miss Quentin, King's Park Rd., Perth.

MODERN MARRIAGE

I WAS very interested in Mary Truby King's article (April 24 issue), stating that the true function of marriage is to have children.

She will get very few modern women to agree with her.
We are not living in the days when women had no interests outside their home and children. Something more is required from marriage nowadays.

Why should it be wrong or selfish to prefer a car or wireless to children? Why should young people sacrifice all the small comforts of life to bring children into an over-populated world, in which work cannot be found for those who already exist?
Mrs. E. Chapman, Hotel Metropolitan, Box 1601BR, G.P.O., Sydney.

BY A BUSINESS GIRL?

BUSINESS girls make better wives than home girls.

Tactful and alert, they know how to buy economically; they have learnt the value of money. Many can cook equally as well as home girls; those inexperienced are quick to learn. A business girl is a bright companion; she greets her husband with a smile and a cheery word—not gossip about the neighbors or little domestic troubles. She doesn't worry over trifles, and can consequently meet matters of importance with a clear brain. She doesn't chatter when her husband wants to read the paper, or feel hurt when he doesn't seem to be listening to her conversation.
A business girl understands.
M. Eagle, 29 Robey St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

WOMEN BOSSES

"DELIVER us from the woman executive" is the prayer of many business men and girls.

Why do clever and otherwise attractive women, the moment they reach a position of authority, think that they have to parade their superiority over their subordinates? Women must be able to take executive jobs in their stride before they can claim equality with men in the business world.
M. Sinclair, 41 Mavro St., Bentleigh SE14, Melbourne.

I've got the Job!
I've got the Job!
Mum, I've got the Job!

"Mr. Hickelstone said I could start on Monday." "Mum! Mr. Hickelstone said it was my H. & R. training which told him I'd do well. Gee, Mum! And a lot of others were after it; aren't you glad you let me start training BEFORE I found a position... and what do you think! Bruce—Bruce was after it also, Mum, but he didn't get it because he told Mr. Hickelstone his mother said he could leave his training until after he found a position... and Mr. Hickelstone said that he couldn't take risks with a boy who hadn't learnt the first principles of business." "Gee, Mum, don't you think Bruce's mother hasn't given Bruce a chance in life? I've got the job—Monday—I start on Monday."

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THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

Long before the strains of the wedding march greet eager ears, there are days and weeks of feverish planning and preparation. The young bride-to-be is whisked about in a whirlwind of discussions and doubts. Everyone has different ideas on what should be done, and what should be said, and much conflicting advice is given, and only too often have I seen a very nervous and tired bride being led to the altar.

FREE BOOK

To help you I have written "The Bride's Book." This book, which is free, tells you everything you should know about your trousseau, wedding etiquette, and home-planning. It gives the answers to all those problems which otherwise would cause you so much worry. No detail has been neglected to smooth the path for each bride; everything is systematically planned and explained. Engaged girls may obtain a copy by calling at Bebarfalds' Home-Planning Bureau.



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TO MEASURE

39/11

"QUINS" Are Great OUTDOOR BABIES

Five Bonny Children Grow Up on the Dafoe Plan

By
DR. ALLAN
R. DAFOE,
O.B.E.

Copyright exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

The Dionne quintuplets, in the third winter of their lives, are happy snow-birds, as chipper and pert as the chickadees which perch at the feeding station on the nursery window.

From their earliest infancy the children have been trained to sleep outdoors, to love and appreciate the open air.

TO-DAY they love it more than ever. Including their afternoon nap on the open verandah, the "Quins" are out in the open air as much as four hours a day. This varies of course according to the weather.

As they grow bigger and stronger, they are able to enjoy the sports of the open much more than they used to do. For instance, this winter we have built a toboggan slide in the play-yard. It is about five feet high at one end, and slopes gradually across the yard.

Now the toboggan which could be used last winter only for one of the nurses to pull the children can be devoted to its own thrilling use. Development of the wading pool into a skating pond will come later.

The little girls are scarcely ready for skates as yet, though of course we feel that in good time they ought to become proficient in all our northern sports.

The birds add a great deal of interest to the surroundings of the nursery. We have always encouraged them, and last summer we had five families of tree swallows and house wrens. Incidentally, each of the swallows hatched a brood of quintuplets.

See Many Birds

THIS winter we have built a feeding station directly outside the nursery window, where the "Quins" can see the birds come daily for the suet and sunflower seed with which we keep it stocked. Landscaping plans for next year include more bushes and trees near the house to attract the birds.

Many people write and ask why in the world the "Quins" haven't a dog or a puppy or two to play with. Goodness knows, the lack of dogs and pets around the hospital is not due to any lack of opportunity to acquire them.

We have been offered goats, cats, rabbits, birds, ponies, and even koalas from Australia. As this last, very appealing little animal feeds on eucalyptus leaves, I don't think it would do very well up here in the north.

More seriously, we do expect to have a dog or two at the nursery in good time. I personally am very fond of dogs, as anyone will testify who has seen my wirehair, Teddy, swaggering around my home.

But up to now I think it unwise for the "Quins" to be too close friends with a dog, because dogs sometimes carry germs—even a cat may sometimes be a diphtheria carrier.

Chickens Later

EVENTUALLY, though, we will have at least one dog for the children to play with, and very soon we will have canaries inside the nursery as well as the birds outside.

Next year we may keep a few hens, both for the eggs and because we think the "Quins" will enjoy making their acquaintance.

There can be no question that the outdoor life has been good for the "Quins." Their rosy complexions and glowing health are the best evidence of that.

But the best of it is that they have had none of the troubles and griefs that usually go with outdoor winter

life—the colds, chapped hands, the frozen ears that all too often accompany it.

In the first place, we pile on clothes when the children go out in winter weather. Heavy woollen coats, woollen snow-suits, snow helmets that protect the ears and part of the face, heavy rubber arctic boots and warm mittens. That's the way to dress for the outdoors.

The "Quins'" faces are always rubbed with olive oil before they venture out when wind and temperature are severe. Camphorated oil is another excellent protection against frostbite. As a result of this precaution we have not had any trouble with chapping.

Daily Diet

BUT the best protection our little girls have against the long winter up here is the cod-liver oil that serves as the best substitute for the sunshine that we don't get for weeks on end.

Twice a day the cod-liver oil is given to the girls, usually in orange

juice. This provides the elements needed by all growing children to give resistance to cold and ensure rugged growth, but which the lack of sunshine makes it impossible to procure naturally at this season.

For the benefit of mothers who may be interested more specifically in just what the "Quins" are eating now, during the winter season and at the age of 21, I add here a list of the regular fare at the Dionne nursery:

Cod-liver oil, milk, acidophilous milk, gruel, porridge, biscuits, bacon, eggs, liver, asparagus, spinach, peas, string beans, lettuce, carrots, corn soup, tomato soup, custard, caramel pudding, chocolate pudding, apples raw and cooked, bananas, orange juice,

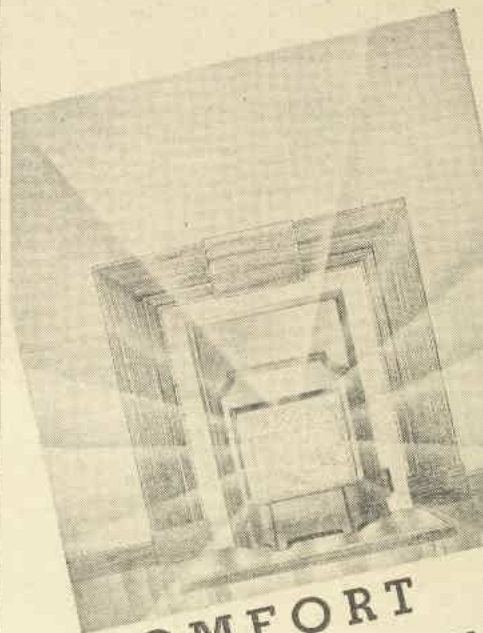


"QUIN" YVONNE, one of the world-famous five. She's not yet three, but has already lived in the reigns of three Kings.

—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

grapes, tapioca, graham malted biscuit pie. At times a few raw carrots.

At meal times we observe a mixture of orderliness and informality. When the little girls troop to the dining-room, we insist that they walk. If one of them forgets her training so far as to rush or run to the table, she is made to go back and start over again.



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The Coronation



May 15, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY . Coronation News and Pictures

Page One



"Receive the Crown of Honor, Glory, and Joy"

A BRILLIANT PAINTING by our artist, Boothroyd, depicting the splendor of the Coronation scene in Westminster Abbey. Their Majesties, enthroned, are shown surrounded by Church dignitaries, courtiers, ladies-in-waiting, and hundreds of the English nobility and representatives from the Dominions.



A SCENE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY during the Enthronement service, as visualised by an Australian Women's Weekly artist. The King is shown with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Royal pages, prior to the Ceremony of Recognition.



ANOTHER ARTIST'S IMPRESSION showing Queen Elizabeth kneeling before the Archbishop to receive her Royal Crown. According to the traditions of the service, on the way back to her Throne she had to bow as she passed the King, seated on his Throne.

Coronation Eve

A LITTLE PRINCESS goes to sleep on Coronation eve,
Her dreams are filled with fantasies from realms of make-believe;
For one by one her long-gone sires are walking from the gloom
And meeting in the dimness of the ancient turret-room,
The kings and queens of England in jewelled cloth-of-gold
Returning with the splendor and the glory as of old.

Boadicea is come again from England's long ago
With warriors who fought against the ruthless Roman foe,
She walks through all the centuries in silver robes and white
To grace the dreams of one small girl who holds her court to-night.
Richard of the Lionheart in suit of shining mail,
And Arthur with his gallant knights who sought the Holy Grail.

James and Charles and Mary who have crossed the centuries
With all their pomp and grandeur but without their tragedies.
Now Elizabeth of England is coming from the shade,
Magnificent and queenly in her ruffles and brocade.
Smiling but with thoughtful eyes she stands beside the bed
Of the little sleeping princess and strokes her curly head . . .
Perhaps she sees the future when the Royal child will reign
And Elizabeth of England will wear the crown again.

The kings and queens of England from ages that are gone
Bring down the long tradition to be ever handed on,
They linger in her dreaming then they pass along their way,
They who built the firm foundation that bears the throne to-day.
In sleep her Royal grandsire comes to bless her dreams once more,
And take his place amongst his peers who wore the crown before . . .

Her thoughts are with her father when she wakens from her sleep,
And the guerdon of his ancestors that he is pledged to keep,
The virtue of his kingship and the greatness it imparts
To him who finds his glory in his peoples' loyal hearts.
Her dream has left a knowledge that shall not fade away,
But she thinks as she awakens on the Coronation Day,
When dawn is at her window and the sun comes stealing through,
"He may be King of England, but he's my daddy, too."

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.



A PAGEANT OF HISTORY in verse and pictures. Princess Elizabeth (in circle) is seen surrounded by scenes showing historic characters and events—William the Conqueror; knights and warriors of old; Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria at their respective coronations; the Queen's room at Glamis Castle; and an imposing view of London en fete for the Coronation of the father of the little Princess.

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gives immediate
invigoration and
lasting strength**

—Take it DAILY



**BOVRIL is the power
of prime lean beef**

CORONATION Cavalcade

THREE crowns specially made for the Coronation, costing £60 a piece, will be worn for about three minutes. Then they will be broken up. They are for Garter, Clarenceaux, and Norroy King-of-arms, who as chief heralds figure in the Royal procession.

THE ritual of the English Coronation service is based on the "Liber Regalis," drawn up by unknown monks in the 14th century. The book is in the keeping of the Dean of Westminster, and is preserved in the Abbey archives.

REGALIA used by the King and Queen during the Coronation service recently was valued at £6,000,000. One item alone, the Imperial State crown, contains more than two thousand jewels. The regalia contains some of the world's most noted diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

NEARLY 100,000 yards of material were ordered for the hangings, draperies, and canopies in the Abbey, including 1000 square yards of carpet, 11,000 square yards of cheap floor covering for the stands, 18,000 yards of gold braid, 2500 yards of blue velvet, 1000 yards of blue-and-gold brocade, 6000 yards of fabrics for temporary ceilings, 12,000 yards of printed material for the stands, 24,000 yards of leather cloth.

CLOTH of gold for the canopy to be held over the King and Queen during one portion of the crowning cost £14 a yard.

THE State coach used for the Coronation drive was built for George III in 1761. It weighs 8500 pounds and cost £7000. Its motion has often been likened to that of a ship in a heavy sea.

THE Earl of Lincoln provides one glove, for the King's right hand, by virtue of his holding of the Manor of Workop.

SIR CLAUD SCHUSTER, Clerk of the Crown, will receive five yards of scarlet cloth as his fee for recording the Coronation proceedings within the Abbey.

BOYS of Westminster Public School attend the Coronation service by ancient custom and the pleasure of the King. They occupy a strategic position over the corner of the sanctuary, and shout "Vivat" as the King and Queen enter.

THE Coronation processional route covers 6½ miles—2½ miles longer than the route taken by George V in 1911.

THERE is no official Bible on which the Coronation oath is taken by the King. A new one is provided for each occasion.

UNTIL the reign of James I. Sunday was the favorite day for English coronations. Since then, Thursday has been chosen eight times out of fourteen. Coronation of George V was on Thursday, June 22, 1911.

CORONATION accommodation consists of 7700 seats in the Abbey, 85,000 seats in official stands, official standing-room for 30,000 along the route, and unofficial room for another million and a half.

IT was arranged to provide free milk for 142,000 schoolchildren for whom special places were set apart to enable them to view the Coronation procession.

THE Crown of St. Edward, with which the King is crowned, weighs 7½ lb. It was found to be too heavy for the monarch to wear on his processional drive, and another crown was made during Queen Victoria's time. This crown, called the Imperial State Crown, weighs only 3½ lb.

SIXTY THOUSAND troops were chosen to line the Coronation processional route, as well as 30,000 police on duty, assisted by 10,000 special constables.

QUEEN ELIZABETH the First caused a sensation at her Coronation by complaining in strident voice that the oil with which she was anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury was "greasy and smelled ill."

AT the Coronation of William and Mary, neither had any money for the Royal oblation to the Church. The then Lord Derby stepped forward, carefully counted out twenty gold pieces in a loud voice, and placed the money in the salver, with a pitying glance at the monarchs.

RICHARD I had his undershirt ripped open by an enthusiastic knight whose duty it was to open the Royal costume at the neck for the anointing ceremony.

A COLOR film will be made of the Coronation procession and distributed throughout the world. It will be showing in London the day after the event.

THE Coronation of Edward II was so long drawn out that many persons fainted of hunger. This Coronation was marked by a scene between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Goveston. As the Archbishop was about to crown the monarch, the noble, dashing forward, snatched the crown from the hands of the cleric, and himself crowned the King.

ON the evening of Coronation Day air liners will be speeding scores of newsmen to the Continent, America, and the Empire. A number of documentary films will also be released—the latest of these to be announced being an American production, "Crown and Glory." It describes the chief events in British history since the death of Queen Victoria.

**The
Coronation**

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and other
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Massereene and Ferrard
LEFT BOTTOM: The Countess of Warwick
LEFT TOP: The Viscountess Dunwich
RIGHT TOP: The Lady Morris
BOTTOM: Marchioness of Cambridge

DURING the great Coronation pageant, the traditional beauty of the Empire's high-born women plays no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their loveliness of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses and other women of nobility guard their skins' perfection with the Pond's method of beauty care. Australian women are wise indeed to follow their example. It is easy to do—for

Pond's Creams are sold throughout Australia, at all stores and chemists.

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Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Pat on more Pond's Cold Cream, briskly, till the circulation stirs.

Every morning (and always before making up), repeat this invigorating cleansing treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Powder Base.

Begin to use Pond's to-day. See your skin, too, grow clearer, fresher, more vital-looking. If you haven't tried Pond's, post coupon at right for generous trial samples.

TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day, with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage; packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) () Light Cream () Rose Cream (Natural) Naturelle (Light Natural) () Rose Brunette () Dark Brunette (Suntan)

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May 15, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY . . . Coronation Section

Page Five



QUEEN ELIZABETH on the round of Empire duties.



IN cap and gown, at St. Andrew's University.



THE Queen's smile, one of the virtues that has won an Empire's heart.



A QUEEN in uniform — that of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.



AS A MOTHER. A favorite picture, showing the Queen and her first-born, Princess Elizabeth



ALWAYS A FAVORITE with children. The Queen conversing with a tiny tot at a beach fete.



ROYALTY AT PLAY. The King and Queen make a tour in the popular small train at the Wembley Fair. Compare the Queen's frock and hat with the picture at bottom-right corner.



ANOTHER BOUQUET for the Queen. It is a proud occasion for the child selected to offer this gracious tribute to Her Majesty.



ANOTHER DAY at Wembley. The King's bowler and tie are the same as in the picture at bottom-left of the page—but the Queen is wearing a different outfit.

LACONIA BLANKETS ARE GUARANTEED

THEY MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

SPECIAL Coronation PRAYER

With the approval of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York a prayer "intended to be used on the morning of the day of the Coronation to prepare congregations to listen to the Coronation service broadcast in Westminster Abbey" has been issued.

AFTER the hymn "All People That on Earth Do Dwell," ministers are asked to say from their pulpits:—

"Brethren, we are met together to add our prayers to the thoughts of countless multitudes whose minds are turning at this time to one of the most sacred places in the history of our race—the Abbey Church of St. Peter at Westminster.

"Thither our King and Queen are coming to receive from God the anointing which seals their life's service and bestows God's grace for its fulfilment, and the crowns which are emblems of their Royal state.

"They will come as other Kings and Queens before them have come for a thousand years. Each prayer, each act in the solemn rite, is rich in memories of the long history through which, by God's providence, the monarchy of this realm has been preserved.

"Yet it is no mere relic of the past. It speaks still of kingship as a trust received from God. It speaks now of the hallowing of the King for the service of God and of the people, not only in this land, but in many lands across the seas.

"To-day, in a manner hitherto

Four Proud Boys As King's Pages

From Our London Office

FOUR of the proudest 13-year-old boys in the world are the pages selected to hold the King's train at his Coronation.

They are Montague Robert Vere Eliot, son of Sir Montague Eliot, former Gentleman Usher at the Court of King George V; George Hardinge, son of Sir Alexander Hardinge, principal private secretary to the King; George Raymond Seymour, son of Major Sir Reginald Seymour, Equerry to King George V; and Lord Herschel.

They have a gorgeous uniform, consisting of a scarlet frock coat edged with gold lace, loose gauntlet cuffs of blue velvet, long vest of satin edged with gold lace, white knee breeches, white silk stockings, black patent leather shoes with scarlet heels, three-cornered hat edged with scarlet feather, and lace cravat with ruffles.

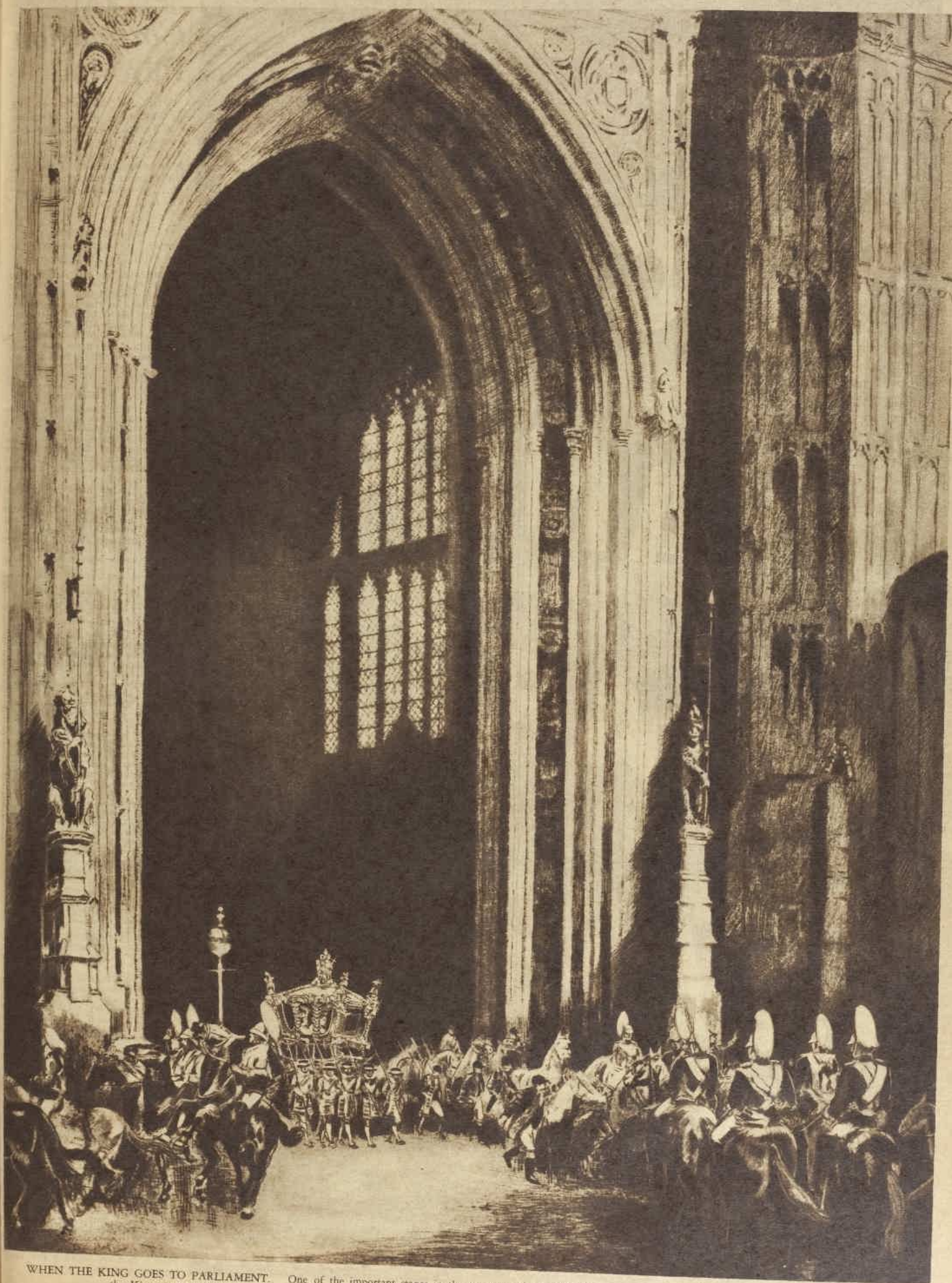
unknown to history, the King will come to his consecration and his crowning accompanied by his people.

"For, by a marvel of science, millions of them throughout the world will be able to listen to the noble words which lay his great charge upon him, as if they themselves were present in the Abbey Church of Westminster.

"In another and far deeper sense he bears his people with him. For he is their representative. With him and through him they, too, are called to consecrate the life of nation and Empire to the service of the King of Kings."

Prayers for the King and Queen will follow, after which ministers are asked to say:

"Almighty God, who rulest in the kingdom of men, and hast given to our sovereign lord, King George, a great dominion in all parts of the earth; draw together, we pray thee, in true fellowship the men of diverse races, languages, and customs, who dwell therein, that, bearing one another's burdens and working together in brotherly concord, they may fulfil the purpose of thy providence, and set forward thy everlasting kingdom."



WHEN THE KING GOES TO PARLIAMENT. One of the important stages in the sequence of splendid State pageants associated with the Coronation will occur when the King opens Parliament. Here the King's coach is shown at the opening of Parliament, which takes place soon after Coronation Day.

—Engraving by B. O. Mathews; courtesy Schwartz Galleries



THE KING'S NAVY. With ensigns fluttering and guns thundering, the British Navy salutes its new Admiral of the Fleet—King George VI. This beautiful painting of some of the ships of the line is by John Allcot, famous Australian marine artist, who executed it specially for The Australian Women's Weekly



THE COMMUNION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. The Communion Service, one of the final stages of the Coronation at Westminster Abbey. At this point the King and Queen descend from their Thrones, go to the steps of the Altar, temporarily deliver their Crowns to the Lord Great Chamberlain, make their Oblations, receive the Communion bread and wine, and return to their Thrones. This artistic conception of the scene conveys something of the beauty, majesty, and solemn dignity of the service in the historic Abbey.



THE NAVY'S CONTRIBUTION to the Coronation—Admiralty Arch decorated with White Ensigns.

ENGLAND Ablaze For CORONATION

From Our London Office, by Beam Wireless.

England has been made the brightest country on earth for the Coronation.

In floodlighting and illumination alone two million pounds have been spent. Every hamlet and town is decorated with bunting, flags, electric lights and flowers on a scale never attempted before.

As far as possible decorations have been carried out on the lines of a scheme

drawn up by London architects and artists who combined with the National Color Council in issuing a brochure as a standard guide.

Throughout England more than a hundred electrical undertakings are supplying free electricity and others are offering low prices. A special Act of Parliament was passed to ensure that flags and bunting should be British made. Flower growers everywhere forced blooms to be ready in time for the celebrations. Every town hall and municipal building in the country is floodlit, and most of the major provincial towns have spent at least £5000 each on other decorations.

The Coronation organisers planned to make London more gaily lighted than at any period of its history.

An historical touch, contrasting with the huge floodlighting schemes, was the plan for a chain of beacons round England on Coronation night.

All important buildings in Greater London are floodlit, including Buckingham Palace, Queen Victoria Memorial, the National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, the face and tower of Big Ben, Admiralty Arch, St. James' Park, and the Old Bailey.

By day, decorations are brightest along the Coronation route. The procession plans meant that the King and Queen, on their drive from Buckingham Palace, passed first round the Victoria Memorial, an arena for many thousands of spectators, in a setting of tall standards and banners. Down the Mall tall masts, each surmounted by a gilded imperial crown and lion, stand at intervals of fifty feet between the spectators' grandstands.

These masts each carry two banners emblazoned with the Royal arms, some worked in blue and gold and other in white and gold.

Crown of Flowers

FROM the Mall, the Royal procession had to pass under Admiralty Arch, which is decked with horizontal white ensigns beneath a huge crown of flowers, flanked with more blooms in blue and gold. More flowers hang in baskets from the Arch.

Then the procession had to turn into Whitehall through arches of bunting to the focus of the celebrations—Westminster Abbey, which is brilliant with the color of many national flags, the arms and banners of traditional England.

The return journey from the Abbey led through an almost unbroken line of flowers growing in window-boxes, and streamers and bunting linking building to building for more than three miles. Rhododendrons, hydrangeas, blue cinerarias, white marguerites and azaleas were planned to provide the background of red, white, and blue.

Then into Oxford Circus and along Oxford Street to Marble Arch—here big stores like Selfridges have outdone their Jubilee color schemes with original designs, some of them costing many thousands. For one building 5000 yards of red, white, and blue bunting were ordered to erect the words "God Save the King" in huge letters.

At Marble Arch searchlights play from the ramparts of tall buildings on to acres of flags and decorations in the open space below.

From here the route led to East Carriage Drive in Hyde Park, where West End's best hotels overlook the processional way. On the heights of Grosvenor House, where Australian Premiers are staying, a gigantic golden sun conceals most of the facade with "G" and "E" in gold on each side. In the long rays of the sun have been unfurled forty-foot flags of the Dominions and colonies. Then, finally, down Constitution Hill to Buckingham Palace through an avenue of emblazoned stands and masts.



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YET LIGHT AS A FEATHER

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- SO WARM
- SO PRACTICAL

SEE THESE NEW PRESTIGE CREATIONS AT ALL LEADING STORES



STORY of the CROWN JEWELS

Origin and History of Costly Regalia and Ancient Rituals

To most people the Coronation ceremony is splendid but mysterious. This glossary should help readers to follow the long symbolic ritual with greater facility.

CORONATION: The act of crowning, and by extension the entire ceremony surrounding the accession of a king. Always attended with great ceremony, the coronation of European kings since the coming of Christianity has had a strong religious significance, the monarch dedicating his power to the service of God.

CROWN: Crowns were originally mere wreaths or garlands, vested by the Romans with significance purely as emblems of distinction, not of royalty. Even when they came to be made of metal they were still not regal, but were given to soldiers or sailors after a victory. In this spirit alone they were sometimes worn by emperors. Diadems, however—strips of silk or fabric studded with jewels—were from antiquity a symbol of kingship, and the two separate symbols have now become merged in the modern jewelled crown.

IMPERIAL STATE CROWN: A crown of pure gold blazing with thousands of great jewels. Worth three-quarters of a million, this magnificent crown stands for the British sovereign's dominion over England and the Empire. It is worn during the procession through the streets.

SAINT EDWARD'S CROWN: A replica of the crown of Edward the Confessor (the original was de-

stroyed by Cromwell), this crown has the strongest religious significance, and is used in the actual crowning, being set upon the King's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Church of England.

QUEEN'S CROWN: Is similar to St. Edward's Crown, but lighter and less richly jewelled, as are her orb and sceptres.

SCEPTRE: Immemorably the symbol of power and dominion, the sceptre owes its descent directly to that knightly weapon, the mace, but there is a possible link with the wand, which leaders and teachers carried in antique times.

ROYAL SCEPTRE: A yard-long rod of solid gold, it bears, among other jewels, the Star of Africa, the largest diamond in the world.

DOVE SCEPTRE: Represents the Holy Ghost, Guide of the King's actions. Held in King's left hand during Coronation.

STAFF OF ST. EDWARD: A plain rod of gold and wood, without jewels, and with a steel spike at the tip. It is the staff of the Royal pilgrimage, and contains wood reputed to come from the True Cross.

ANONING: Among all races and all religions, anointing has been accepted as one of the special means of conveying a divine influence to the person anointed. In the Christian religion there are three special oils—the oil of the catechumens, the oil of the sick, and the chrism.

The chrism, the most holy oil of all, is used in the British Coronation in addition to the others. The actual oil used is traditionally held to be of great antiquity.

The King is anointed on his forehead, his breast, and the palms of his hands, with the sign of the cross, an act signifying the Church's blessing upon his reign.

AMPULLA: An antique golden vessel in the form of an eagle with outstretched wings which contains the holy oil for the anointing.

SPOON: An antique piece of exquisite workmanship. Silver-gilt,



The Spoon

the handle set with four priceless pearls. The oil is poured into this for the anointing.

THRONE: In the days before chairs were in common use, the chair was used to set the ruler apart from his followers, who sat on the ground, or, more commonly, stood. From this descended the throne.

The chair used in the Coronation, though it dates from Edward I, is not properly the throne of England. The throne of England is the Chair in the Houses of Parliament.

The chair of the Coronation is, however, of immense traditional significance. Under it is embedded the Stone of Destiny, which legend holds to be the stone which pillowed the head of Jacob when he dreamed of the ladder from earth to heaven.

It was, legend says, brought to Ireland, and thence to Scotland, whence, history agrees, Edward I brought it to England, where it was set under the throne. It is held to have mystic virtues conferring power upon the sovereign whose crowning takes place above it.

SWORD OF STATE: Emblem of military leadership, it, like the spurs, is dedicated by the Sovereign to the service of the Church. This two-handed sword, in a golden scabbard, is richly jewelled, and is considered the most exquisite treasure of the regalia.

SWORD OF TEMPORAL JUSTICE AND SWORD OF SPIRITUAL JUSTICE: are also carried sheathed behind the King. The giving of justice was anciently the sole right of the King, and this prerogative is symbolised by the swords.

SWORD OF MERCY: Its point blunted to symbolise the regal quality of mercy, this sword is carried sheathed.

ORB: A jewelled golden globe,

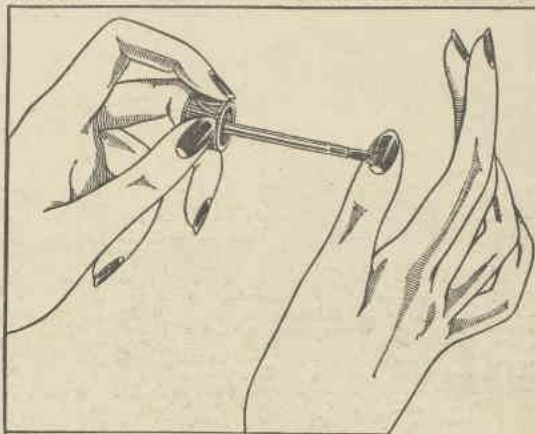


THE AMPULLA, one of the crown jewels.

symbol of earthly dominion. England's orb bears a cross, signifying that the dominion belongs to the Christian Church.

SPURS: Solid gold, elaborately wrought, they symbolise chivalry, and after being touched to the King's heels, are placed on the altar to signify that the King's military might is at the service of the Church.

RING: Placed on the betrothal finger, it signifies that the Sovereign has wedded himself to his country. A new one, with a flat square ruby cut with a cross, is made for each King. Tradition says: "The tighter it fits, the longer the reign." Victoria's Coronation ring had to be removed with ice-water.



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"You know," said John, "a fellow could be very happy with you, Isobel."

"Could you?"
"Terribly."

She pressed his hand against her cheek. "Well," she whispered, "let's try. I'm as happy. I'm not so young, but—"

Isobel is 37, but looks 25. Charmosan face powder did THAT for her skin. CHARM: youth, beauty, O, precious, priceless Powder Charmosan.

No matter how old looking or spoilt or plain your skin may be, Charmosan face powder will make it look young.

Charmosan face powder

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P.M.: Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "makeup" dust, etc., from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleaning beautifully and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir Jar, 2/6; Tube, 1/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

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2/6 per bottle. — At all Chemists 1/6

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Insist on Eugene Sachets. The contents of a sachet make all the difference between a good wave and a bad one.

Eugene Sachets are made from specially prepared vegetable parchment which cannot singe or burn. After a Eugene wave you never have a shower of charred paper onto your shoulders. This happens with cheap sachets, proving how Eugene (Aust.), Ltd., Sydney ... London ... Paris ... New York ... Berlin ... Barcelona, Sole Wholesale Distributors: HILLCASTLE LTD., Sydney and Melbourne.

nearly your hair was burned or singed—perhaps permanently damaged.

No other process gives such safety as a Eugene wave. No other process can equal the beautiful results of a Eugene wave. See that your hairdresser uses only genuine Eugene Sachets. Examine each sachet for the Eugene emblem.

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Watch your KIDNEYS after any illness



An enormous strain is placed on the kidneys by illness owing to the accumulated impurities which the kidneys must clear away before perfect health returns.

In most illnesses the kidneys themselves get weak or impaired. So when they are called upon to take the extra load of clearing out the poisons which result from the illness (bacteria, dead cells, uric acid, etc.) you will see how necessary it is that your kidneys are carefully watched and assisted.

Any urinary irregularity or unusual pains in the back, or in the muscles or joints, should be suspected.

The safest and most pleasant way of strengthening and helping your kidneys is by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are prepared specially to act on the kidneys. This they do so effectively and gently that you will be delighted with the relief and glow of returning health that comes after taking a short course with them.

They are so successful in giving relief in all cases of kidney trouble because they are

specially prepared for that work. In fact, you can see for yourself within 24 hours that they have put their healing touch right where it is needed. So do not take the grave risk of neglecting any symptoms that warn you your kidneys need attention. Look out for—

**BACKACHE PAINS IN JOINTS
BAGGY EYES LISTLESS FEELING
BAD BREATH RHEUMATIC PAINS
or any Urinary Irregularities**

If you have these symptoms, get some De Witt's Pills at once. They will hasten your recovery and help build up your whole system, because they help the kidneys to perform perfectly their task of removing waste matter (poisons) from the body.

You will be glad you took this advice. Be sure you get—

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & PILL'S BLADDER

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.



Guaranteed Challenge Blankets are offered also in beautiful pastel colours ... helio, beige, blue, green, lemon and rose ... all with ribbon edging or silk whipping.

GUARANTEED UNCONDITIONALLY

Modern new headings adorn Challenge Blankets this season. As ever, they are made only with the finest long-stapled wool, giving a fleecy nap that does not wash or wear out. Challenge Blankets are unconditionally guaranteed ... odourless, non-shrinking and free from filling. Local retailers can supply them in all sizes, weights and qualities. For warmth and durability, choose cosy Challenge Blankets.

Challenge BLANKETS

BRILLIANT Stars in Coronation OPERA

Martinelli's Wonderful Tribute to Melba

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

London's Coronation Opera season is the most brilliant seen in the capital for many years.

The King and Queen have subscribed for the Royal box for the season, and so great is the booking that people are paying £550 for a grand tier box for four persons for every performance and £264 for a balcony tier box.

WITH it comes an invasion of the great names of opera—from La Scala, Milan, from L'Opera, Paris, and from the Metropolitan, New York, to say nothing of the lesser houses of the rest of the world.

Chief among these invaders is the great Martinelli, co-artist of Melba, Caruso and Journet, who has made a triumphal return—his gay personality, zest for life, and courtly gallantry undimmed after an absence of eighteen years.

"In spite of my 'whipped cream' hair," he told me, "they still make me sing young romantic parts. . . . let me talk to the ladies. . . . ah, madam, you not only sing beautifully, you look beautiful. . . . am I glad to be back? I feel like the prodigal son. . . . (Martinelli talking to a dozen people at once.)

His last appearance at Covent Garden was in 1919, when he sang with Melba in "La Bohème." I wanted to ask what I admitted to be an indiscreet question, "Madam, could you possibly ask an indiscreet question?" he replied.

"Have you ever heard a singer worthy to replace Melba?"

There was a break in his lyrical voice when he replied, "Never have I found that lovely crystal-clear quality. Perhaps we shall never hear it in any voice again."

Eva Turner, friendly British star, acted as my interpreter when I tried to talk to Mafalda Favero, Italy's beautiful diva, who speaks no English. I asked her how she kept her superb figure, and she assured me it was quite natural—no dieting, just singing. I also saw amiable Walter Widdop, who yearns to revisit Australia—because "the audiences are so inspiring to sing to."

Memorable Season

MANY factors contribute to making this the most memorable opera-season for years. It will last for eleven, compared with the usual six or seven, weeks; 20 operas, varying from Gluck to Goossens, will be presented; the Paris Opera and Opera Comique are presenting their full companies of 110 and full repertoire of operas, including one "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" never previously performed on the professional stage in England, "Alceste," which is very little known here, and "Pelleas et Melisande," which has not been performed at Covent Garden for seven years. Two cycles of "The Ring" will also be given.

Col. de Basil's Ballets Russes, just returned from Australia, will take part in two productions—"Prince Igor" and "Orphee." German, Italian, and French operas and singers will be presented concurrently instead of in separate seasons.

Opera goers will hear the first stage production of a new opera, "Don Juan de Manara," by a living British composer, Eugene Goossens, with an English libretto by Arnold Bennett, in which the title role will be created by Lawrence Tibbett, making his first personal appearance in England.

British singers who will sing important roles are Eva Turner, Lisa Perli, John Brownlee, Dennis Noble, and Ben Williams.

Altogether about 1000 singers, dancers, a chorus of 147 British singers, orchestra, stage hands and electricians will work at Covent Garden for the season.

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7 days—single journey—Every Wednesday, via Canberra, Hume Highway, Melbourne, Ocean Road, Mt. Gambier. . . . £34/6/-

9 days—single journey—Every Monday, via Canberra, Mt. Buffalo, Melbourne, Ocean Road, Mt. Gambier. . . . £37/10/-

21 days—round tour—Every Wednesday, via Canberra, Hume Highway, Melbourne, Ocean Road, to Adelaide, return via Murray Valley, Melbourne, Melbourne, Princes Highway. . . . £42/10/-

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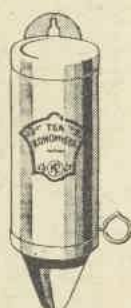
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NEW BOOKS

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New Light On Darkest Africa

On it goes, this feverish crusade of debunking everything. Lately, it has got into the travel books, with a savage vengeance.

But these clever young men and women are even cleverer than they seem, for in the process of blowing out all the old travellers' tales they tell new travellers' tales that are—to the modern mind at least—far more enthralling.

ONE of the most striking of these tales of the world as it is instead of as melodrama-

tists would have it, is Geoffrey Gorer's "Africa Dances."

Gorer, a young Englishman, formed a friendship in Paris with Feral Benga, a West African negro dancer (male).

Interested in Africa, and in the native mind, he accepted an opportunity to travel to the Ivory Coast with Benga and an African journalist.

His debunking of the legends starts at once. He bought "... New-market boots for protection against the bites of snakes. For all the snakes I saw I might as well have worn iron anklets."

He washed only once in boiled water, which he had been warned to do regularly. "All the colonials used the ordinary water without bad results... it was only when the livestock in the water was excessively visible that I abstained."

He did see a lion. He tripped over it in the darkness near an hotel. The proprietor advised him to stroke it—it was a pet.

Another legend—a French one—is that West Africa is a great "Reservoir of Manpower."

"French West Africa is extremely sparsely populated. With an area about eight times that of France, it has a population of less than a third of the mother country."

Draining Man-power

"IN 1911, French Equatorial Africa had twenty million negro inhabitants; in 1921, seven and a half million, and in 1931, two and a half million."

"The drop in population does not represent only deaths, though mortality is extremely high. Very great numbers of negroes emigrate to the English colonies, fleeing from the conscription for military service and forced labor, whether for the State or individuals."

This withering away of the native population is not the only tragedy of the coast. Those who remain suffer also. Of traders, Gorer quotes Andre Gide's description of a conversation with a trader:

"He told me he had spent a long time in the Gold Coast, and when I asked him which country he preferred, he replied: 'In the Gold Coast you can't do anything. Imagine, down there every nigger can read and write.' He couldn't hide his anger against the English traders, who are stupid enough to pay directly to the negro the market price of his goods, which 'spoils the business.'"

He has interesting tales to tell of magic.

"Primitive negroes know the world is entirely spiritual..."

"For us it is axiomatic that if you drink a substance called poison it is bound to disagree with you sooner or later; but for the negro the poison has no specific qualities."

"If you are a sorcerer, or if a spell has been put on you or on the substance, then the spirit will make your body unwell; but if you are a good man and have the proper magic, a diet of this substance will nourish you."

"We would think it unwise to bathe in crocodile-infested water; the negro knows that crocodile bodies are completely neutral lumps of matter; if a crocodile should hurt a man it is because a sorcerer has sent his soul into the animal, temporarily displacing that portion of the all-the-crocodile-there-is fetish which ordinarily animates it and which is friendly to the natives who have propitiated it."

Gorer tells of devil dances and witch-doctors as they really are, not as London-living novelists paint them.

His picture is infinitely the more thrilling. "Africa Dances." By Geoffrey Gorer. London, Faber and Faber. Our copy, Dymocks.

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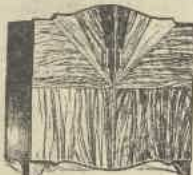
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Never before had his genius in war, the conqueror power within him been so sure and overwhelming. The Taruk had acknowledged it. They had caved under the first smashing battle, though they were a dogged people and had yet many fighting braves to carry on a war of years amid their mountains.

Baratodi, their kai, which means priest-king, had paid tribute to the wonder of Savaran at the great peace palaver.

"It is thou, Zavarani, who fights

PROUD Beauty

Continued from Page 14

Savaran reign king. His day had come.

He now rode to Gongoda to clinch the master stroke. That was all there was left to do. He was king in all save the detail of turning Sandra Boma off his throne. He was riding to Gongoda to arrange that.

SANDRA BOMA had remained in his capital. He felt safer there, not only from the threat of war, but from danger to his throne. With the harder, warrior section of his race away fighting the Taruk he was surrounded almost entirely by his adherents and his cronies: crafty, stay-at-home creatures who enriched themselves through Sandra Boma's luxuries and so were the last to want him dethroned.

They would fight for Sandra Boma, these creatures, would at a pinch persuade him to enter into a swift alliance with the Portuguese of Anacora or the French protected Sultanate of Kallat, both eager to get Gongoda under their thumbs. If either happened, Savaran was beaten. He might have the genius but he certainly had not the munitions to fight European powers—yet.

To win his game, Savaran must use guile, must lure Sandra Boma

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4 ozs. Caster Sugar. Pinch of Salt.
2 ozs. Pure Copha.
2 Eggs.
3 tablespoons Milk. 4 ozs. Plain Flour.
Lemon Juice or 1 level teaspoon Baking Powder.

Cream the Copha and sugar. Beat in eggs singly. Stir in milk and flavouring. Put together flour, baking powder and salt, add to mixture and beat till smooth. Pour into greased basin, which should be only three-quarters full. Bake for one hour.

If you are using Copha in your own recipes use only 3/4 lb. of Copha, two tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt in place of 1 lb. of any other shortening. How's that for economy! And here's another big point: Copha NEVER goes rancid. It stays sweet and fresh indefinitely. There are some specially good recipes in the Copha Recipe Book. Write to

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GLAD TO SEE YOU OF COURSE, DEAR... BUT I WISH YOU HADN'T COME ON WASHING-DAY!

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2. Bring to boil and BOIL FOR TWO MINUTES ONLY.
3. Rinse thoroughly.

NOTE: Very dirty articles should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

RINSO FOR COLOURS, SILKS AND WOOLLENS
Run through gently in rich, lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse thoroughly.

The soap explodes, the set of royal teeth, which coming through.

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How Rinso suds leave clothes whiter

Ordinary suds only do their work when the soap is actually rubbed on the garment. But it's different with Rinso! The rich Rinso suds with Rinsol! The rich Rinso suds beneath the surface roll out all the dirt by themselves during the boil and the 2-minute boil and hold it till you rinse it away! Clothes washed with Rinso are whiter because they are actually cleaner... and no hard rubbing is needed at all.

Safe for every kind of washing

Although Rinso suds are extra rich, they're also extra mild, for Rinso contains no risky chemicals of any kind. Because Rinso makes rubbing unnecessary, it actually protects dainty colours and fabrics and linen wears much longer washed in Rinso.

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to the fighting front. Directly he got him there and the terms of the Taruk were put before the warrior ranks it would mean the end of Sandra Boma.

Sure of himself and the certain success of his star, Savaran rode into the big palaver square of the palace. It blazed with lights and echoed with barbaric music, but it was entirely empty.

"Another feast," Savaran smiled, "so Belshazzar behaved before his line was swept away." He threw the reins of his horse over a post and made for a small door that would allow him to enter the great hall of the palace unobserved.

Sandra Boma had the habit of feasts, yet one glance into the hall told Savaran this was a feast out of the ordinary.

It was a wedding feast. Savaran stared amazed. A wedding feast! Who of the importance this feast proclaimed was being married to-night?

Even as he asked he knew.

He saw a slim back, the gleam of a marble-white shoulder through a torn khaki hunting shirt, a proud head and a lovely, still profile—Ela Barbary!

Please turn to Page 35

PROUD Beauty

Continued from Page 34

EIA BARBARY was sitting on the king's divan alone with Sandra Boma. Ela Barbary and Sandra Boma both wore the diamond-encrusted diadem which is the insignia of a royal wedding in Gongoda.

Ela Barbary was being married to Sandra Boma.

Savarán stared, amazed and furious, the blood of anger rising hot to his head. It set throbbing a line of pain across his face, the wear of a whip-stroke not yet quite healed—so soon after scorn of him had Ela Barbary come to this!

He scowled as he looked closer. He saw more definitely that the girl's shirt was torn and how still she was, like something already dead. He saw dust on her cheek, a bruise on a smooth shoulder; saw that she ate nothing though Sandra Boma ogled and pawed her, offering choice tit-bits of meats with his brutish fingers.

And then as the fat king became too insistent her hand went up to brush his aside and Savarán saw gold chains upon her wrists.

She was to be a bride by force. She had ventured back into Gongoda despite his warnings, and Sandra Boma, who never could force a desire and who felt safe in his villainess with Savarán away, had taken her.

Savarán glared at her in anger. This was the last possible occasion for his wanting to save her. This was the moment of moments when he must play Sandra Boma delicately.

It was the moment of his greatest stake and the gods of destiny had weighted the balance against him. Not only the winning of Sandra Boma, but the saving of this girl, was in the scales of chance.

A girl who had slashed his face in contempt—or the crown of his ambition? Ela Barbary—or an empire? Which was it to be?

His sardonic laugh startled the great feast. In the shock of silence

that followed all eyes swung to him—Sandra Boma's in goggling fright; Ela Barbary with swift hope in her glance.

Savarán, ignoring Sandra Boma, ignoring the great crowd, looked only at Ela Barbary, his fierce smile full of irony.

Their eyes met, held for a breathless moment, then the light in her face died and she became still again and whiter. She was remembering her whip stroke and her contempt of him. Her slim throat quivered, then the small, proud head turned with a firm movement and she fixed her eyes upon her chained hands in her lap. Neither by word nor look could she appeal to this man whom she had insulted, though death and worse than death awaited her.

And Savarán, hawk-eyed, watching for weakness, laughed again and strode, a lean, menacing, and barbaric figure, to where Sandra Boma sat and shook. A hundred daggers were ready to leap out at the fat king's nod, and Savarán ignored them with his scornful back. He was Savarán and knew his power over men as well as kings.

He stared down at the flabby wretch and cried in harsh menace:

"What does a white woman alone on Sandra Boma's divan?"

"An honored guest," Sandra Boma managed to mumble, his shift eyes darting here and there seeking help. "She hunted near and I made this great feast in her honor."

"And put chains upon her wrists and the marriage circlet upon her head," said Savarán.

SANDRA BOMA'S glances had told him that Savarán was alone. He said with a stubborn sullenness: "You warned her that I desired her and yet she came back. It is plain she is not unwilling to favor a king."

Savarán's sardonic glance turned on Ela Barbary. "I hope you appreciate the workings of the savage mind," he said, but the girl answered nothing, only shuddered.

"You know what the white man will think of such a shame," he said grimly to Sandra Boma.

"But he will not know," cried the fat king ingratiatingly. He had felt there was a hostile note in Savarán's word to the girl. "I have seen to that—very cleverly. In Kalliat they think that she and three of her hunters have been destroyed by lions. I have sent garments of hers with blood on them and her broken gun to prove it, with men of my own to swear to it. Nobody saw my men take her but those three hunters. There is no one to make trouble."

"Except Savarán!" said Savarán. "You are my man," snarled Sandra Boma, wincing but stubborn, "and she herself has spoken evil words of you. All Africa knows that. What does she matter to you?"

Ela Barbary gave a little shudder at that, but only from the way her hands gripped and by the stress of her bosom did she show the tumult in her heart.

"It is true, O Sandra Boma, that I am your man," said Savarán softly, "and through you I have greatness and power."

"All the riches you need are yours," the now beaming king cried. He snatched a chain of diamonds worth tens of thousands from his fat neck and flung it at Savarán's feet. "My diamonds, gloves, gold, lands—all you ask is for the asking. O Savarán! What can Gongoda withhold from the greatest warrior of its history?"

Savarán looked at the girl, who looked up, caught the sardonic light in his eyes, and dropped hers, shivering gently. She understood. This was his day.

"Savarán is wise," cooed Sandra Boma. "What is a woman beside greatness—whatever her skin?"

"Aye, what?" asked the fierce adventurer. "Yet Savarán is Savarán—a strange, mad fellow."

He said sharply in French: "Stand up, Ela Barbary. Do as I order without hesitation." And in Swahili to the king: "Up, too, thou black snake, and walk before me."

Sandra Boma shuffled on his divan and screamed viciously: "Beware, white dog. I am king and my guards are about me."

Please turn to Page 36

Don't Take Risks with COLDS OR INFLUENZA

COLDS and Influenza are always serious but can become positively dangerous if neglected. Worse still is the taking of drugs or compounds which may prove harmful to the heart or stomach. With 'ASPRO' there is no RISK. 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard of purity laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (the guiding authority of the Medical Profession). It can safely be given to children. 'ASPRO' not only acts quickly with safety, but it drives away all Feverishness and removes Cold and 'Flu' conditions. Its action of simultaneously soothing the nerves makes 'ASPRO' the world's most used medicine to take for Colds and 'Flu, without risk to your heart, stomach or nerves.

ALWAYS KEEP A PACKET IN THE HOUSE!

'ASPRO' Is The Proved Safe & Pure Medicine

USE 'ASPRO' as a Gargle for Sore and Relaxed Throats



WHEN you have a sore or relaxed throat, make a gargle with 'ASPRO.' Prepare the gargle by crushing and dissolving three 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water. Stir well before using. Repeat the gargle every two or three hours as required, but make it fresh each time. Do not let the mixture stand over night. There is no need to worry if you swallow some of the mixture when gargling—it won't do you any harm, but will soothe the inflamed membranes of the throat.

15E/36

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RHEUMATISM	INFLUENZA	SCIATICA
SLEEPLESSNESS	ASTHMA	LUMBAGO
TOOTHACHE	HEADACHE	DENGUE
FEVERISHNESS	COLDS	GOUT
TEMPERATURE	MALARIA	NEURALGIA
IRRITABILITY	EARACHE	HAY FEVER
SORE THROAT	NEURITIS	

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

FEW 'ASPRO' TABLETS COMPLETELY ENDED 'FLU.

31 Ocean Street, Penhurst, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,
I feel I must write my appreciation of 'ASPRO.' Just a few 'ASPRO' tablets completely relieved me of the 'Flu' last week. I took them with a hot lemon drink before going to bed.

I also gave my son one tablet at night; he felt the 'Flu' coming on, but woke next morning feeling quite fit.

(Sgd.) Mrs. L. H. McDONALD.

ALL DOWN WITH 'FLU—SOON ABOUT AGAIN—THANKS TO 'ASPRO.'

17 Church Place, Port Adelaide, S.A.

20/10/35.
Dear Sir,
I am writing to you to let you know what 'ASPRO' Tablets have done for my children and myself.

We have all been down with the INFLUENZA at once, and all we have taken are 'ASPRO' Tablets and lemon drinks. We all had high temperatures and bad headaches, but, thanks to your 'ASPRO' Tablets, we are all about again, only being three days in bed.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) N. GILL



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Perry, Barker & Co., 66 King St., Sydney. 10/2

I AM he who commands kings," cried the spider-spare man, and in a bound he was beside the fat monarch, had yanked him to his feet by his ear. There, holding his sovereign like a naughty schoolboy, Savaran faced the crowd—and so did the iron muzzle of his pistol.

There was a monkey-house babel of yells, over which Sandra Boma's shrill screech to slay sounded in frenzy. Three gold-decked guards lunged forward, spade-spears at ready; three flames spat from Savaran's weapon. Three gold-decked guards thereupon began to yelp and hop about on one leg—the right leg. A bullet had snicked through the left calf of each. All there began to huddle backwards, recalling that, among his other virtues, Savaran was the deadliest pistol shot in Africa.

PROUD Beauty

Continued from Page 35

Savaran, splendid in exultance, swung the whimpering king about.

"March to the door, little fat slug," he said. "Eia, go before. You will find my horse outside. You will find the king's stables to the left of the great court. Ride to it, bring three good horses." He plucked a jewelled dagger from Sandra Boma's sash and handed it to her to cut the halters. "Call through that window there when you are ready."

He backed until he leant against the wall, the king in front of him. His great voice rose: "And you, Gongoda dogs, silence, and down on your knees all. He who rises, dies."

A wave of bodies sinking to the floor, a thick silence as the feasters obeyed. One lithe black did leap for the great door at the further

end, and even as he leapt a bullet caught him in mid air and he died across the threshold. Silence again, more stark than ever, with Sandra Boma snivelling promise after promise of glory and wealth, for he feared death. The lean, fierce man paid not the slightest attention but kept his dark strong glance on the crowd, cowing it.

Then the sudden clatter of hoofs and the girl's voice calling, saying, "Shall I come in to help cover you? You can't possibly get out alone!"

SHE did not know Savaran. With a curt "No!" he snatched from the nearby wall one of the flaming torches. With a lightning gesture he touched to flame the gold tissue on Sandra Boma's over-swaddled body, then with a kick he sent the blazing king among his people.

While the whole mob fought to save the sanctity of their ruler's person from the flames Savaran was outside and into the saddle and, taking the halter of one of the spare horses, was off.

But he rode first to the king's stables, a crazy structure of thatch on poles and here and there he thrust the flaming torch into the

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That has
No windows
Lit
Is like
A dark
Inverted
Pit,
No life
Or love
Or soul
To it.

—YVONNE WEBB.

thatch. As he heard the panic among the stabled beasts his face broke into its wolf-smile. Thanks to the war against Taruk, there were few horses in Gongoda City beyond the king's. It would be hours before their enemies rescued and pacified those brutes enough to pursue them.

They rode at a gallop, striking north.

Eia Barbary, swinging her mare level with him, had cried:

"Ride west to Taruk and your armies, you can save the day yet."

"No," he said curtly. "Their drum signals will warn the villages on the march. We shall be taken before the second day's ride is done."

"But—but," she panted, "you lose everything this way, ambition, empire. You can't do it."

"Savaran can," he grinned fiercely and struck spurs to flank. "It's his way."

Hurting through the night, leaping on leagues, they came presently to the branching of caravan routes. She expected him to bear east; he swung north—still north—riding harder.

Again she was at his side, slowing him with a hand on his arm: "Go east," she cried, "to Kallat!"

"Listen," he said, halting, and the very cock of his head seemed to bring to life the throb, throb, throb of bush drums. "Kallat is a week's riding and the road is strewn with villages. There is no chance that way. Ahead the frontier is but a night and day's ride across an almost empty land."

"But—but," she gasped. "It is the Anacora frontier."

"It is," he said and lifted his horse into movement again.

"But Lazaga waits for you at Anacora!" she cried, grasping his arm.

"Eagerly!" he grinned.

She gave a little gasp that might, also have been a sob. "Will—he keep his promise to—to hang you?"

Please turn to Page 38

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SHE DOES HIGHLAND FLING AT 72

Old Lady Tells Secret of Her Vigour

The writer of the following letter once suffered from rheumatism, headaches, and depression. Then one day a vigorous old lady told her the secret of good health. And now she writes to tell others how she discovered a wonderful sense of well-being and joy in life.

"Kruschen was recommended to me by an old lady of seventy-two who can dance the Highland Fling like a young girl—thanks to Kruschen, which she has used for thirty years. She told me to take Kruschen Salts to try and cure a dull heavy headache from which I suffered every morning on waking. I was also troubled with rheumatism in both shoulders. Kruschen turned the trick. The headache disappeared and so did the rheumatism. I have continued taking Kruschen because it gives me a wonderful sense of well-being and enjoyment of life."—(Mrs.) F.B.W. Kruschen is a combination of six natural salts which stimulate your liver, kidneys and digestive tract to healthy, regular activity. They ensure internal cleanliness, and keep the blood-stream pure.

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His faithful Nubian servant, are in pursuit of **KRIM:** Evil Emir in Egypt, who, acting as agent for his master, **NAZDAH:** Powerful Sheikh of the desert, has kidnapped **PRINCESS NARDA:** Lovely sister of **SEGRID:** Young prince in Gizeh, in Egypt, and taken her across the desert to Nazdah's domain in Alradi oasis. Nazdah tells her he took a fancy to her in

Paris, and intends to add her to his harem, but his advances meet with spirited resistance from the young Princess. Meanwhile the rescuers have been overtaken in the desert by a band of Krim's fierce Bedouins. Mandrake, to save Lothar's life, causes him to disappear, and when he himself is murderously attacked, protects himself by magic and causes the knife of his would-be assassin to speak. **NOW READ ON—**

I REFUSE TO WORK TODAY. YOU SHARPEN ME TOO MUCH. HOW'D YOU LIKE IT IF SOME-ONE KEPT STICKING YOUR FACE AGAINST A GRIND-STONE?

I'M--- HEARING---THINGS!

THE TALKING KNIFE REFUSES TO CUT MANDRAKE!

"QUICK---SHOOT HIM DOWN! I'M LOSING MY MIND!"

IF THE KNIFE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORK TODAY, NEITHER DO WE!

DO YOU HEAR THAT?!

I CAN'T PULL THIS TRIGGER!

THE GUNS ALSO TALK!

LOOKS LIKE A GENERAL STRIKE!

KIDNAP ME, WILL YOU? GOING TO HONOR ME BY PUTTING ME IN YOUR HAREM?

OUCH!

OH--MY ARM! STOP! YOU--YOU--WILD CAT!

NARDA IS STILL HELD. A PRISONER AT ALRADI.

LET GO OF--- MY BEARD! OU!

YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! A BIG MAN, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF---

--A POOR DEFENSELESS GIRL!

MY VASE! MY HEAD! UGH!

AND DON'T COME BACK OR I'LL FORGET I'M A PRINCESS AND A LADY AND LOSE MY TEMPER!

OUCH!

THE GREAT SHEIKH WILL REWARD ME RICHLY FOR KIDNAPPING NARDA AND BRINGING HER TO HIM. WHAT A PRIZE! HE'LL PROBABLY ELEVATE ME TO GRAND VIZIER!

OUTSIDE. EMIR KRIM CONGRATULATES HIMSELF.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.

OU--MY JAW! MYSTERIOUS ARE THE WAYS OF MONARCHS. HE CALLS THAT GRATITUDE!

SURROUND HIM! WE'LL ALL GO AT HIM AT ONCE--- AND HACK HIM INTO PIECES!

HMM--I CAN'T HANDLE THE WHOLE MOB AT ONCE. DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

THE MAGICIAN WATCHES THE APPROACH OF THE BEDOUINS WITH NARROWED EYES--

GONE--LIKE THE OTHER ONE! HE IS A--JINNEE!

--THEN SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS IN A WISP OF SMOKE!

WE'LL REMAIN INVISIBLE FOR THE TIME BEING. LOTHAR, WE'LL GET THAT BEDOUIN LEADER, AND FORCE HIM TO LEAD US TO ALRADI OASIS.

ME LIKE GOING INVISIBLE. IS FUN

SHALL WE--SEARCH FOR THE--JINNEE?

WE SHALL NOT! WE SHALL LEAVE THIS SPOT AS FAST AS THE LEGS OF OUR HORSES CAN CARRY US!

SOMETHING'S GOT ME! IT'S TAKING ME INTO THE AIR!

AT THIS MOMENT THE INVISIBLE LOTHAR PICKS UP THE BEDOUIN LEADER.

DON'T LEAVE ME! COME BACK! COME BACK!

THIS SPOT IS BEWITCHED!

AND HIS FOLLOWERS ELEE IN TERROR. TO BE CONTINUED.

60

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Dear Sir,
I would be pleased to receive a
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Name
Address

PROUD Beauty

Continued from Page 36

"HELL, try!" grinned Savaran, and his whip flicked the flank of her mare and they were galloping again.

Night helped them through such villages as there were, for the natives were too confused by the dark to do more than yell and fire at them. At dawn Savaran halted under a hill. He climbed it and came down grinning.

"A village a mile ahead through the scrub, with the local watch committee spread out to stop us—and I am also hungry," he said. And while she wondered what he meant, his sword was busy on the bushes about them.

In a few minutes he had piled and tied branches on the backs of the horses that had carried them so far, and over these branches he spread on one his own vivid and unmistakable cloak and on the other his horse blanket. Leading all four horses, he went stealthily

through the scrub beyond the hill until he reached an open space that the villagers must see. Then with stinging cuts of the whip he drove the burdened horses across the open space.

They heard yells from the natives ahead, the sounds of the chase, and Ela Barbary realised that at a distance it must look as though two horsemen had suddenly turned aside from the trail at the sight of the villagers and were trying to make their escape through the scrub.

When the whole mob of blacks had streamed into the bush in pursuit of the animals Savaran and Ela mounted the spare horses and rode into the village. The women screamed and the old men looked defiant until Savaran's eagle-gaze touched them, then they brought water for the horses and themselves and food.

The young men were already running back to the village when they set out again, but Savaran did not bother. There were no horses in the place.

They rode on hard and in silence and by dusk were at the Anacora river with safety in sight. Savaran wheeled along the bank until he found the rope bridge across the swift narrow stream, and it was there Ela Barbary swung her horse to bar his way... for at their coming there had sprung up an activity on the other side, dogaris and their Portuguese officers springing to arms at the approach of strangers.

"Mr. Savaran—Philippe—whatever your name is—you can't do this! It is prison or death across that bridge for you."

HE sat his horse with that mocking fierceness which that was also a charm.

"Savaran," he said, "never does anything by halves. I will see you safe into the hands of someone responsible."

There came a shout from the bridge. "So it is the boaster," a big voice yelled. "I have you in the end."

Lazaga was on the bridge. Lazaga inflamed with triumph. Lazaga with a pistol in each hand, while his bull voice shouted to his dogaris to line the bank with their rifles and shoot the dog Savaran if he dared try and ride off.

Savaran stiffened at that. Ela Barbary beside him, hand on his arm, lifted a face tremulous in its beauty.

"Escape, Savaran," she whispered. "You have given too much for a fool at a girl already. You must not give this. I couldn't bear it. See, I will ride between you and the bank until you are out of range, and they dare not shoot."

He looked at her, smiling grimly.

"And you would do this for the ragged adventurer?" he said.

"Savaran," she said chokingly. "Savaran—I would give you my life."

And then it was she who caught his hand and lifted it, and pressed it to her lips with a fierce passion.

"Savaran," she said again, "ask me and I, too, will ride with you—a ragged adventurer—to conquer the world."

He sat back on his horse and laughed softly.

"Yes," he said. "You are of the kingly kind, even as I, but such beauty as yours is only fit for an established throne."

He bent forward and kissed her on the lips.

"So I had better go and win another."

With a laugh he wheeled his horse and galloped away along the bank into the night. The rifles cracked and cracked, but the only interest he showed in them was to turn in his saddle to wave a splendid farewell to Ela Barbary. Savaran could never resist a good curtain.

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Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

VICKS
VAPORUBThe
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Ovaltine' Sleep

TONIGHT—just before you go to bed—drink a cupful of delicious "Ovaltine". See how it soothes the nerves and promotes that physical repose which quickly leads to sound, restful sleep.

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The World's Best Night-Cap.

OVI.13.17

Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Anne Bevan, who arrived home on Friday after a delightful Eastern tour, found the heat of Malaya excessively severe? As she had just come from the snow country in Japan it is scarcely to be wondered at.

Psychological Effect

I HAVE been intrigued from the very first about those little books that Madame Lotte Lehmann holds during her recitals. My curiosity has brought forth a good story.

The soprano is short-sighted and cannot read either notes or words from her little books, but just the same she does not feel confident without them.

She has a neat loose-leaf system of songs in miniature, words and music copied out in her own hand of every song and aria she sings to take with her to the concert platform. Her husband looks after them and hands them to her for each group of songs just before she appears before the public.

Bulls and Bears

HAROLD THOMPSON, the G.O.M. of the Stock Exchange, received congratulations from far and wide on Wednesday last when he celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday. The family party took place earlier in the week, when Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Thompson gathered the clan together in their Neutral Bay home.

David Thompson, a grandson of the guest of honor, also follows in the family traditions, and deals with bulls and bears and brokering.

Reggie and Mrs. Bessemer Clark have been spending a holiday in the south of France in preparation for the gay Coronation season in London.

So Very Gay

A BEWILDERING number of entertainments have been arranged for this week's Coronation celebrations. Sydney is in the throes of going even gayer than usual, and I fear will suffer badly from Mondayitis at the beginning of next week.

The "Diggers" are one ahead of anyone else, and are having their big party at the Town Hall this Tuesday. On Wednesday's programme is the Vice-Regal dinner party and reception at Government House, and the ball at the Trocadero arranged by the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

The A.J.C. race meeting at Randwick will be the attraction on Coronation day; the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress' reception is the highlight of Thursday; and on Friday members of the Royal Sydney Golf Club are entertaining at a dinner dance.

Uncertain Swaying

WITH much uncertain swaying by new chums and graceful glides from the experts, the ice-skating season commenced at the Glaciarium on Thursday afternoon.

For this season Bea Fawsitt, one of the most graceful skaters, will wear bottle-green velvet, full skirt and square-necked blouse, alternated with a short black skirt worn with brightly-hued jumpers and shirts. Bea does not wear any hair covering, and why should she when her ash-blond locks keep so very tidy?

Brand New

JUST full of phlox is the garden surrounding Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Dangar's new home at Narrandera. Mrs. Dangar, formerly Dorothy Simpson, of Jerilderie, has just settled all her brand new belongings into their right places and in between driving around the countryside in her new car is receiving a legion of callers.

Her sister-in-law, Pauline Dangar, of the remarkably lovely brown eyes, is arriving soon at Hampton Court with her mother, Mrs. Oscar O. Dangar, to make last-minute preparations for her wedding to Robert Bruce.

Tulip Time

CAPTAIN AND MRS. SANDY MACDONALD will be among the Coronation crowds in London this week. Last news of the travellers came from Durban, where friends met them and took charge of their sight-seeing perambulations. The military barracks was, of course, the first port of call, Sandy being a military gentleman.

Before crossing the Channel the Macdonalds intended to enjoy the beauty of Holland during the tulip season.



Word of Warning

AS usual, Mrs. A. C. Davidson will have her home at Montgreenan, Leura, just full of school children for the coming holidays. Some of them are relations of the Davidson family, and some are just friends.

The only word of warning the young people are given is in regard to the busy bees who have quite a few hives in the garden.

Professor and Mrs. Noel Hall, newly arrived from London, were recent guests at Montgreenan.

With John and Jacqueline

PLANNING their return to Sydney are Dr. and Mrs. John Maude, with their two children, Jacqueline and John. They will leave England on the Port Wyndham on July 6. Mrs. Alwin Maude, John's mother, who went abroad with the family, came back to Sydney last month.

Dr. Maude is doing special work at Oxford, and Mrs. Maude and the family are living nearby. Quite recently the travellers stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude at their lovely Devonshire home.

Have You Seen—

The perfectly fascinating Coronation adornment worn by Ruby Storey on the lapel of her coat-and-skirt? Red, white, and blue flowers on long stalks, all made of felt, give a window-box impression.



A SMILING STUDY of Madame Noskowsky, wife of the Consul-General for Poland, and her only son, Paul. Paul was present at the recent party given by his parents to celebrate Poland's National Day.

—Women's Weekly.

warning - Pains IN THE Back

Dreaded RHEUMATISM That Shortens So Many Lives

If you get agonising back, loin or joint pains, if you feel constantly tired, weak and irritable, with headaches, disturbed sleep; urinary troubles—BEWARE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASE. Neglect means the risk of Crippling Breakdown, Menacing Rheumatic Complaints, Heart Injury—years of suffering—a premature decline of your powers, and possibly a shortened life. Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills offer you a remedy of proven efficacy for rheumatic, kidney, bladder and uric acid disorders. But the longer you delay treatment, the worse your trouble may become.

A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE REMEDY

Harrison's Pills are the surest, safest and, results considered, the least expensive remedy you can take. If you have any one or a number of the symptoms and disorders printed below you should take Harrison's Pills at once.

This remedy of a London Doctor has an outstanding record of success. Harrison's Pills not only combat the early stages of Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatic, Urinary, and Uric Acid Disorders, but they succeed even in cases that defy all other forms of treatment.

Harrison's Pills are good for women and children as well as for men—for all ages over 9 years—and for even the most delicate constitution.

STOPS PAIN BY REMOVING CAUSE!

If you suffer from any form of bodily torture such as may be associated with uric acidity or rheumatism, if you have any vitality-sapping, youth-robbing weakness of the bladder or urinary organs—try this great remedy. Go to your chemist, and ask for a package of Harrison's Pills. Three sizes—18 pills 2/-; 22 pills 3/-; and 48 pills 4/-. You are GUARANTEED relief from the first bottle or money back. Further, you are assured of a lasting complete clearing up of your trouble if such be possible from any remedy. If not near a chemist or store, post your order to Amalgamated Laboratories, Daking House, Sydney. HARRISON'S PILLS MUST HELP YOU BECAUSE THEY EFFECTIVELY REMOVE THE CAUSE OF YOUR ILL-HEALTH.

For Weak, Aching Back, Loin, Joint and Limb Pains, Stabbing Pains, Rheumatic Infection, Swollen Joints, Loss of Vitality, Sciatica, Arthritis, Uric Acid, Urinary Pain, Gravel, Stone, etc., take



HARRISON'S PILLS
REMOVE THE CAUSE!

"Smoke stains on MY teeth ?—
NEVER!"



**THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE
REMOVES SMOKE STAINS
A SAFE WAY**

No other leading dentifrice contains the special STAIN-REMOVING ingredient that is in Pepsodent. Nor can any other restore the natural whiteness and sparkle to dull, ugly, smoke-stained teeth... so speedily, effectively and safely.

YOU SMOKE, then you have noticed stains on your teeth, or ugly yellow smudges.

Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste, removes that film, those ugly stains, keeps teeth white and sparkling. If you use Pepsodent, not the faintest smoke stain will show.

Safest and Most Effective Way

The special ingredient in Pepsodent is designed especially for the removal of film. It is this film that absorbs the smoke stains. To re-

move the ugly yellow colour, the film must be removed, and Pepsodent will remove it. Your dentist too, will tell you the advantage of removing film to avoid tooth decay and other dental troubles.

In addition, Pepsodent is the softest, therefore the safest, of 13 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. Scientific tests have proved it.

Try Pepsodent today, then you will know how really white your teeth are, how smilingly attractive your mouth can be!

PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING
TOOTH PASTE



THE 2½ SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

CHOOSE Your PARTNER

Continued from Page 6

"I REGRET I had the misfortune to mistake you for a rabbit," she answered haughtily, "when even to call you a worm would be an insult to that poor creature."

She rose and marched out of the lounge with her head in the air, and did not discover till she reached her room that, in rising so hurriedly, she had torn the hem of her evening dress.

One more score against Mr. Rex Appleton.

For the next two or three days no refrigerator could compare with Marilyn's attitude towards the new tennis professional.

In front of other people she was civil and business-like, and she avoided all occasions on which she might have to spend two minutes alone with him. The first three evenings she escaped to her room immediately after dinner and read a book or mended undies and stockings.

On the fourth night, she rebelled. "Why should I let him keep me a prisoner?" she asked her mirror. "I'm not afraid of him. No, certainly not."

And she went downstairs again.

He was standing idly by the reception desk, one hand in his pocket. His evening clothes looked well on him and an electric lamp near his head made his hair gleam like burnished mahogany.

It was Marilyn's intention to pass right by him and out into the grounds, but at that moment he turned and smiled, and Marilyn so far forgot her enmity as to smile back. She was really the sort of person who smiled instinctively at babies and chimney sweeps and bus-conductors.

Then she remembered, wiped the smile off her face and hurried out to the hotel entrance. Before she had reached the bottom step, he was beside her.

"I'm so pleased," he murmured in her ear.

"What about?"

"That we're going to be friends after all."

"You're mistaken," she retorted. "I've no wish for anything more than business relations with you."

"Oh, but you smiled just now," he protested.

"That was an accident!" There was a slight pause. Then he said very softly, "Couldn't there be another—accident?"

They had reached the end of the terrace. Marilyn swung round to face him, a hot retort on her lips.



BLACK-AND-WHITE leaf print, with touches of emerald green, makes this cocktail frock worn by Astrid Alwyn. A high waistline is indicated by a pleated grille of green crepe. The gloves and suede bag are also green.

But instead, to her own complete amazement, she heard herself saying, "Well, it does seem rather silly—going on like this."

His face crinkled into a delightful smile, and he grasped her hand in both his own.

"Splendid."

But something in Marilyn was still trying to be severe.

"You must admit it was a mean trick, making me look such a fool," she said.

"Yes, I do apologise for that," he answered humbly. "But it was partly your own fault, you know."

"My fault? How?"

"I came out intending to ask you for a practice game, and I was just introducing myself to you, when that note was brought—and up you jumped, determined to give me a lesson—without asking who I was. I couldn't resist a lesson from so charming a teacher."

As they stood leaning on the parapet of the terrace, while the dusk deepened to the lovely velvety blue of a summer night, and a young moon threw slanting silver fingers across the sea, they talked.

Marilyn found herself telling him about Tony and the reason she was a tennis coach at the hotel.

It was much later when she glanced at her watch. "Goodness!" she exclaimed. "I ought to have been in bed long ago. I've a pupil at eight in the morning. A genuine one this time."

She heard him chuckling at the thrust, as she hurried away in the darkness.

To Marilyn the days did not seem half so long since Rex had come. He naturally took all the men pupils and this gave Marilyn more opportunity for games for pleasure, and she even managed to get in a little swimming.

In the evenings they walked along the promenade, lamp-studded like a necklace, and talked of books and plays, places and people.

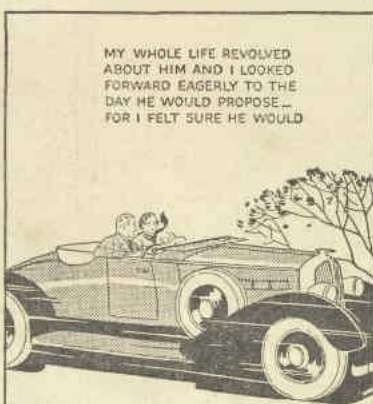
"What are you doing at the end of the season?" Rex asked abruptly one evening, as they strolled, while the distant strains of the band floated to their ears.

Please turn to Page 44

ANOTHER ROMANCE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, UNTIL...



I WAS SO HAPPY AFTER I MET JOHN. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER



MY WHOLE LIFE REVOLVED ABOUT HIM AND I LOOKED FORWARD EAGERLY TO THE DAY HE WOULD PROPOSE... FOR I FELT SURE HE WOULD



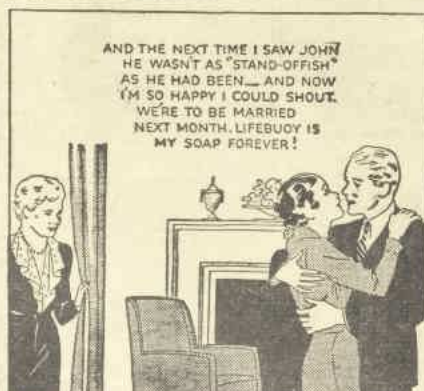
AND THEN FOR NO APPARENT REASON HE BEGAN TO DRIFT AWAY FROM ME... I EVEN SAW HIM OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS



FINALLY I BROKE DOWN AND TOLD MY AUNT ABOUT IT. SHE SYMPATHISED BUT TOLD ME IN A KIND WAY I SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O."—THAT I SHOULD USE LIFEBOUY



I TOOK AUNTIE'S ADVICE AND STARTED THE LIFEBOUY HABIT. LIFEBOUY'S RICH INVIGORATING LATHER MADE EVERY BATH A REAL JOY!



AND THE NEXT TIME I SAW JOHN HE WASN'T AS "STAND-OFFISH" AS HE HAD BEEN... AND NOW I'M SO HAPPY I COULD SHOUT. WE'RE TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH. LIFEBOUY IS MY SOAP FOREVER!



IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO

In your mirror—closely examine the skin around your nose and chin... coarse pores? Clogged looking? Try Lifebuoy's milder deep-cleansing lather! Feel your skin glow! See it grow fresher, clearer, younger! Millions say.... "It agrees with my skin."

IMPORTANT NOTICE! Even though the weather is cooler, the risk of offending with "B.O." (body odour) remains. That is why you should bathe regularly with Lifebuoy all the year round. For Lifebuoy's penetrating lather—containing the famous health element—saps "B.O."—makes sure of personal freshness.

Its own clean refreshing scent rinses away.

"It agrees with my skin."



MEN—LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM'S Milder LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE FOR CLOSE, LONG-LASTING SHAVES

LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream

50-50 SHAVES IN THE BOX (RED TUBE)

What Women Are Doing

Very Busy Woman

MRS. ROBERT GRIEVE, of Warwick, Queensland, is one of that town's busiest women. Besides being president of the Condamine Valley branch of the C.W.A. she is a very active vice-president of the Red Cross, and heads the Benevolent Society. Her sister-in-law, Miss Edith Grieve, is the very capable secretary of the Women's Club.

French Women Still the Best Dressed

MRS. F. O. AARONS returned with her husband, who is president of the Blinded Soldiers' Association, N.S.W., by the Ormonde from a trip to Europe. She is "right-hand man" to her husband, whose sight was considerably impaired by war injuries, and assists him in all his work, but her personal interest is a keen study of feminine fashions. She considers French women still the best-dressed in the world, and that the beautiful grooming of the English women is only made possible by big incomes. Londoners were not smart in the restaurants or shops, but were seen at their best in a theatre audience. German women were usually not smart. A large percentage of them made their own clothes. They avoided make-up and did not smoke.

Ex-captain of Oxford Hockey Team

MRS. L. C. WILCHER, wife of the Dean of Trinity College, Melbourne University, was recently elected honorary secretary of the Victorian Hockey Association. She knows quite a lot about the game, for she was at one time captain of the Oxford women's hockey team. Before her marriage Mrs. Wilcher was Miss Vera Wylie, daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Wylie, of Oxford, where Sir Francis was secretary to the Rhodes Trust Fund.



Mrs. Wilcher—Brotherton

Centenary of Methodism

THE Centenary of Methodism in South Australia drew a huge crowd to its women's meeting last week. Mrs. J. L. Leal, who is a past president of the National Council of Women in South Australia, and who has been a member of dozens of women's executive committees, presided.

There were country members present, and the Home Mission Department and the Women's Auxiliary Department were strongly represented. Mrs. Leal herself is particularly interested in the Methodist Women's Guild.

The afternoon took the form of a thanksgiving ceremony, but some of Adelaide's cleverest women musicians contributed a special programme.

New President of Adelaide Y.W.C.A.

RECENTLY elected president of the Adelaide branch of the Y.W.C.A., Mrs. J. F. Ward, wife of the headmaster of Prince Alfred College, has had little time during the last eighteen years to take office on committees because of her many duties as headmaster's wife. Still, these have given her opportunities to keep in close touch with children and young people.

A member of the Board of Directors of the Association in Perth for three years, Mrs. Ward has been on the Hostel Committee since her arrival in Adelaide in 1929, and one of the Board of Directors for the past two years. She is hoping that the Association's activities will be extended even further this year so that its members will be able to develop every side of their lives within it.

Sydney Will Be Setting For Next Novel

ROSEMARY REES, the New Zealand novelist, intends to write a novel with Sydney as the background of her story. Her three first books were written in the New South Wales capital, but she always used her homeland as the setting.

Miss Rees is wintering in Sydney, and is considering a suggestion received from Los Angeles that she should visit America to discuss the adaptation of her novels to the screen.

Her latest novel, "Turn the Hour," will be published in England shortly.

New Headmistress Appointed

MISS UNA MITCHELL, recently appointed headmistress of the Church of England Girls' Grammar school at Canberra, was educated at Perth College and graduated in Science at the University there.

Her teaching career commenced at the Adelaide Presbyterian Girls' College, where she taught geography, geology and physics for twelve years. For the last two years she has been Physics and Chemistry Mistress at St. Catherine's, Toorak.

Miss Mitchell leaves to take up her new duties in the second term in June.



Miss Una Mitchell—Bro May

Dorrit Black to Hold Exhibition

ALTHOUGH she has been living in Adelaide for about 15 months, Dorrit Black had not exhibited a single picture in South Australia until the Society of Arts Autumn Exhibition, which was held last month. However, Miss Black wants to have an exhibition of her own work shortly.

She is originally from Adelaide, but went to Sydney to live some years ago, then she went to London and Paris to study, and in Paris learned at the Academie Andre Lhote (he was one of the original cubists), also with Gleize, who then had not got back to naturalism in his art.

Miss Black sends her pictures to London and Paris for exhibition, also to Melbourne and Sydney, as she belongs to the Women's Independent Art Club (London), the British Lino Cut group, and other bodies. A print of one of her lino cuts, "The Pot Plant," has been showing in the Adelaide Autumn Exhibition. Another print of the same picture was bought for the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, London.

England Interested in Her Australian Drawings

DURING a recent visit to England Mrs. Peg Maltby, of Melbourne, an artist of the Arthur Rackman school, was delighted at the interest shown by English people in her Australian drawings. While in England she did illustrations of gum leaves and quaint folklore scenes for a leading London firm, with which she is still connected.

Mrs. Maltby is English by birth, though she has lived in Melbourne for a number of years, and she visited her parents at their home near Aahby-de-la-Zouch, where lies the ruined castle, famous setting of Sir Walter Scott's classic, Ivanhoe. She also heard in Melbourne village the chiming of the bells presented by Melbourne City.



Mrs. Maltby.—Brotherton

Only One Remains of Original Driving Corps

WHEN Lady Goodwin was in Brisbane she formed a Nurses' Transport Corps for the Mothers' Union District Nursing Association. This means that voluntary drivers give their services twice a week to drive nurses to and from their patients.

The corps originally numbered 31, and out of that 31 Mrs. M. S. Herring is the only personal driver who continues with the work. She is on duty two mornings each week.



Mrs. Herring—Noel Maitland

Active Member of Clubs At Home and Abroad

EVERY movement in South Australia that concerns youth, progress or culture finds a keen supporter in Mrs. A. E. V. Richardson, wife of Professor Richardson, the Director of the Waite Research Institute.

Mrs. Richardson has just entered upon her second year of office as president of the Alliance Francaise, is a member of the State Council of the Girl Guide Association and the University Wives' Club, and is on the executive committee of the Adelaide Music Salon.

Although these are but few of her activities in Adelaide, Mrs. Richardson also has interests in other cities. The International and the Centenary Clubs in Melbourne both include her name on their membership list, and she is the only South Australian who is a residential member of the London Musical Club.

Appointed Chairman of Senior Activities

MISS RUBY POWELL was recently made chairman of the Australian Council of Senior Activities of the Y.W.C.A.

Last year Miss Powell was acting principal of Ormiston College, Mont Albert, but is now senior resident mistress at St. Catherine's, Toorak. She is also connected with the Students' Christian Movement.

Cream-testing Is Her Daily "Job"

MISS MAY DINEEN, of Albury, New South Wales, has carved herself a niche in an unusual sphere of activity. She is a cream-tester at the Albury butter factory. She has to determine the butter-fat content of each consignment of cream, test each churn of butter for moisture content, the cream for acidity, and the butter-milk under the Butyl alcoholic system.

According to Miss Dineen, cream testing is not a very complicated process, but it is important, as suppliers are paid for their cream according to the butter-fat content. When she obtained a cream-tester's certificate two years ago after months of hard study, she achieved the distinction of being the youngest certificated tester in the State.

Miss Dineen thinks that her occupation is one to which women are admirably suited.

Only five or six women have qualified in New South Wales as cream-testers, and Miss Dineen is probably the only woman practising at the moment.

STOMACH TROUBLE RELIEVED

Sour, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of indigestion, and to relieve it right from the first dose.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

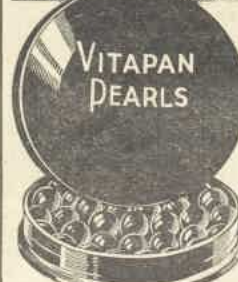
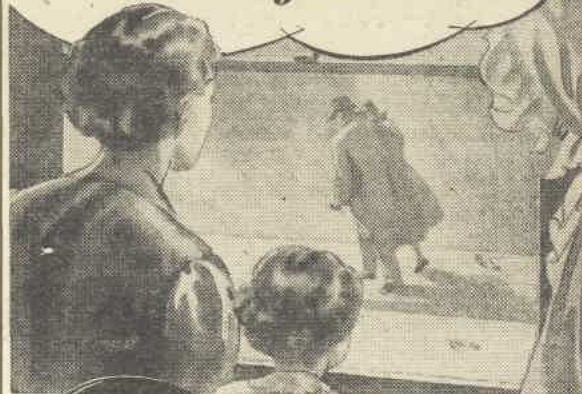
Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

face Winter with confidence



COPYRIGHT 1936

Build up resistance against Cold and Flu . . . now!

Don't think that colds and "flu" are inevitable—they're not. But lack of vitamins and more indoor life tend to lower resistance, and make you more susceptible to winter ills. To prevent this, you must build up resistance now. There's an easy, pleasant way to do this—Vitapan Pearls—Vitapan is a concentrate of Vitamins "A" and "D," enclosed in an easy-to-take gelatine capsule. Each pearl is equivalent in Vitamin value to 1½ teaspoonfuls of cod liver oil. Taken regularly, Vitapan Pearls will build up you and your children against colds, "flu" and chills. Start taking Vitapan Pearls every day and face winter with confidence.

VITAPAN PEARLS

40 PEARLS FOR 3/- (MET. AREA)

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

Facial Hairs PERMANENTLY REMOVED

The gravest defect in a woman's appearance is undoubtedly the growth of face hairs. Women so afflicted often develop an inferiority complex—dread meeting friends and eventually lose interest in their personal appearance.

Let Sister Vimard Remove them by Electrolysis

Single Sitzings, 5/6 and 10/6
Course of Treatments from £1/1/-

MOLES AND WARTS—PERMANENTLY REMOVED—FROM 10/6

Sister VIMARD

'Phone MA4208 4th Floor, Albert Bldg., 139 King St., Sydney



RONALD MORSE, a member of the B.S.A. drama unit on Station 2GB.

SILENCE Is The Morse CODE

Radio Player Who Dislikes Publicity

It takes all sorts to make the radio world, but Ronald Morse, latest star to join the B.S.A. Players, is surely unique.

He hates publicity, almost invariably refuses to be interviewed, and will not be inveigled into talking about himself.

It must not be imagined that Ronald Morse is a taciturn or shy young man. The truth

of the matter is that this clever young actor does not believe in personal publicity.

"A man should be known by his work," he says; "nothing else matters. What he looks like, what he eats for breakfast, what he reads, or what he does as a hobby is his own business and does not increase or decrease one jot the value of the work he does."

Fortunately for an interviewer, Ronald Morse, like most radio personalities, is intensely interested in radio, and can at least be persuaded to discuss his work as a radio artist, so that an interview with him goes something like this:

"Have you ever been on the stage, Mr. Morse?"

"Oh, yes," he answers with a mystifying smile. "For five minutes or so. But I wouldn't mention that. I believe some of my fellow B.S.A. Players have been on the stage for some ten, twenty or thirty years."

"Have you had much experience in broadcasting?"

"Well, I was an announcer for 18 months, and I'm not so sure that it wasn't that that put me off publicity for life. Wherever I went, people would introduce me as 'Oh, this is Mr. Morse, the announcer; you have heard him, of course?' Probably they hadn't, but politeness called for such a remark. But don't say anything about that."

"How did you come to join the B.S.A. Players?"

"They are very nice people," says Mr. Morse, "very jolly, in fact, and I like working with people who have a good sense of humor. But that has nothing to do with the public, has it?"

"Of course, you must like working in radio?"

"Radio is a novelty," says Mr. Morse, side-stepping neatly. "It is only a little over 11 years old, so that one cannot really give a considered opinion. Now take puppet shows! I understand there is a puppet show at present touring Italy still playing one of its original scenarios, 'The Battle of the Saracens and the Crusaders' which, if my history is correct, took place eleven hundred years ago. After eleven hundred years one is able to see an art in its true perspective, but even then it would be foolish to give a hasty opinion..."

"But surely Mr. Morse you have formed some opinion of radio while listening to radio drama?"

"I never listen to radio drama, except when taking part in it, and then I am too busy with my own part to enjoy it as entertainment. Listening to radio drama, in my spare time would be too much like taking a 'busman's holiday'."

And that was all that Mr. Morse could be induced to say. A vivid but rather inscrutable personality.

Electric cooking is cheaper

**TO COOK FOR A
FAMILY OF FOUR
PERSONS COSTS
LESS THAN 1/9
PER WEEK**

Just imagine — 1/9 a week for all the benefits of electric cooking. That is a generous estimate too, for the average cost of electric cooking is less than three farthings per person per day. There's economy for you!

The other great saving of electric cooking is in labour. Electric cooking is automatic and requires the minimum of attention, and because an electric range is flameless, smokeless and fume-free, cooking utensils stay bright and the kitchen is always spotlessly clean and cool.

You may like your kitchen but you don't want to spend needlessly long, wearisome hours there, cooking by laborious old-fashioned methods. Decide to have an electric range and save money, do less work, have better food and more leisure for yourself.



**The Sydney County Council
offers to install FREE any
approved Electric Range**

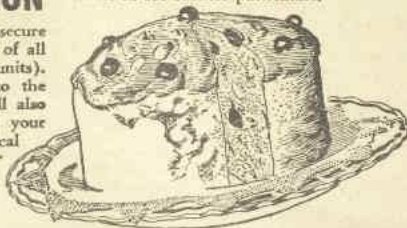
An approved type of electric range may be purchased on exceptionally easy terms. Installation is free up to £6 (the average cost of installing a range).

30% REDUCTION

By having an electric range you secure a reduction of 30% on the cost of all your secondary kilowatt hours (units). This means that in addition to the saving in cooking costs, you will also save on the operating cost of your lighting and any other electrical appliances you may use.

A FREE SERVICE

The series of domestic cooking classes now being held at the Electricity Undertaking has proved immensely popular. This service is absolutely free, and those who are interested are invited to write in for further particulars.



cook by ELECTRICITY

The Sydney County Council - Electricity Undertaking - Queen Victoria Building - George St., Sydney E.R.S.48

FOR EVERY ILL Nature provides a remedy

**Mother Seigel's Syrup contains
Twelve distinct Medicinal Herbs
known for generations for Stomach
and Liver Disorders.**

Mother Seigel's Syrup assists the Stomach to do its work thoroughly and efficiently, by toning and stimulating it to healthy activity. It also has a most beneficial effect upon the Liver and Bowels. Acidity, faulty Digestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches and other troubles arising from a Sluggish Liver and Disordered Stomach vanish after the first few doses.

Mother Seigel's Syrup has been world famous for more than 70 years—there is no better tonic for young or old. Try Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/6.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

READERS' REAL LIFE STORIES

IT'S MOTHER'S WEEK in This CONTEST

Dramas that Win the Prizes

It is Mother's Week in our fascinating Real Life Stories competition this week. Stories written by or about mothers win the prizes.

THE £1 1/- prize is awarded for the following:—

Adventure in India

YEARS ago, when I, an Australian girl, with a two-months-old baby, lived in a large river station, in India, my husband, a medical missionary, contracted acute malaria. I was the only woman there. I wired our nearest doctor, five hours away by rail, and before he left he advised me to take the patient to Darjeeling that same night. It was a forty hours' journey from our home.

I sent the "boy" with a chit to the only British neighbor available. He, in the kindly manner of the true Anglo-Indian, placed servants, launch, and worldly wealth at my disposal.

Before midnight we started on the long trip. My husband in our neighbor's dinghy, I in ours, with luggage and baby.

After parking the boats among native craft, our neighbor had the invalid carried to the river paddleboat, calling out to me to await him there.

He returned, and, like the gentleman he was, asked: "Shall I carry the baby?" I accepted with alacrity, for I had the usual trifles incidental to a baby.

Though in deepest distress, I could have laughed outright at the picture of that huge six-foot, rotund, usually cheery-faced bachelor, with my remarkably small mite of six and a half pounds, held tight, shaking like a nebulous jelly, in his arms.

"She feels terribly wobbly!" he gasped, in a strangled voice. "Oh, she won't break, really," I retorted, with spirit. She didn't either.

The grotesque shadows we cast in that beautiful black and silver moonlight will always remain one of my most poignant memories, the humor of which made it possible for me to "carry on" alone for the two endless days, following.

Mrs. E. L. Newcombe, Deresh, 437 Lower Malvern Rd., Glen Iris SE6, Melbourne.

Consolation Prizes

Quick Decision

I WAS married only a few years and with my husband and two small children was living on a lonely camp, when my memorable moment occurred.

My husband had left for his work.

I was alone. It was my washing day, so I had an open fire. My youngest baby, six months old, was in my arms when my skirt, being flimsy material, ignited.

In a flash I realised if I did not act quickly I would soon be standing between two worlds, so I threw my baby away from me, as far as my courage and strength allowed me to do, then I rolled over and over, smothering the flames.

I was burnt badly all down one side, but nearly all my hair was lost in the flare-up.

My pain mentally and physically was fully rewarded at the joy I felt at saving both our lives. Although this happened a number of years ago, I shall never forget it.

5/- to Mrs. Pearce, care Post Office, Marlborough, N.C.L. Qld.

Son's Return

AT the age of 25 I was living the life typical of the idle rich, in New Zealand. For several months accounts run up by myself had been arriving home, until at length my father remonstrated with me, and practically told me that I was worthless. At that I lost my temper and told him I would leave home.

After leaving home I came to Australia, where I obtained a position on a sheep farm. For two years I never once wrote home until one day, while reading through an old New Zealand newspaper I read what I thought to be an account of my mother's death. That completely broke my pride, and made me realise the suffering I must have caused mother and father.

That night I wrote to my father, just a short note saying that I was coming back home, and stated the day on which I would arrive in Wellington.

Usually I enjoy a sea trip, but this time I felt too miserable to even leave my cabin for meals, thinking all the time of mother, and blaming myself for having caused her to suffer, which I thought then had been the cause of her demise.

New Zealand gradually turned from a mere blur on the horizon into a land of hills and meadows, and as we drew into Wellington harbor I gathered my bags together prior to disembarking.

At last the gangway was down, and people began to stream both off and on the boat. Eventually I managed to wend my way through the crowd on to the wharf.

I was just turning away from the bottom of the gangway, when I heard "Rodney!" Turning to see who had thus greeted me, I nearly fell off the wharf, for there stood mother, whom I had for about a week fully believed to be dead.

At length I managed to overcome my amazement, and greeted my mother, and told her about the notice I had read in the paper.

It turned out to be a woman of the same name, who was living in my home town at the time.

I am reunited with my family now, but have come back to work in Australia.

5/- to Rodney Blair, Summerlee, Taraka, N.S.W.

Cash Prizes Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

KEEP KIP IN THE KITCHEN
IT KEEPS YOUR KITCHEN CLEAN

KIP

A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT

THE Luxury of Satin THE Charm of Lace

TOGETHER THEY CREATE
COMPLETELY LOVELY LINES



FRANKLY feminine, these Berlei foundation garments. Lustrous satin moulds your hips, shapes your waist in the fashionable line. Imported laces make cunning brassieres that give a lift to your spirits as well as to your figure. And if you are fastidious about the finer details, here are suspenders flat to the point of invisibility, and a velvety plush lining beneath the side fastening to protect your skin from possible chafing by hooks and eyes. Brassieres are free from hard-to-get-at fastenings—simply slide a pink-tinted catch through a flat elastic loop, and there you are.

Tea-rose satin, highlighted with silken brocade, fashions the Wraps photographed. You'll like their price—about 12/6 at most shops. At left, 7285, with brassiere 8219. For Average Types. At right, 7280, for Hip Types, with brassiere 8224. 7286, drawn below, is of the new striped satin. Average type.

Berlei

FOUNDATIONS



Do you know the ripe beauty Michel gives your lips? How infinitely soft it makes them? How warm and appealing?

One touch of Michel lipstick lasts all day—through all sorts of engagements and all kinds of weather. Michel is truly indelible. Its creamy base guards against dryness and parching. Its flattering color gives fresh, young beauty to your mouth. Its perfume is delicate and delightful. Try Michel and see how truly lovely your lips can be. Avoid imitations.

TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH YOUTH

5 APPEALING SHADES
Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry
SIZES:—Large — Popular

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel all-roses compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetics.

Michel

LIPSTICK



Make Your Teeth Sparkling White

TRUST YOUR DENTIST
— he says
use Kolynos



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing Tooth Paste, contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. It removes stain and tartar, washing away all particles of food debris.

Because of its proved antiseptic properties, Kolynos

actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps the teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Discover for yourself the joy of clean, naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. BEST used on a DRY toothbrush. Get a tube to-day.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
Sold by all Chemists & Stores

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

HALF-AN-INCH on a dry brush is enough!
THE WORLD'S MOST ECONOMICAL TOOTH PASTE

CHOOSE Your PARTNER

Continued from Page 40

MARILYN did not reply for a moment. The thought of leaving the hotel was something she had thrust far back in her mind.

She shrugged. "Oh, I don't know," she answered vaguely. "Go back to town, I suppose. Look for a job. I'm not worrying."

There was a short silence. Then "What shall you do?" she queried.

"I don't quite know," he answered deliberately, stopping to light his pipe. "I can't make up my mind whether to take a job I've been offered in Ceylon. You see," he continued, "I'm going to be a civil engineer."

"Is it a good job in Ceylon?" asked Marilyn.

"Well, as things go—pretty fair. As a matter of fact, I'm awfully keen to get abroad."

"I'm sure you are. I hope you'll like Ceylon, if you go there," said Marilyn politely.

"Um—thanks," was his indifferent reply.

The next day Marilyn and Rex were to give an exhibition match against the winners of the tournament which had been played off the previous day.

"We mustn't under-estimate our opponents," said Rex to Marilyn as they walked over to the courts. "They're pretty good. That girl's got quite a tricky spin to her service and a forehand wallop that would make an elephant sidestep. And naturally—we must win, for the honor of the esteemed hotel."

"Naturally," agreed Marilyn rather shortly. Rex's remarks about the other girl's skill had put her on her mettle. Marilyn was out to do or die.

There was quite a crowd of spectators, not only from the Valotta, but other hotels along the promenade. For an astute management had foreseen that free admittance to the exhibition match between players of some skill would have a decidedly beneficial effect on the takings of the refreshment department.

The match itself was a dinged battle. The score was one

set all, and the players were now changing sides to begin the third and decisive set.

Rex was decidedly better than the other man, but Marilyn was conscious of the fact that the other girl was definitely superior to herself. Perfect footwork and uncanny accuracy in placing balls that Marilyn could retrieve only with difficulty.

Rex smiled encouragingly at Marilyn as he took up his position near the net, while she went behind the baseline to serve.

The third set went badly for them. Both she and Rex lost their service games and with the score 1-4 against them a flutter of tense expectancy ran through the crowd.

Marilyn repeated to herself: "We must win—we shall win"—the slogan she and Tony had always used when in a desperate corner.

She had almost ceased to think about Tony, she mused, and was suddenly contrite as a ball flew past her and the umpire's voice sang out the score.

No time for day-dreaming about Tony or anyone else. By sheer hard work, they managed to draw level at five all. Now, the real struggle began. Rex won his service game with four flashing aces, and the crowd was hushed as the next game started.

Marilyn played more doggedly than ever before. Whatever happened, she must not let Rex down.

"Vantage striker!" chanted the umpire.

Match-point! Marilyn was on her toes, ready to make a deadly return that would give her and Rex the match. Her eyes were fixed on her opponent who was preparing to serve.

Suddenly, behind him, a knot of spectators parted and for an instant Marilyn thought she was dreaming, for there among the crowd was Tony.

The game was over, and the lead Rex had fought so hard for was

lost while Marilyn was struggling to realise that it was indeed Tony and not his ghost who stood beyond the court. Had he arrived by accident or because he knew she was here?

"We're not beaten yet," whispered Rex as they crossed over. She forced a smile and nodded.

With her back now to Tony, she was filled with a grim determination to let him see that she could win even when someone else was her partner. Through nervousness she made mistakes which Rex retrieved, until at last after a brilliant overhead smash, and amid a final burst of applause, the umpire declared "Game, set and match" to Rex and Marilyn.

Tony was at her elbow almost before she had left the court.

"Why, Marilyn, you played wonderfully!" he exclaimed, seizing her arm. "You and your partner gave that other couple a run for their money, didn't you?" he went on eagerly. "Come and have some tea with me."

Marilyn was bewildered by his sudden appearance. She had not seen him since the night they had said good-bye, and she hardly knew what to make of this breathlessly friendly attitude.

The next minute she was sitting at a secluded corner table and Tony had commandeered a harassed waiter.

"You haven't told me why you happened to come here this afternoon," she said presently, when Tony lit her cigarette for her.

"I came with some friend in their car," he replied casually.

Marilyn glanced up interrogatively.

"With—Blanche?" she asked in a hard little voice.

"No—that's all finished with." Tony leaned forward, his face close to Marilyn's.

"Couldn't we—wipe out the past, Marilyn darling? I wasn't really happy trailing about with Blanche. She wanted everything her own way, and all the time I knew there was only one girl for me."

Please turn to Page 70



REDUCED PRICES!

PEEK FREAN
Vita-Weat
CRISPBREAD

now

4lb. Cartons 6d.
1/2lb. Cartons 1/-
1lb. Loose 1/9

Look at these prices! They mean that thousands more people can now make delicious, crunchy, non-fattening Vita-Weat Crispbread the family's daily bread.

The price of Vita-Weat Crispbread is reduced because at the new, ultra-modern Peek Frean factory in Sydney, Vita-Weat can now be manufactured more economically—and the savings are passed on to you.

May 15, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

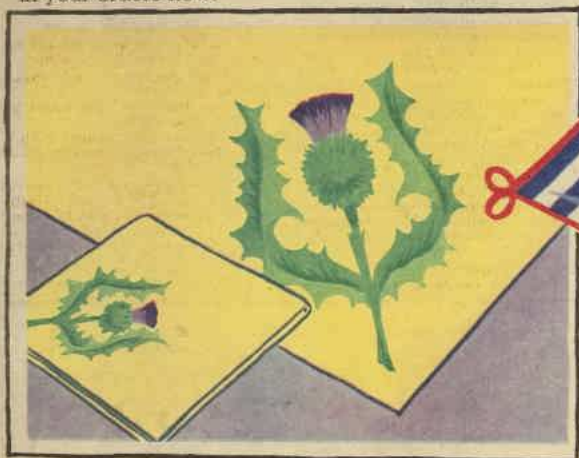
Page One

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

THRILLING Souvenirs of CORONATION

*Exquisite Cushions, Glorious Linens,
Delicate Kerchiefs... All Adorned
with Royal Emblems*

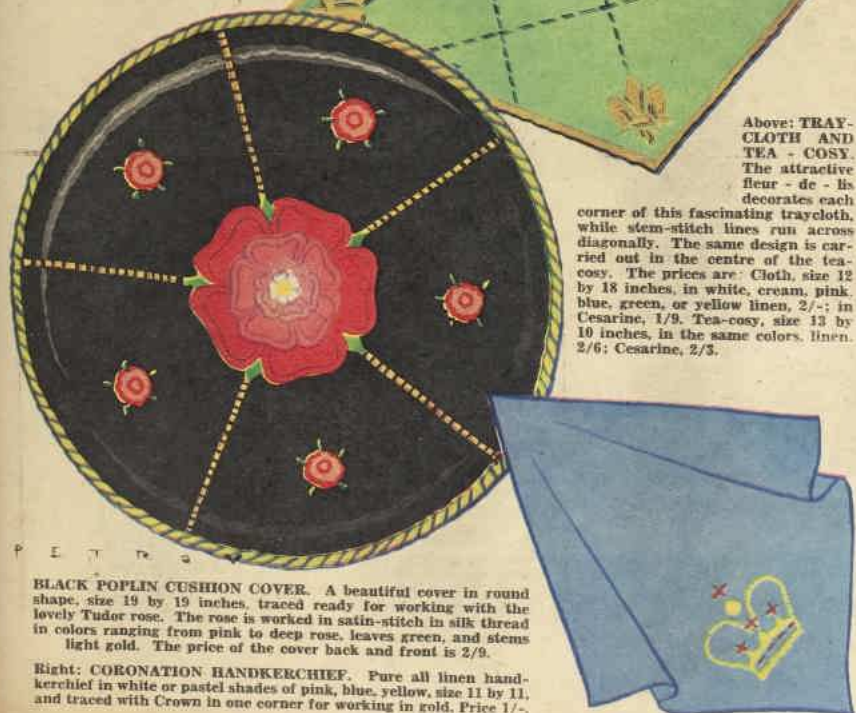
SPECIALLY designed for needlework-lovers, these exciting and beautiful Coronation souvenirs would grace any home. They are obtainable stamped all ready for working from our Needlework Department. Send in your orders now.



SUPPER CLOTH AND SERVIETTES. This entrancing cloth, size 36 by 36 inches, in linen, in colors of white, cream, pink, blue, green, or yellow, is stamped in each corner with a graceful Scotch thistle, an emblem of the Queen. With spokelined edges, the price is 5/11. Hemmed edges are 6d. extra. Serviettes to match, size 11 by 11 inches, are 1/- . The same cloth in Cesarine is priced at 4/11, and the serviettes at 9d.



PRINTED SATIN CUSHION COVER. An exquisite cover, size 18 x 18 inches, made of good-quality satin in Coronation-blue front and back. The Crown is printed on the satin in gold, and the stripes in white. Price of the cover complete with scarlet cord for finishing the edges is 3/-, from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.



BLACK POPLIN CUSHION COVER. A beautiful cover in round shape, size 19 by 19 inches, traced ready for working with the lovely Tudor rose. The rose is worked in satin-stitch in silk thread in colors ranging from pink to deep rose, leaves green, and stems light gold. The price of the cover back and front is 2/9.

Right: CORONATION HANDKERCHIEF. Pure all linen handkerchief in white or pastel shades of pink, blue, yellow, size 11 by 11, and traced with Crown in one corner for working in gold. Price 1/-.

Above: TRAY-CLOTH AND TEA-COSY. The attractive fleur-de-lis decorates each

corner of this fascinating traycloth, while stem-stitch lines run across diagonally. The same design is carried out in the centre of the tea-cosy. The prices are: Cloth, size 12 by 18 inches, in white, cream, pink, blue, green, or yellow linen, 2/-; in Cesarine, 1/9. Tea-cosy, size 13 by 10 inches, in the same colors, linen, 2/6; Cesarine, 2/3.

3 AIDS to instant loveliness



kathleen court's
**'facial youth'
cold cream**

'Facial Youth' Cold Cream contains a marvellous new ingredient—the result of scientific research! It cleanses the tissues to the very depths, as nothing else can; nourishes the skin, removes blackheads, lines, wrinkles and 'crow's feet,' thus revealing a lovely, clear, soft and youthful complexion. Obtainable everywhere—tubes, 1/-.

beauty cream

'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream—the perfect powder base—fragrantly perfumed, holds powder for hours, will not clog the pores; keeps the complexion as fresh as a rosebud; prevents shiny nose; contains no grease, and will not grow hair. Whitens, clears and protects the skin. Obtainable everywhere, tubes, 1/- and 1/9; jars, 2/6; liquid form, 1/6.

face powder

After several years of study and research a powder has been produced to suit either dry or oily skins. 'Facial Youth' powder, compounded by the latest methods, will not clog the pores, clings for hours, and does not shine. Obtainable in two types—Type 'A' for Dry skins, Type 'B' for Oily. Fashionable shades, including a smart Evening Tone. Large boxes, 1/6.

★ **'facial youth'** ★
means skin loveliness

FOR YOUNG WIVES and Mothers

Regular Habits In Babyhood

By MARY TRUBY KING

A sense of rhythm is a very valuable acquisition all through life. Nowhere is it more important than in establishing and maintaining regularity of the bowels. Habits which are formed early tend to last a lifetime.

EVERY morning, after his 10 o'clock feed, baby should be "held out." See that his back is resting firmly against your chest, as he cannot evacuate properly in an uncomfortable position.

If the day is cold, it is advisable to heat the room before this performance begins. Baby should not be held out for more than ten minutes.

Many mothers succeed in training their babies so that they have no soiled napkins after the first month of life, but too much stress should not be made over this point. Often one finds that those babies who have been exceptionally clean in babyhood revert to using the napkin after they are a year old.

When baby has passed his first birthday, the napkin may be left off during the day, but should be put on at night.

Regularity of feeding-time is important in dealing with the motions. The normal baby should be fed five times daily, at set hours. The actual hours chosen are of no consequence, so long as they remain the same throughout. A definite rhythm of eating and resting must be maintained.

First Weeks

DURING the first few weeks of life, baby should pass from two to four motions daily. After the first month, from one to three daily. One normal motion daily is quite satisfactory. A few babies pass only one normal motion every second day. This is not a condition of constipation, though efforts should be made to secure a daily evacuation of the bowels.

In the case of the breast-fed infant, a constipated mother often means a constipated baby. Take a laxative diet, plenty of daily exer-

cise and frequent drinks of water. Cascara is a tonic aperient and may quite safely be taken by the nursing mother.

If suffering from serious constipation, always consult a doctor. When the artificially-fed baby is constipated, one usually finds that the milk-mixture is faulty. The balance of sugar, fat and protein does not approximate that of breast milk. Any Mothercraft nurse will very quickly adjust the recipe for you so that it more closely resembles human milk.

One cannot expect to feed the human baby successfully on unmodified cow's milk any more than one could expect to feed a calf successfully on unmodified human milk.

Do not neglect to find out whether or not baby's milk-mixture is correct for his age, weight and condition, for a readjustment by a competent nurse will quickly turn an unhappy, constipated baby into a contented, normal infant.

Each baby should be treated individually. Thus the necessity for seeking expert advice. The amount and strength of the artificial food needed is not necessarily the same for two babies of the same age and weight.

Feeding tables in mothercraft text books are there as a guide, and are not to be followed with slavish unthinking, though it is, of course, wiser for the totally untrained person to follow a feeding table than to start out on experiments of her own.

In addition to correcting a faulty milk-mixture, the constipated baby should be given an ounce or two of



MOTHER AND BABE—the most joyous subject for a picture. But joy must be leavened with common sense, and it's a wise mother who introduces careful training into the first year of baby's life.

warm boiled water twice daily, between feeds.

A daily cold sponging will also help matters. This may be begun gradually, once baby is six months old.

It should follow immediately on the warm bath. Reduce the temperature of the sponging water by two degrees daily from 96 degrees Fahr. until it is quite cold. You will need a bath thermometer for this.

After baby has been quickly dried with a warm towel, his skin should glow, and he should warm up quite quickly. If he looks at all blue, forgo the cold sponging for a month or so, and then try it again.

During the child's second year, if he is strong and healthy, he may have a cold bath each morning, and the warm bath in the evening. The cold bath must always be followed by active exercise.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A Doctor

PATIENT: Do frequent pains in the back indicate kidney disorder?

KIDNEY disease is an inflammation of one or both kidneys. Pains in the back do not necessarily indicate kidney disorder, but the kidneys may be sick for a long time, albumen appearing in the urine, with the patient himself never suspecting anything is amiss.

To be sure, the mere presence of albumen does not prove absolutely that the kidneys are diseased or that they cannot be cured. If they are diseased. Indeed, there are types of nervous disorders in which albumen may appear for a time only.

Nevertheless, a regular examination of the urine and a general survey of the kidney function should be the duty of every adult and child once a year, even if the individual in question feels himself to be in perfect health.

One kidney may be inflamed and not the other, or both may be affected. If such is the case, the highly important function of eliminating chemical waste products from the system is interfered with and serious damage may follow.

Diagnosis

THE point is that the individual should never make a diagnosis himself nor should he treat any of these symptoms lightly.

He should always see a physician, and if it is proved that Bright's disease is present, or any other kind of kidney disorder, he should never be careless about following the doctor's orders to the letter.

Usually, the diet must be restricted in kidney disease, with the red meats and salts cut down. But people will grow careless, especially

if they do not feel really sick, and so the kidneys become more and more impaired.

Keep the kidneys—perhaps the most important eliminating organs in the body—at the highest point of efficiency.

If we take care of ourselves while young, we need not worry about middle life. And if we take care of ourselves during middle age we should not worry about old age.

Take Chances

HEART DISEASE, circulatory disorders, tuberculosis, pneumonia, kidney affections and cancer people continue to die of such diseases because they will persist in taking chances.

There is no reason why any man or woman cannot live to be a hundred. Nevertheless, although physicians are doing their part, they do not get the co-operation they should from the very persons they are trying to assist.

There is a reason why people do not have themselves examined regularly by a competent doctor. All of us fear to face the truth. We would rather delude ourselves with the notion that the pain is only a little rheumatism, or the persistent cough only a winter cold, than to see a doctor and find out what is really ailing us.

You can go on "kidding" yourself for years, but sooner or later you will be forced to take an examination and at a time, perhaps, when medical science may no longer be able to help you.

It is not my purpose to frighten anyone, but to persuade them to use common sense with regard to their own welfare.

Are you ashamed of your Bath?

ALL women will agree that a bath, looking its best, is a temptuous invitation—snowy, spotless, cleanly, fresh as the guest-towel handed to a visitor-friend. Your bath will have that look when you use Laurel as your cleaner because greasy 'high-water' marks just melt away under a brief but energetic rub with a cloth soaked in Laurel. Try it!

LAUREL
KEROSENE
For Cleaning-Lighting-Heating-Cooking

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Coronation Coiffures



"CORONATION BELLS," a coiffure for blondes. The attractive arrangement of crystal bells with pearl centres is especially becoming to debutante type. Except where the bells are set in curls round the front, the hair is finished smoothly to the nape of the neck. This coiffure and others shown here have been designed by Antoine, the famous Parisian hair-dresser.



CORONET COIFFURE, a classical style especially designed for the Queen. Curls placed in a triangle at the back of a short parting give the height and background for tiara, and tapered ringlets against cheek give width where needed.



(Left) METAL FRINGE and curls attached to band of gilded hair. This coiffure, in crimson and gold, is especially designed for blonde hair.



COCKTAIL COIFFURE FOR THE BRUNETTE. An Elizabethan halo brim of colored cellophane clipped to a point in front and shaped on the finished head designed specially for cocktail party wear.



EVENING CAP in form of a cluster of transparent ringlets inspired by a George II postiche, set on one side of the head, with the natural hair following the same line on the other. Georgian and Elizabethan styles have been adopted for the coiffures shown here as a tribute to the King and Queen.

ENCHANTING Knitted JUMPER

A New Design With Trimming of
Appliqued Braid

FROM Vienna comes this exclusive design for a knitted jumper. The trimming of braiding sewn on after the garment is knitted adds a distinctly novel note.

You will find the instructions for making given here quite easy to follow.

MATERIALS: 9oz. 4-ply wool; 2 pairs of needles, Nos. 10 and 11. **Tension:** 15 stitches and 18 rows to 2 inches. **Measurements:** Shoulder to lower edge, 20 inches; bust, 35 inches. **Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl.

FRONT

The braids which trim the front are knitted separately and stitched on after the front is finished. Commence at lower edge by casting on 114 stitches on No. 11 needles. Knit into the back of the stitches.

Work in a rib of k 2 p 2 for 3½ inches, increase 1 stitch in last row (115 stitches). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row: (Right side of work) * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from *. The row ends with k. 1.

2nd Row: (Wrong side of work) * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from *.

3rd Row: Same as 1st row.

4th Row: (Wrong side of work) * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from *.

5th Row: (Right side of work) * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 4th row.

These 6 rows form the pattern. Repeat throughout.

Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in the 10th and every 7th row following (138 stitches).

When front measures 12½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 7 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of the next 8 rows.

Divide stitches for neck. Knit 54 stitches, slip remaining stitches on to a spare needle, work in pattern without shaping for 4 inches. Shape neck by casting off 6 stitches at neck edge at the beginning of the



APPLIQUED BRAIDING gives this fascinating jumper added distinction. The directions for making, given here, are quite simple to follow.

stitches. Knit into the back of the cast-on stitches.

Work in a rib of knit 2 purl 2 for 1½ inches. Change to No. 10 needles and pattern. Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in every 6th row 9 times (96 stitches).

When work measures 7 inches, cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row until 24 stitches remain. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Cast on 15 stitches which should measure 2 inches and work 1 row knit and 1 row purl until it is 22 inches long.

THE BRAID TRIMMING

These stripes are knit in the same fashion as the neckband. The length depends upon the tightness with which they are braided.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. In sewing in the sleeves, be sure that the centre top fits exactly into the shoulder seam. The neckband is sewed and turned. Sew on the braided stripes as shown in the photograph. The slit is fastened with knitted ties. Press all seams under a damp cloth.



A CLOSE UP of the stitches used in knitting the jumper. The braiding is sewn on after the garment is knitted.

next 3 rows. Decrease 1 stitch at neck edge every alternate row 5 times.

Work on without further shaping until armhole measures 7 inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows at armhole edge.

Return to the stitches on the spare needle, join wool at neck edge and work in the same way.

BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 108 stitches, follow the instructions

given for the front to the shaping of the armholes.

Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Decrease 1 stitch each end of the needle in the next 6 rows.

Work even in pattern until armhole measures 7 inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 12 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 11 needles cast on 78

VALUE!



with FREE TUMBLER

2%

Tek is the best toothbrush made — good value at any time. Now, with every Tek you get a beautiful tumbler in matching colour — value, indeed!

Ordinary brushes can't clean as Tek cleans, for they can't fit the curve behind your front teeth where tartar forms. Only Tek will clean everywhere, inside and outside, front and back.

And Tek's better bristles will keep their better shape. After long hard use, they are still up-right and active. Tek, in six colours. Bristles hard, medium (or extra hard). Price 2/-.

TEK, Product of Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Modess, etc.

TC236

KNITTED IN WOOL FOR GOLF WEAR

YOU can also wear them in the house in cold weather or for gardening or under motor gloves.

Materials: 14oz. of 4-ply wool, 1 set of 4 knitting pins (pointed both ends) No. 12.

Abbreviations: St., stitch; k., knit; p., purl; pat., pattern.

Cast on 52 sts. 1st pin, 20 sts.; 2nd pin, 16 sts.; 3rd pin, 16 sts. Rib 3 inches k. 1, p. 1. Change to following pat. 1st and 2nd Rounds: * k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * to end. 3rd and 4th Rounds: * p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from * to end. Work 4 rounds, then shape for thumb.

1st Round: Work to last 2 sts. k. twice into each of last 2 sts. Work 3 rounds, keeping last 4 sts. on 3rd pin in stocking-stitch. **5th Round:** Work to last 4 sts. k. twice into next st. k. 2. K twice into last st. Work 3 rounds keeping last 6 sts. on 3rd pin in stocking-stitch.

Continue in this way, increasing at same two points every 4th round and keeping increased sts. in stock-

ing-stitch until 32 sts. on 3rd pin. Work three more rounds. Slip last 18 sts. on to thread. Cast on 2 sts. in place of these sts. (now 52 sts.). Work 1½ inches pattern.



These golf mittens would also be useful for gardening or motoring in cold weather.

1st Finger: Take last 7 sts. from 3rd pin. Take 1st 7 sts. from 1st pin. Cast on 2 sts. (16 sts.). arrange on three pins. Work ten rounds stocking-stitch, then rib 4 rounds k. 1, p. 1. Cast off loosely in rib.

2nd Finger: Take 7 sts. from front of hand. Pick up and knit 2 sts. from two cast on sts. of 1st finger. Take 7 sts. from back of hand. Cast on 2 sts. (18 sts.). arrange on 3 pins. Work as 1st finger.

3rd Finger: Take 6 sts. from front of hand, pick up and knit 2 sts. from cast on sts. of 2nd finger. Take 6 sts. from back of hand. Cast on 2 sts. (16 sts.). Work as 1st finger.

4th Finger: Take remaining 12 sts. Pick up and knit 2 sts. from cast on sts. of 3rd finger (14 sts.). Work 8 rounds stocking-stitch. Rib 4 rounds k. 1, p. 1. Cast off loosely.

Thumb: Knit 18 sts. from thread. Pick up and knit 2 sts. from 2 cast on sts. at top of thumb. Work as for 4th finger. Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

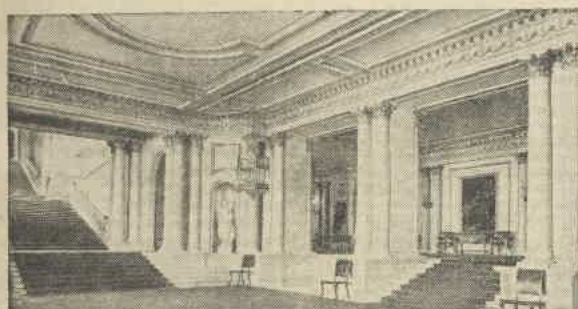
The Royal Home... Buckingham Palace



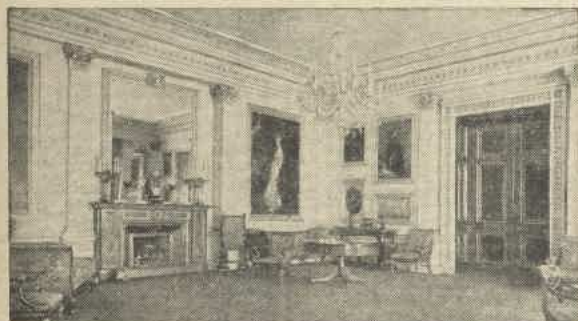
THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DRAWING-ROOM in Buckingham Palace, showing entrance to the music-room and the blue drawing-room beyond. The latter opens into the State dining-room.



THE STATE DINING-ROOM, showing the series of full-length Royal portraits and two glass-panelled doors giving access to blue drawing-room and picture gallery. The walls in this room are honey-colored, while the curtains, carpets, and chair-coverings are crimson. It is here that State banquets are held.

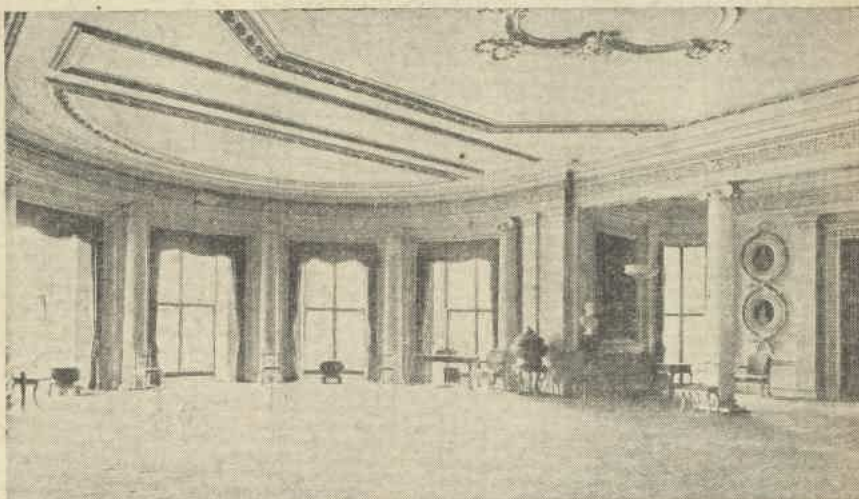


THE GRAND HALL, with view of the Marble Hall on the right, and on left the Grand Staircase leading to the State apartments. The marble columns and shallow stairs are beautiful features of this hall.

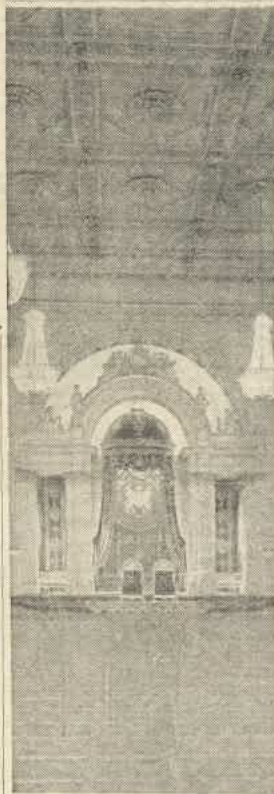


ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE ROOM in Buckingham Palace—the 1855 room—pleasant and simple in decoration. The furnishings are "Regency" of about 1815 period.

(See story next page)



THE BOW ROOM, facing the Grand Entrance. The five long windows in the bay open on to the garden terrace, and give access to the lawns.



A GLIMPSE OF the ballroom, where the Courts are held and down which debutantes presented to the King and Queen walk to make their bows.

WHEN YOU WISH TO GET SLIM

Even a few pounds "over-weight" will make you slow and tired, spoil the effect of your smartest frocks and handicap you in every way. Don't let fatness ruin your pleasures and prospects. Get rid of it right away—by taking Beecham's Pills.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS are "Worth a Guinea a Box"

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Pain, Swelling & Inflammation.

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The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed into the skin. Thus joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened, and foot comfort is yours. Zam-Buk is equally good for chilblains on the hands.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores



"I had no money to buy broken chilblains on one foot at once and lost work with them. But regular use of Zam-Buk now keeps me free from chilblains, and I no longer dread the winter months."—Miss M. H. Smith.

"For years I endured the misery and pain of bunions. I could not bear the pressure of my shoe. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief; in fact, I do not mind if anyone tread on my feet now."—Mr. A. Locke.

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Always insist on . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

EMPIRE'S Royal HOME— Buckingham Palace

By Air Mail from ADELE SHELTON-SMITH, Our Representative in London

Buckingham Palace, London, the British Empire's most important home, after a lapse of over twenty years again resounds with children's laughter, and the swift step of childish feet.

King George and Queen Elizabeth, with their two little daughters, moved in recently, and once more there is a nursery suite in this most famous of the world's great houses.

It is just four months short of a century since Queen Victoria, a girl of eighteen, inspected the vast building which lay untenanted after the death of George IV. Within three months, under her active supervision, it was made ready for occupation.

Queen Elizabeth shares with the three earlier chateauxes a love for treasures that are beautiful as well as old. Any additions she has made to her home are in keeping with the earlier furnishings.

She has soft, subtle colors, matching woods, marbles, paint and gildings mellowed with the years.

The private apartments are quite distinct from the rest of the Palace.

These lie in the north wing, looking towards Piccadilly, across Constitution Hill and the Green Park. What might be called the family suite is on the first floor, lying off the King's Corridor.

The King's bedroom, a large, nicely-proportioned room with bay windows, is situated in about the middle of the wing, directly above the entrance. It is separated from the Queen's bedroom by dressing-rooms. On either side of these two rooms are the other personal apartments—the King's sitting-room, his study, smokeroom, library, and King George V's famous stamp-room, the Queen's boudoir, sitting-room, and writing-room. Off this King's Corridor, also, are rooms used by the Queen's two dressers, the King's valet, his uniform-room, and the family drawing-room.

Modern Decorations

THE King and Queen have chosen the apartments occupied by their Royal parents. But they are modernising the decorations. The Queen's bedroom is now blue and cream with soft satin-like cream walls and ceiling. Aquamarine brocade curtains and bed-cover give the color note.

Soft cream fur rugs cover an aquamarine underlay on the floor.

The curtains are hung on noiseless rods, the doors and windows have been rendered sound-proof, and every drawer in wardrobes and bureaux has been oiled and filed until it makes not the slightest sound as the Queen is very susceptible to noise.

Her Majesty's boudoir is decorated in shades of pink, from palest shell to deepest rose. The walls are stippled from deep rose near the floor to cream-pink in the ceiling and all the curtains, brocade covers for the chairs, and even the hand-embroidered fire-screen have been chosen to tone with one or other of these shades. The carpet is deep rose.

Immediately above lies the nursery, the separate room which Princess Elizabeth insisted on for herself, the schoolroom, and the rooms of their governesses and nurses.

Princess Elizabeth already has definite ideas about her home. She decided against brightly-painted nursery furniture and demanded polished dark Victorian furniture in a setting of primrose walls and bright, fresh hangings.

The Queen's apartments, although strictly private, are the nerve centre of the Palace. It is from her own rooms that she runs the household.

When in residence she is visited each morning at ten o'clock by the Master of the Household, with whom she decides the domestic scheme for the day. As was the practice of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth personally chooses the menus for the day, occasionally makes a tour of inspection with him, and generally runs the great Palace in much the same way as any housewife—on a much smaller scale—runs her home.

Queen's Rooms

ON the ground floor at the north-west corner, easily accessible to the Queen's rooms, is the coffee room, and this she sometimes uses for seeing such other members of the household staff as she deems necessary.

In Queen Mary's time the King, like most husbands, had nothing to do with household matters, and it is believed that Queen Elizabeth, who has the reputation of being a very capable housewife, will relieve King George of all domestic details.

The grounds are easily reached from the nursery floor by the private staircase and thus the two little Princesses can run down to the gardens without formality.

At this side of the Palace, too, is a conservatory, which has now been converted into a tennis court, and this with the hard court, which he is having constructed in the grounds, will enable the King to indulge in his favorite recreation. He is a tennis player of such quality that on one occasion he competed in the Wimbledon championships.

From the garden gate to this conservatory there is a plot of lawn and shrubs, which is the private preserve of the family, although on the west side it is open to the rest of the grounds. The two Princesses are to be given a special plot where they will develop their own gardens.

BABIES are Australia's best immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

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No matter how small the cut, apply Rexona Ointment without delay! Rexona safeguards cuts against dangerous infection by sealing out the germ-laden air. Rexona soothes the stinging pain, too, and helps to form a new healthy skin, without a scar. TREATMENT: Wash thoroughly with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP and warm water (cold, if there is much bleeding). Apply Rexona Ointment on a piece of linen, bandage in position. Rexona Medicated Soap contains the same soothing, healing properties as Rexona Ointment. Together, they form a complete skin treatment. "THE BEST OINTMENT IN THE WORLD," writes, Mr. G. Phillips, of 18 Glen Road, Ameliff. "I always keep Rexona in the house. I find it the best and quickest healer for all kinds of cuts. It is the best Ointment in the world."

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The World's Smallest Effective Hearing-Aid—No Cords, No Batteries, 30 Days' Home Trial. Write for Booklet. B. NATHAN, 24 Central Bldg., 125 Collins Street, Melbourne

THEY ALL MARRIED BUT SHE WAS LEFT ... WHY?



Good Health is the first step towards Happiness!

Every girl has a definite obligation to herself to see that she is always in the pink of condition. Poor health discloses itself in so many ways—each one a definite handicap to happiness. The commonest complaint is constipation, to which the sedentary work, the hasty meals, the rush and scramble of work and play, all contribute. And constipation in turn causes bad complexion, languor, low vitality, and loss of enthusiasm. There's an easy way to overcome this trouble. A teaspoonful of SCHUMANN'S SALTS in a long glass of water every morning. The gentle action of the valuable minerals in these famous salts will help the organs to function naturally and effectively, will purify the blood stream and eliminate all accumulated poisons. SCHUMANN'S SALTS do not purge. They stimulate the internal organs and assist them to do the work which nature intended. Start the SCHUMANN habit at once, and watch the change. Your vitality will return, your complexion improve, and you'll find all your enjoyment of life restored. And that is Happiness. But don't forget... it must be SCHUMANN'S the genuine mineral spring salts.

RELIEF FROM NEURITIS.

A.J.W. Ipswich, writes— "For two years I have been taking SCHUMANN'S SALTS, and have had complete relief from the neuritis which has tormented me for six years."

All chemists and stores sell SCHUMANN'S SALTS, at 1/6 per jar. Or double the quantity in a family size jar for 2/9.

SCHUMANN'S SLIMS! Send top of carton to address thereon, for a Schumann's Slimming Chart.



SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Reliable...Economical

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) For box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



WW1598.—Gorgeous evening gown for satin or heavy crepe. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1599.—Chic little street dress with unusual neck treatment and coat sleeves. Bust sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. 3-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1600.—Coat and skirt in a new, unconventional mode. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1601.—Flattering for matrons and older women, with dainty jabot and slightly flared skirt. Bust sizes: 36 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1603.—Evening coat showing the very latest long-flared basque—looks lovely over an evening gown. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1604.—Sophisticated frock, ultra modern, with high, smart neck. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1605.—Snappy style of swagger coat and skirt, that most useful of winter outfits for business girls. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards for jacket, 36 inches wide; 1 7-8 yards for skirt. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1602.—Charming wee frock and bloomers set for kiddies aged 1 to 6 years. Material required: 14 to 14 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



PATTERNS FOR GLORIOUS 4-PIECE LINGERIE SET SHOWN AT RIGHT COST 3d.

NIGHTGOWN, slip, scanties, brassiere, in the very latest and most charming style, may all be made from this week's three-in-one concession pattern. With each pattern instructions for making are included, and the complete price, including postage, is 3d.

Pattern is obtainable cut for 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

Material required for No. 1: 1 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. For No. 2: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Nine yards of lace is required for the complete set. Fill in coupon as directed, enclose 3d. stamp, and send in now.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

ADELAIDE—Box 288A, G.P.O.

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NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.

PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.

SYDNEY—Box 4205YT, G.P.O.

If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street.

TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Box

Pattern Coupon, 15/5/37.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



WW1604

WW1605

BABY STRONG AND HEALTHY



HAS FIVE TEETH AND STANDS WELL AT 10 MONTHS!

Mrs. J. MARCUS writes:—"My baby girl is ten months old, and I would not like to be without your Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders, as she is cutting her teeth so quickly. She has five teeth, is strong and healthy for her age, and can stand alone. I recommend your Infants' Powders to my friends." Ballyvaddy, Ballymena, Glenarm, co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

A. & P. INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Boxes of 20 Powders 1/6, at Chemists and Stores.

For free sample write to:—

PHOSPHORUM (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD., 131, Palmer Street, Sydney.

PEACEFUL SLEEP FOR SKIN SUFFERERS

Thousands brought to the verge of nervous breakdown by sleepless nights have been saved by the unrivalled healing power of Cuticura treatment.

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Not only does Cuticura arrest the maddening itch instantly, but the most stubborn skin troubles begin to improve with the first application. Over fifty years' use has proved the curative power of Cuticura up to the hilt.

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OINTMENT AND SOAP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

CUTICURA TALCUM specially medicated with balsamic essential oils. Absorbs perspiration, soothes and cools hot inflamed skin, relieves prickly heat.

ITCHING STOPS INSTANTLY
ERUPTIONS HEAL AND DISAPPEAR

PRIZEWINNING Recipes For This WEEK

Selected From Many Entries In Our Fascinating Best Recipe Competition

Here are some really intriguing dishes for you this week—recipes tried out by readers and found to be worth passing on to other housewives.



APPROPRIATELY enough, this week's first prize of £1 is won by a recipe for Coronation Posies—little cakes which are just the thing for festive occasions.

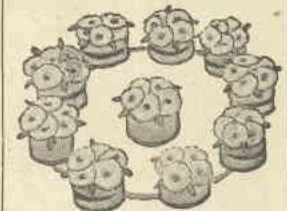
What about your favorite recipes? Send them in to us and share in the chance of winning not only £1 as first prize, but 2/6 consolation prize if your entry is published.

CORONATION POSIES

Five ounces castor sugar, 5oz. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 4oz. almond paste, 1 or 2 glace cherries, 1oz. ground rice, a little milk, vanilla essence, some cochineal and yellow coloring, little apricot jam, 4oz. butter, few strips of angelica.

Cream sugar and butter, then beat eggs, one at a time, taking care not to curdle. Sift flour with ground rice and baking powder, then stir into creamed butter and sugar, adding a little milk to form a smooth paste, and flavoring with vanilla essence to taste.

Divide mixture in halves. Color one portion with cochineal and the other with yellow coloring. Turn each



CORONATION POSIES are fascinating little cakes, delightful for serving at parties.

into greased sandwich tin and bake in hot oven.

When cool, cut each cake into five or six rounds with pastry cutter, then sandwich one pink and one yellow piece together, with jam between. Roll out almond paste, divide in halves, and color to match cake, but in deeper shades. Then form into tiny circles, fluting edges of each circle to make petals.

Pinch up centre of circle slightly to make a cup shape, then stick almond paste flowers over the top of the rounds previously spread with jam. Put a tiny piece of cherry in centre of each flower and arrange few leaves of angelica on top to complete posy.

ALMOND PASTE

Half pound ground almonds, 2 eggs (small), 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla, 1lb. icing or castor sugar, 2 or 3 drops almond essence, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice.

Mix almonds and sugar together. Add lemon juice, essence, and eggs. Knead all smooth. Wrap in greaseproof paper if not used at once.

First Prize of £1 to S. Watt, Amelia St., Albion N2, Brisbane.

GERMAN PANCAKES

Half pint milk, 2oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 6oz. flour, 3 eggs (well beaten), pinch salt.

Put milk into saucepan with salt, butter, and sugar, and as it warms add by degrees flour. Keep stirring to prevent lumps. When mixture thickens, turn out. Add eggs and beat well together. Have ready pan of boiling fat. Put in a teaspoon of batter at a time and fry light brown on both sides. The cakes should be round and very light. Serve with sugar and lemon juice, or with jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. M. Schalk, 79 Elizabeth St., Paddington, N.S.W.

WHITEBAIT FRITTERS

Beat up three eggs with salt and pepper and add 1lb. tin of whitebait. Stir, and fry lightly. The secret of

the delicate flavor and lightness of these fritters is the omission of flour and milk, which require too much cooking to suit the whitebait. With eggs alone the lightest frying is possible.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Green, 19 Forth St., New Farm N1, Brisbane.

HONEY LEMON PIE

One cup honey, 3 egg-yolks beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon flour, juice and grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Mix thoroughly in order given, then add 1 1/2 cups rich milk. Pour into pie-plate lined with good shortcrust picked to prevent air blisters, and bake in moderate oven until set. Cover with meringue made of 3 egg-whites beaten with 3 tablespoons of honey and few drops of lemon juice. Brown lightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Graham, Devon North, via Yarram, Vic.

HOT CUCUMBER DISH

Pare young cucumbers and slice for eating, salt, and put aside to drain. Then lay them in cloth to dry.

Flour well and fry brown in little butter. Then add to cucumber slices some gravy, little claret, pepper, cloves, and mace, and let stew. Roll piece of butter in flour and thicken gravy. Serve with roast mutton or lamb.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. P. Hendy, Station House, Cue, W.A.

SPICED CHOCOLATE CAKE AND FILLING

Two tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa (good cocoa), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 grated

THIS WEEK

CORONATION DISHES

Inspired by the Empire's biggest function, housewives have sent us recipes specially compiled for Coronation parties. A selection of these entries is published here as this week's special cooking subject.

THERE are cakes, tarts, and sweets suitable for serving at the private functions that will be held here in the next week or so in honor of the Coronation overseas.

Each week in this section a special subject which has proved popular with readers is selected from recipes submitted. Prizes of 2/6 are awarded for every recipe published, so let us have your favorites now. They may be worth cash to you.

CORONATION CAKE

One cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 cups plain flour (large cup), 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon each nutmeg and allspice, 1/2 teaspoon carb. soda dissolved in hot water, 1 teaspoon sour milk (fresh will not do).

Mix butter and sugar to cream, add eggs well beaten, then sour milk. Sift with spices, etc., mixed in, and, lastly, carb. soda. Bake in fruit tin, cook about 1 to 1 1/2 hours.

ICING FOR CAKE

Half pound icing sugar, 1 large tablespoon butter, 1/2 cup milk. Mix with white of egg, chop and add to icing 6 or 8 walnuts.

2/6 to Mrs. Williams, Myerla St., Barwood, N.B.W.

CORONATION SHORT CAKE

Eight ounces flour, 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 4 squares lemon juice. Mix well together and knead well into paste. Roll out, cut into four equal parts, and press short cake on bottom of four round cake tins. Bake carefully in moderate oven till light brown. Then lift off carefully.

Dissolve teaspoon gelatine in three tablespoons hot water. Beat 3 tablespoons butter and two tablespoons castor sugar to cream. Add dissolved gelatine gradually, beating all the time. Add little vanilla. Place on tins on top of three cakes. Join together. Ice if liked.

2/6 to Miss E. K. Nolan, Sweet Office, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

CORONATION DINNER SWEET

One ounce gelatine, 2 bananas, 3 1/2 spoons cakes or equivalent in sponge cake, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs. Beat pint of custard with milk and eggs, melt gelatine in little cold water, and pour over it the hot custard. When dissolved put in a basin or mould lined with bananas and sponge cake cut in slices. Use silver

nutmeg, 1 small teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 small teaspoons cream of tartar, good 1 cup of milk.

Put all dry ingredients into flour-sifter. Beat butter and sugar well, then add eggs, one at a time. Sift flour in, then gently stir in milk and bake in sandwich tins in moderate oven.

Filling.—1 tablespoon of butter, 1 tablespoon hot milk, and vanilla essence to flavor. Allow to cool, then stir in enough icing sugar to spread nicely.

Ice top with chocolate icing and decorate with crushed nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. King, 11 Alice St., Flinders Park, S.A.

PICNIC BUNS

One cup white flour, 1 cup bran, 2 cups wheatmeal, 2 cups (small) yellow sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1lb. good soft dripping, 3 eggs, pinch of salt, few drops essence vanilla.

Sift cream tartar and soda with plain flour. Add bran, wheatmeal, then rub soft dripping in. Add sugar and nuts. Beat eggs with salt and essence, add to mixture and form into firm dough. Make into balls, dip in white sugar and bake on greased slide about 15 minutes in moderate oven. Very good for school lunches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. K. Pearce, Sorell, Tas.

knife for cutting fruit. Set on ice, and when set turn on to dish and serve with boiled custard or cream.

2/6 to Miss Edith Swain, 27 Ocean St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

CORONATION TART

Pastry: Cream 3oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, add 1 egg, and 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour. Filling: Roll 1 1/4 cups water, good 1/2 cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon, 1/2 cup raisins, 1 heaped tablespoon arrowroot. Pour in cooked pastry and allow to cool.

Roll 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup butter with 1 heaped tablespoon cornflour. Take off fire and beat in 1 tablespoon butter and 2 dessertspoons icing sugar, vanilla to flavor. When whipped, pour over jelly and sprinkle thickly with coconut.

2/6 to Miss Winifred Keen, South Kalbar, via Bundaberg, Qld.

CORONATION SPONGE

Four eggs, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1 breakfast-cup flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 5 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon butter.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs (keep yolks whole). Beat whites stiffly. Add yolks one at a time, beat again. Add sugar gradually and beat until stiff. Stir in all the flour and baking powder and, lastly, butter melted in hot water. Stir very lightly. Pour into heart-shaped tin, and bake in a moderately hot oven about 30 minutes.

When cool cover with pale pink icing. Set silver enclous close together all around edges. In the centre pipe the royal initials and underneath, the Coronation date.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Holland, 80 Barlow Street, Mayfield, N.S.W.

CORONATION PIE

Two tablespoons butter, 1-2 cup flour, 1 1/4 cups brown sugar, 2 cups milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs.

Beat sugar, flour and salt, add milk and cold milk mixture. Bake in a pie tin, removing from above stir in beaten yolks and butter. Let stand while preparing pastry.

Pastry: 3 cups flour, 6 to 8 tablespoons water, two-thirds cup shortening salt. Divide dough into 3 parts and roll each out to a sheet cut into rounds about 3 inches in diameter. Place separately on baking sheets, prick each well. Bake in hot oven till delicate brown. Put pie together like a layer of cake with filling on top. Also cover with meringue made by beating egg-whites thoroughly with 4 tablespoons of castor sugar. Brown slightly in slow oven, serve as soon as cool.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Johns, 128 Cecil Street, Guelph, Vic.

Festive Fare for... CORONATION PARTIES

How to Prepare a Delightful Buffet Supper with some Recipes for Delicious New Dishes and Beverages



NOW that Coronation festivities are in the air, let's have a party just by way of celebrating the big event in our own way on our side of the globe. And for the occasion, what would be better or more practical than an attractive buffet supper?

Entertaining a large number of people in your own home is a thrilling event, but there is always the problem of supper to consider.

The easiest and best way of serving a large party is undoubtedly with the buffet supper. Guests can help themselves and practically look after each other. In addition, there is the saving of the space taken up by a sit-down supper, extra chairs, china, and cutlery.

Arrange for an attractive decorative scheme for your table. It would be appropriate to carry out a color scheme in red, white, and blue—red flowers and candles, blue china, white tablecloths and favors in the form of small silk Union Jack flags.

Plates, knives, and forks are difficult to manage where there is no seating accommodation, though it is possible to serve soups, jellies and dishes for which only spoon or fork is required.

Have plenty of sandwiches and savories. Soup is ideal if you can keep it at boiling point.

Serving hot drinks is difficult because they spoil. The best plan is to have coffee and a plentiful supply of fruit and claret-cup, and bottled drinks.

GALANTINE OF FOWL

Fowl, 1 lb. pork sausages, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup chopped ham and tongue, aspic jelly, salt, cayenne, gherkins, olives. First bone the fowl, cut off head, cut down the back to bone and slowly work all flesh off bone with a sharp knife until only the carcass is left, being careful not to split the skin. Draw flesh of wings and legs outside, turning them inside like a stocking, draw out any sinews if possible. Lay fowl on flat, spread with layer of skinned sausages, with salt and cayenne, then ham, tongue, slices of egg, gherkins, and olives, more sausage meat, roll and sew up. Tie firmly in well-greased pudding-cloth. Cook gently in boiling stock from 1½ to 2 hours. Remove from cloth, roll in clean cloth, and place between 2 baking dishes with weights on the upper one. Leave till cold. Add gelatine to aspic jelly and, when beginning to set, brush it all over the fowl. Leave in a cool place. Decorate with creamed butter through forcings pipe and bag. Put diamonds of set aspic and salad vegetables round the dish.

PEACH SALAD

Six halves of peaches, lemon juice, 3 tablespoons finely-chopped celery, 3 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, lettuce leaves. Add the celery, nuts and half the

cheese to the mayonnaise. Sprinkle the peaches with a little lemon juice, allow to stand for 15 minutes, and then place half in each lettuce leaf. Fill generously with the mayonnaise mixture. Sprinkle with remains of grated cheese, garnish with whole walnuts. Serve very cold.

SAVORY ECLAIRS

One quantity custard puff mixture, ½ lb. cold chopped chicken, 2 oz. lean ham, 1 gill white sauce, chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon onion powder, salt, cayenne.

Make puff mixture. Place in plain forcing pipe and bag. Force into finger lengths on greased swiss roll tin. Bake in a hot oven till hollow. Brush with beaten egg and return to oven to dry. Make white sauce. Add the other ingredients, mixing well. When cases are cold split down the sides with a pair of scissors. Fill with the mixture and serve on paper d'oley garnished with sprigs of parsley.

CRAB SALAD

Four cups crab meat, 1 cup mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, curled celery, tomato.

Cut crab meat into neat pieces. Line a salad bowl with shredded lettuce, lay crab meat in the centre, and pour over the mayonnaise. Garnish with slices of tomato, curled celery and small lettuce leaves. Serve very cold.

GRAPE JUICE COCKTAIL

One cup grape juice, 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, sugar to taste, 1 cup ginger ale.

Mix all fruit juices and sugar well together, then chill well. Add iced ginger ale and serve at once.

GINGER COCKTAIL

One bottle ginger ale, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup grapefruit, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup water, orange candied peel.

Boil sugar and water. When cold add fruit juices and ginger ale. Chill. Serve in glasses with candied ginger.

FRUIT CUP

Four oranges, 1 lemon, ½ cup grated pineapple, 6 passionfruit, strawberries, or cherries, sugar to taste.

Boil skin of pineapple in 1 quart of water for 15 minutes. Strain, add juices and sugar. Chill. Serve with soda water.

CORONATION MOULD

One pint red jelly, ½ gill milk, ½ gill cream, 1 oz. gelatine, preserved ginger, preserved cherries, chopped nuts, sugar to taste.

Make jelly, and when cold set some in the bottom of a plain mould or cake tin. When set, stand a tumbler (filled with ice) in the centre and pour round the remainder of the jelly, and when quite set draw out the tumbler. Whip cream

until stiff and frothy. Fold sifted cornflour in lightly and add vinegar. Place mixture into an 8-inch sandwich tin which has been well greased and lightly dredged with cornflour. Bake in a slow oven for 1½ hours. Decorate with whipped cream, fruit and nuts. Serve cold.

MERINGUE GATEAU

Whites of 4 eggs, 8 oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons vinegar, whipped or mock cream, fruit in season, chopped walnuts.

Stiffly beat the whites of eggs. Add sugar gradually, and beat well

or until stiff and frothy. Fold sifted cornflour in lightly and add vinegar. Place mixture into an 8-inch sandwich tin which has been well greased and lightly dredged with cornflour. Bake in a slow oven for 1½ hours. Decorate with whipped cream, fruit and nuts. Serve cold.



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the garden and
also for interior
decoration...*

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THE canna does not find
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but there is nothing better for
brightening up dull corners
and other places in the garden
when time does not allow the
growing of annuals.

Cannas are easy to grow, needing
very little attention. The flowers are
large and have magnificent color-
ings. In fact, they can be had in
every shade possible, while the foli-
age, which is most attractive, is
ideal for using with the flowers for
decorative purposes.

They also make a wonderful dis-
play when massed in beds. The
dwarf varieties make splendid
border plants for the front of a
shrubbery or any other place where
tall plants are in the background.

In large gardens, a bed massed
with the tall varieties, and bordered
with dwarf, makes a pleasing pic-
ture.

When Planting

WHEN planting cannas, keep
them in a bed to themselves, for
they are heavy feeders and also
take a deal of moisture from the
soil.

To prepare the bed for cannas,
dig deeply and manure well. They
will do well in any soil, but to secure
the best from your plants treat
them well, and they will respond.

When manure is scarce, use well-
decayed vegetable matter, old



A BLAZE OF GLORIOUS COLOR made by a bed of scarlet cannas
all in full bloom. The beautiful girl in the midst of the flowers is
Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. film star



"Oh Mummy... You are Lovely..!"

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ings, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modene,
etc.

grass, leaves, or garden refuse that
may be available to build up the
fertility and add humus to the soil.
A sprinkling of blood and bone or
bone-dust will help the plants along.

Cannas are summer flowers, but
in warm districts they have been
known to flower from nine to ten
months of the year.

After their flowers have fallen the
old stems should be cut off level
with the ground. Continual atten-
tion in this direction will have a
tendency to keep the plant bloom-
ing for a longer period. When the
whole plant has finished, cut all the
old stems as directed, then, during
the winter months, lift and store
away under the shrubs or in a shed.

Outside storing in a sheltered
position is the better idea.

In the beds where the cannas were
growing you can put lupins, calen-
dulas, poppies, or any other quick-
growing annual for winter or early
spring display. Then during the
spring the canna roots can be
divided and replanted.

Canna roots grow very rapidly, so
once you commence growing them
you have them for all time. They
can also be grown from seed. Plant
the seeds where they are to remain.
This saves time and labor in the
transplanting.

When growing cannas it is a good
plan to select a moist position, but
they must be well out in the open
where they will receive plenty of
sunlight.

In many country and suburban
homes, where refuse water from the
home has to be drained away, drains
have to be dug to carry the water to

CORONATION GARDENS

(By Air Mail from EVE GYE)

THE majority of English
gardens this spring and
summer will present a blaze
of red, white, and blue flowers
in commemoration of Corona-
tion Year. Borders and beds
will feature red and white
roses, tall deep blue delphin-
iums, blue and white lupins,
red and white snapdragons,
the white shasta daisy, love-
in-a-mist, bonfire salvia, ne-
maria, gerums, phlox, cypso-
phila, forget-me-nots, and
many other garden favorites.

English gardens are famed for
their borders, and this
year's happy planning will
prove of unique interest to
countless Coronation visitors,
and to garden lovers gener-
ally.

a lower level. Most of these drains
are open ones, and these are the
ideal places to plant cannas.

They not only help to dispose of
the water, but a row each side of
the drain hides an otherwise un-
sightly place. Not only is the canna
useful in this way, but it gives a
profusion of flowers and decorative
follage for home decoration.

Some of the best varieties to grow
are Crozy's Hybrids and Madam
Crozy.

WASH DAY

TIP: Never
hang shirts and
blouses from
the bottom

as this causes great strain—and
makes the garment wear quickly.
Always peg at the shoulders.

LONG LIFE FOR GLOVES: If
your nails are long and tend to
wear holes in your gloves, keep a
small piece of cotton wool in the tip
of each glove finger, just enough
to keep the edge of the nail from
cutting the glove.

Clever Ideas

SCORCHED

LINEN: Often
a freshly-cut
onion rubbed
over linen

which has been scorched will remove
the mark. Soak it in a solution
of cold water and peroxide of hy-
drogen.

SILK STOCKINGS: Add a little
vinegar to the rinsing water when
washing silk stockings for the first
time. This is excellent for preserv-
ing their color.

STATUS For DOMESTICS

Want To Be Treated
Like Nurses

By Air Mail from MARY ST.
CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent
in London.

"Codes" for domestic workers are being drawn up by the Wayfarers' Guild, an organisation formed primarily to provide club life for domestic workers and their friends during their time off.

FIRST code to be drawn up is for the single-handed maid. It provides for two half-days off each week, one complete day off once a month, no cancelling of time off without reasonable notice, and more courtesy and consideration on the part of employers.

A public meeting arranged by the Guild will discuss later this month codes for parlourmaids, butlers and other domestic workers.

A well-educated cook-general who has been employed by the same family for 15 years told this week's meeting that no solution to the domestic work problem would be achieved until the status of the servant is raised to that of a nurse.

Foreign Menace

A RECENT investigation by the Guild among thousands of domestic workers revealed that servants do not object to the term "servant." They are satisfied with their wages; their chief grievance is lack of liberty and absence of fixed working hours.

Mrs. M. M. Bear, founder of the Guild, predicted that if the domestic problem is not solved artificial exist-

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12: 11.45 a.m., London Calling; 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade (Coronation Fashion).

THURSDAY, MAY 13: 11.45 a.m., Overseas News; 2.45 p.m., Swing Time Music.

FRIDAY, MAY 14: 11.45 a.m., So They Say; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, MAY 15: 4.15 p.m., The Music Box; 7.30 p.m., Artists of Today.

SUNDAY, MAY 16: 4.30 p.m., The Old Gardener; 6.10 p.m., A Caravan of Variety.

MONDAY, MAY 17: 11.45 a.m., People in the Limelight; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, MAY 18: 11.45 a.m., Overseas News; 2.45 p.m., Things That Happen.

ence in hotels and flats would take the place of family life, and there would be an even greater decrease in the number of children in middle-class families.

Another aspect of the domestic servant question—and one that is regarded seriously—is that Britain's homes are more and more being run by foreigners. There has been an alarming influx of women from the Continent and German, Austrian, Swiss, and French girls are ruling "below stairs."

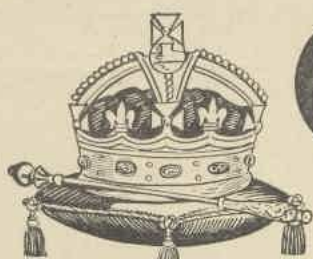
Few of these foreign servants can speak a word of English, with the result that in thousands of English homes there is a daily pantomime between servant and mistress over the preparation of meals and the cleaning of the house.

Some of these foreigners settle down permanently to domestic service. Others are satisfied with having found a home where they can live free and enjoy a social status that would make the acceptance of wages undignified. They receive "presents."

Where a housewife can prove that she has made every effort and failed to secure an English domestic servant, the Ministry of Labor allows her to employ a foreigner.

There are fewer than 4000 foreign girls holding such permits to-day. But there are many more thousands in domestic jobs.

And they are not worrying about status, or even wages. Most of them are content to have comfortable homes.



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XOS - - - - - 14/-



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15/-
12/6



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EOS,
EOS

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Mail Orders available while stocks last.

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12/6



DO42

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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

What Do They Know of Omens Who Never Follow Them On The Course?

By BETTY GEE

Racing men make me sick! Most of them, I find, are just like Dickie in their cynicism concerning systems and superstitions. How they scoff when you tell them you picked the winner of the race (just over) by supporting No. 5 because No. 5 was showing on the bandstand.

"Keep on doing that and you'll surely go broke," they sneer.

BUT whenever you look over the list of starters and find that the number of the horse in the racebook corresponds with the number of the race and also with the barrier position—well, I ask you! Hundreds of punters would prefer to walk home rather than ignore a tip so strong.

The final race, No. 7, and horse No. 7 has drawn No. 7 at the barrier.

And number 7 is such a lucky number on the racecourse. Could any girl be blamed for heeding the magic signal? Many a time I've given what a left of the housekeeping money a ride when that omen has presented itself, and many a time I've celebrated in town as a result.

I don't care what they say, I believe in these things! An ounce of luck is worth a ton of judgment.

That No. 7, for instance! I know of many racing lovers who like backing horses with seven letters in their names. That's not a bad system either.

What of this little lot of champions—Poitrel, Windbag and Phar Lap, all winners of the Melbourne Cup and many, many rich races; Manfred, the sensational winner of the A.J.C. Derby, after he had been left 100 yards behind the others at the barrier; Topical, winner of the Australian Cup; Rogilla and Journal (Castfield Cup); Contact (Sydney Cup); Talking, winner of the two Derbies; Stand By, Gold Rod, and the much discussed flier, Pamelus.

Then quite a lot of girls back their favorite jockey, and I must admit I am tempted that way myself. Perhaps it is because he is good-looking, like Darby Munro or Billy Cook or Maurice McCarten. Or perhaps it is just because he changed their luck one day and they decided to stick to him through thick and thin.

Then girls, don't you like supporting horses which carry pretty colors? Those beautiful ensembles worn by Knox, McCarten, Cook, Munro and Co. at times almost invite you to speculation.

"Spooks" and Tea-cups

BUT when it comes to doubles I have one system, and that is to follow alliteration, if you know what I mean. The two horses' names must begin with the same letter. It can't always come off, but what system of picking doubles can you prefer?

Whittier and Windbag won the two Cups double. Contact and Cuddle took the Doncaster Cup double last year in Sydney.

I confess I was perplexed last Newmarket Cup time, for there were several good alliterative combinations. Pamelus and Pooly Bridge I liked, and I had a hunch for Aurie's Star and Amalia, both from Adelaide. I followed my hunch and was thrilled when Aurie's Star landed the "first leg" the Newmarket. But the "second leg" must have been in splints, for Amalia finished well back.

Now, are you psychic or "spooky" in racing? Do you dream winners? Last year, on the morning of the Australian Cup, a man in a Melbourne hospital came out of the ether screaming "Amalia! Amalia!" The doctor and nurse thought he was calling for his wife, but some of the hospital attendants clubbed together, and threw in for a good win on Amalia, which that day won the Australian Cup.

They took "the office" all right, but the poor patient just stayed in hospital and took his medicine.

Believe me, you can't afford to ignore your "spooky" friends!

A day or two before the last Canterbury meeting a girl friend phoned me. She's rather psychic, and a strong believer in such things as fortune-tellers and tea-leaves.

For days she told me she could see nothing but low numbers in the tea-cup—0's and 2's and 1's—nothing

higher than a 5. Obviously, she said, it's no use backing anything but low numbers on Saturday.

On the way up to the meeting I ventured to mention the matter to Dickie, and, of course, he scoffed all thoughts from my mind of giving the omen a chance.

However, there you are! On the way home I took the racebook out of my bag and informed Dickie that the whole nine races had been won by horses carrying saddlecloths numbered between 1 and 5.

Three races were won by No. 1—Brazanti, Publicity and Cligot. Three by No. 2—Masterpiece, El Senorita, and Bertha B; and one each by Nos. 3, 4 and 5.

In a flash it came to me then that Saturday was the FIRST day of the FIFTH month. There it was again—1 to 5. But that was like the answer you think of on the way home.

It's Rosehill next Saturday, and Moonray and Latharna look a likely pair for the principal double.

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"A Few Stitches and They're on!"

ON a fresh September morning about two weeks later, Meg and her mother sat at breakfast in the small, sunny dining-room over whose pine-paneled walls Meg had taken such infinite pains when she had bought the place and had done it over.

Five years ago that had been. Until then Meg had been living in a New York apartment, with Mimi an increasingly reluctant day pupil at a private school in the East Seventies, to which Meg was barely able to send her. Then suddenly in a small town in Mississippi, Meg's father, Josiah Davis, had died of heart trouble and Meg had sent for her mother to come and live with her. A house in the country became possible—with Molly to run it—while Meg went almost daily into town to her work. Mimi, having finished her senior year in no particular blaze of glory, found herself at more of a loose end than she had expected. For a time on her hands for varied and spirited questioning of her grandmother's regime. It seemed, sometimes, now to Meg that the arrangement was proving not so perfect as she had at first considered it.

There were deep purple petunias in the centre of the square old mahogany table. Before Molly Davis, erect in her grey house gown, there was a Sheffield coffee service. Before Meg, trim in dark frock and sheer white collar, lay an omelette on an old willow platter.

The two women served each other with the swiftness and simplicity of established routine. Molly passed the toast. Meg passed the marmalade, clear and inviting in a crystal jar.

"Did you sleep well, mother?" "I read till after two."

"Oh, mother, I wish you wouldn't. When you wake so outrageously early anyhow."

"I was reading that last war book you brought home," said Molly calmly. "Of all the solemn tomfoolery."

Meg laughed in spite of herself. "It's getting a strong hand."

"It ought to get a strong foot. It seems to me sometimes that the chief characteristic of this day and age is a magnificent capacity for self-pity."

"Always the handiest drug, isn't it?" said Meg. She turned that over in her mind for a moment. "Habit-forming too. That's very smart of you. I think I'll use it for Sunday."

Her weekly column, "The Shooting Gallery," was at once the curse and the joy of her life. She usually finished it in a welter of anxiety and uncertainty about an hour before the dead line to which her paper wisely held her. Into it she poured, without intention, whatever of enjoyment, resentment, scorn, rebellion or philosophy the week's round of reading had brought her.

Her mother said, "Not that I'll get any credit for it, of course."

They smiled at each other. The joke was of long standing. "Some day," said Molly, "I'm going to let that editor of yours know who in this family supplies the brains while you draw the pay. By the way—you haven't given me the housekeeping money for this week."

Meg said: "Sorry—I forgot it. Bring it home to-night. I've had a lot of things on my mind."

"THE grocer's bill is pretty large again. Mimi has had every Tom, Dick and Harry of her acquaintance hanging around. You might think from the way they consume sandwiches and drinks that this is the only place they ever get anything to eat."

Meg's fork stopped halfway to her plate. She reflected, frowning a little. It was quite true. Since the day of the wedding Mimi had seemed to exist in a curiously intensified need of excitement. She had been difficult. But when wasn't she difficult? More than that, she had been like one tormented by some perpetual need for diversion from an inner conflict.

"Tot!" thought Meg. "I've been reading too many allopoly psycho-analytical females." She said: "It's all right, mother. I want her

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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 16

to feel free—" She was going to say to ask anyone she liked.

Her mother interrupted with a brief snort of laughter. "Free is the best thing Mimi is. She doesn't know what it is to worry about where the money is coming from."

"Well, that's all right, too," said Meg, a little wearily. Mimi's lack of responsibility in the matter of money was a recurrent subject of dispute and disagreement.

The postman's whistle sounded at the front door. Susy, the colored maid of all work, went quietly through the hall to answer it. Came back presently with a letter for Molly and a couple of bills for Meg.

"What are those?" the older woman inquired, looking sharply over her glasses as Meg opened the envelopes.

Meg said: Oh, just some things I got last month—a frock and a pair of shoes. The shoes had been for herself. The frock had been Mimi's bridesmaid's outfit. Meg had forgotten or had not understood what the exact amount would be. It startled her somewhat. Still, she could manage. It

probably meant waiting another month for the autumn coat she had been planning for herself.

Molly had been poring over her letter. Now she lifted a look of pleased surprise. "This is from Freemantle. What do you think? He and Judy may be coming up to New York in only a week or so."

Freemantle was Meg's elder brother, the second Mary's first-born. He was a small-town lawyer living in Mississippi, where he had married and where he had raised not unsuccessfully a family of one boy and one girl.

"Freemantle and Judy," Meg echoed. Her mouth hardened subtly.

"Now, Meg!" warned Molly. "I know you don't like her, but—"

"Of course I don't like her. I'd be a fool—after the way she behaved—"

"When you got the divorce, I know—I know! Well, don't forget, my dear, she'd been raised in a very simple, old-fashioned family."

Please turn to Page 58



"She Cut Her Teeth

easily—thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. During teething keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's standby for over 100 years. The safe aperient for children up to 14 years.

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ADDS TO THE LIFE OF YOUR COLOURS

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 58

MIMI said, "I'm coming." She went out of the dining-room and down the hall with feet suddenly light.

Mimi hunched herself above her empty cup, listening till the sound of the motor had started up and died away again. Her eyes grew slowly sullen. "Been going on for a good month now," she said, without looking up.

"What's been going on?" said Molly crisply.

"Brook Avery," said Mimi, no less succinct.

"Nonsense. He's years younger than your mother."

"He's only twenty-nine—she's forty," said Mimi. "That's just what I'm talking about."

"You don't know what you're talking about. Most natural thing in the world—and very friendly of the boy, too—to drive her to the station of a morning. Living with those two old Englishwomen down the road must be pretty dull for him."

"And isn't that just the strangest coincidence?" said Mimi. "Met mother before he moved out here to live with them, if you notice. Maybe you hadn't heard that he parks his car at the station every morning and he and mother go into New York together. Evenings they come out together on the

dear old 5.30. If you think that's not making talk you don't know your neighbors."

"One thing I have noticed," said Molly shrewdly. "You're quick enough to get excited when it's a question of any silly gossip concerning Meg—how is it you never seem to care how much talk you make about yourself?"

Mimi said, "I'm not a middle-aged woman, you know. Girls expect to be talked about."

"I shouldn't wonder if they enjoyed it," said Molly. Under her yet dark brows, below the dignified smoothness of her silver hair, her keen grey eyes questioned her granddaughter coldly. "Are you daring to criticise your mother?" she asked.

"If I don't, who will?" said Mimi. She helped herself to a small corner of toast, ate it moodily. "Certainly not any of the bright young men she has hanging about her all the time. They'll 'yes' her right along the line."

Molly said, with a vague touch of uneasiness. "Your mother has always been younger than her years. It's natural for her to like to have young people about. Especially when they're all doing the same kind of thing she is—writing—some of them drawing or acting."

"Like Brook Avery, eh? He has a job with an aeroplane company. I believe. What's the good of talking about it?" Mimi finished scornfully. "You're too crazy about mother to see that she's all set to make a fool of herself."

MOLLY wiped her lips with the corner of her napkin, lifted by a hand that shook a little. She did not deny her deep devotion to her daughter. "You are your father's child," she said.

"Just so I'm not my stepfather's contemporary," said Mimi. She laughed, but her young bitterness had an ache at its core. "I'll give dad your love, shall I?" she suggested, rising.

"Tell him for me," said the second Mary. "That I wish he had been dead and in his grave before your mother ever laid eyes on him."

As for Meg, riding between green gardens enamelled with the lavender and blue and rose of cosmos and asters, she lifted her eyes to the steady, blunt-featured face beside her and drew a long breath of relief.

"I thought you were all tied up in knots," said Brook Avery quietly. "Something go wrong this morning?"

"Something—nothing—everything," said Meg. Out of her accumulation of troubles she drew at random with a slightly shaky laugh. "My brother Freemantle and his wife will be coming to New York in a week or two."

He sent the car ahead through a lane where trees leaned rich in yellowing leaves not yet ready to fall. "Freemantle" sounds English.

Meg explained, taut nerves now slowly loosening. "It is. Family name. My grandfather came over in 1852. Giles Freemantle. My grandmother was Irish—Mary Kivan. Don't you love it?"

"Then your mother—"

"Mother was born in England. She was only a baby when they started for the States. Giles died on the way over. Can you see Mary Kivan? A widow at twenty, in a strange country, with a child to take care of and hardly a penny to her name. On top of that comes the Civil War. She got along, though."

"Your grandmother would."

"Oh, I'm nothing like the woman she was!" said Meg, half laughing, half rueful. "She sewed for a living. I only stick needles under literary fingernails."

Avery chuckled. He laid his hand for a moment over hers; went back to the subject of the approaching invasion. "What's the matter with the present Freemantle that you don't want to see him?"

"Nothing. He's a very worthy citizen. And his wife is made in his image. Nothing's wrong, really, Brook—only mother wants me to have them to stay."

"But what about your work?" he said, sincerely horrified.

Please turn to Page 60

CAUTION!

Is he being starved of 'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?



Is your son always catching things—colds, flu or even worse ailments? Is he unable to put up any resistance, does he look "poorly" against other boys of his own age?

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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 59

Meg said, "Brook, you are a darling! I just wanted to have someone remember that after all I do work. I can't be a writer and a hostess and a mother and a housekeeper all at one time... No, that isn't quite fair—mother does run the house." She looked off at other houses half hidden among trees. "Don't listen to me," she said. "You have a fatal faculty for listening. It melts a woman's indomitable will and loosens her stern moral fibre. You're very bad for me, really."

"Because I love you?" he said, without turning his eyes from the road. "Because I'd like to look out for you? Because I'd like to take you away from that beast of a kid of yours?"

"Don't, Brook—don't talk about Mimi like that!"

"It's what she is. Partly your own fault, of course. You spoil her abominably."

Far off a thin, sharp whistle blew, threading the still morning air.

"Oh!" cried Meg. "The train—we'll never make it!" She thought of two meagre paragraphs done. The week's column almost entirely still to do. "I could squeal," she cried, "like a pig under a gate!"

"Easy, darling," said Avery gently. The little roadster shot forward under the grip of his

silently of a Saturday night into well-earned oblivion.

Towards the end of September the storm which Freemantle's suggested visit had evoked showed consequences. Mimi announced without hesitation that she wanted a place in New York where she could stay for a day or so at any time she felt the need. "We're too crowded here—that's perfectly obvious."

When Molly heard her the tempest arose again, with redoubled fury. "At your age—"

"I'm twenty-one," Mimi reminded her.

At first Meg withheld her decision. She knew in a way what Mimi was feeling. Three generations of women under one roof. No wonder the youngest beat her wings against the walls.

Meg said, "We'll think it over."

THERE was no one she could find to agree with her that Mimi's desire for freedom was only natural.

Brook Avery took Molly's attitude. "She's far too young. It would go straight to her head."

Jimmy Kilmartin only laughed. "She's always got everything else she asked for. Don't expect her to begin to balance the budget now, do you?"

Mimi considered Jimmy Kilmartin one of Meg's young men. He did cartoons from time to time for Meg's paper, and certainly he had arrived at knowing Mimi through first knowing Meg. That gave him a black eye, as the saying goes, with Mimi, which he was far from misunderstanding. However, the sort of guerrilla warfare which went forward from time to time between them, he may have felt, gave him now the right to advise.

"Don't be a sap," he said to Meg. "Crack down on her good and hard. It's what she needs."

So Meg gathered up her courage and told Mimi that what she wanted was impossible. "I'm sorry, my dear."

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it," said Mimi.

Please turn to Page 69

GIRLIGAGS



"I ALWAYS say why can't someone hit the ball back to you like in tennis."

sinewy hands on the wheel. His eyes, fixed on the momentarily empty road, were coolly unwavering.

Meg watched him with a wild, high joy at her heart. So young, so strong, so sure of himself and her. Why think of anything else? What else mattered?

September passed with fires deepening on trees, fading in flowers. The rich crimson that New England forests know burned on hillsides, smouldered deeply in valleys. Over all the smoke of the dying year rose vaguely, settled towards sunset in bluish mists.

Freemantle wrote that a case he had taken on had unexpectedly altered his plans, that his visit must be postponed. That, however, was not before Mimi, hearing from her grandmother of the projected invasion of her privacy, had set up an outraged protest that shook the house in Connecticut to its foundations.

Freemantle's letter came as a godsend. Freed, even if only temporarily, from domestic complications, Meg was able to relax gratefully into an Indian-summer laziness. She found herself increasingly reluctant to leave the peaceful pageant of the countryside for the reviving tumult of town.

Autumn in New York. Shop-windows full of sleek dark furs and ever-madder hats. Velvet and silver and gold tissues that the summer had outlawed came back like royalties to temporarily deserted thrones. Sidewalk cafes one by one withdrew their dusty little trees and wind-swept tables. The year's first crop of plays descended upon Broadway, were received by the critics with autumnal misgivings, folded Arabian pup tents, and for the most part stole

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Coronation SOUVENIRS

Continued from Page 5

SHE still kept her faith with him, for she believed that one day he would come back. She had seen the look in his eyes that night when she had run after him down the crazy path. She remembered the way he had kissed her. Surely a man could not forget?

There were to be great jubiliations in the village, just the same as there had been years ago. The mugs arrived the night before.

"Oh, they're pretty," she said, as she helped the vicar's wife unpack them in the coachhouse.

"Very nice. I only hope the children may appreciate them."

She said very quietly, "Do you think I could have one? I have treasured the first one so much, and this would go with it."

"Why, certainly," said the vicar's wife.

She took it home in her hand. She thought it was prettier than the one they had had for the original jubilee. As she turned in at her own gate, she saw him standing there waiting for her. Her heart missed a beat.

"After all these years..." It was the only thing she could think of to say. Words seemed to be elusive.

"And I find you with another mug in your hand. Oh, my dear. My little, little dear."

She had thought that she had left all that behind. She had supposed that now she was thirty, romance and the lovelessness of youth and the happy dreams which young people dream had all gone and laid her empty. Suddenly she realised that they were coming back. They were here in her hands, and the diamond jubilee mug was overflowing with them.

She wasn't really old. She wasn't really unhappy. She said, "Won't you come inside?"

And he asked, "Shall I be welcome?"

They went indoors together. They sat there hand in hand in the little drawing-room where there had been such a scene years before. They sat there and talked of happy things, of the lovely romantic things in life, which were theirs to be.

"And we'll be married at once," he said.

THE third mug was pretty. It had two heads on it. She had felt intensely proud of that mug when it first came to the house, and she had put it on the shelf with the others. There had been the children then, three of them.

There was George, Jun., and Sandy, who had hair that color, and the little girl. The little girl was called Irene, for she had been born on peace day, and it seemed the only name for her.

"What is a coronation, Mummy?"

"Why do we have mugs, Mummy?"

"Mummy, can we see the beacons lit?"

She would give a lot to have those days back again now, because the memories in the coronation mug were precious ones. Memories of little shoes, and of stampeding little feet. Of clinking arms, and of small pursed-up mouths lifted to be kissed. The baby was still very much the baby... bless her!

Perhaps this was the happiest mug of all, because she had learnt the great miracle of being happy in others. It was not her own personal happiness so much, but the knowledge that George was radiantly glad in his marriage, that they were prosperous, and that the children were darling.

Late that night the two little boys saw the beacons lit on the hilltops. "Oh look, Mummy, it's all red against the darkness."

"Oh, Mummy, they're lighting them everywhere now."

"Yes, dears, all round."

"Mummy, do let Rene see it."

"Yes, Mummy, do let Rene see it."

She drew the baby up into her arms, such a sleepy rosy baby. "You'll always be able to say you saw the beacons lit for the King's Coronation," she said.

Afterwards, when the children were fast asleep, she and George had sat watching the red glow in the sky.

Please turn to Page 62



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THAT natural, happy smile of yours, so admired now—may be gone in a few years if you neglect your teeth. Pyorrhea, dreaded disease of the gums, is the price of neglect.

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Acid In Your Blood Kills Health and Vigour Kidneys Usually to Blame

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength and energy as an excess of Acid in your Blood. Every time you move your hand, take a step, or use even the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This process goes on even when you are asleep.

Fortunately, nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids. To get rid of these Acids nature provides that your blood circulate 200 times an hour through 10 million tiny, delicate tubes, or filters, in your Kidneys. It is the function of the Kidneys to filter out these health-destroying Acids and to purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your Kidneys slow down and do not function properly, and remove approximately 2 pints of Acids, Poisons, and Liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down, and worn-out.

Causes Many Diseases

If Kidney troubles cause you to suffer from Acidity, Getting Up at Night, Nervousness, Leg Pain, Diarrhea, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, Backache, Loss of Vitality, or Burning, Itching and Smarting, don't waste time worrying and waiting. The natural thing to do is to help your Kidneys with the doctor's special Kidney prescription called Cystex (pronounced Sies-Tex). Cystex works directly on the Kidneys and bladder, and helps the Kidneys in their function of washing impurities and Acids from the system and in maintaining the purity of the blood.

Don't try to overcome Acidity in your blood by taking medicines to offset the Acidity. The only way you can really get rid of the Acidity is by helping your Kidneys to function properly and thus remove the Acid from your system. This Acid is bound to stay there unless the Kidneys function properly.

Dr. B. H. Knight

Chemists and doctors in over 51 different countries throughout the world recommend Cystex for its purity and prompt action as a Kidney medicine. For instance, Dr. Geo. B. Knight, Physician of Camden, N.J., recently wrote: "Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome Kidney troubles. It is assimilated by the system in short order and starts its beneficial action almost immediately. Yet Cystex contains no harmful or irritating ingredients." Dr. C. Z. Rendell, another widely-known physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

\$2,000 Money-Back Bond

If you feel older than you are or suffer from any of the dangerous symptoms mentioned, your Kidneys may be the real cause of your trouble. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex today. Put it to the test and see the great good it can do in your own particular case. Cystex is offered under a written money-back guarantee that by helping your Kidneys it will make you feel younger, stronger, and more vigorous and satisfy you completely and thoroughly in 3 days, or you must return the empty package and your money is refunded immediately. Your word is final. This written money-back guarantee is backed by a fund of \$2,000 deposited by the Knox Drug Company, manufacturers of Cystex, with the leading banks of the world, such as English, Scottish and Australian Bank, Melbourne; Bank of New South Wales, Sydney; Westminster Bank Limited (Gray's Inn Branch), London. You can't afford to endanger your health—you cannot afford to waste time—and you can't afford to take chances with cheap, drastic, irritating drugs, which might injure your delicate Kidneys. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex from your chemist today, under the written money-back guarantee that you must make you feel well and strong and satisfy in every way or cost nothing.

CORONATION Souvenirs

Continued from
Page 61

"WE have so much to be thankful for," she said tenderly. "So very much."

"But most of all for each other."

She said, "Let us be very glad about that, dearest. Let us put only lovely memories into the new mug."

There it was on the shelf. A brave mug still. There it stood beside those of the jubilee. And she dreamt again that she was holding a sleepy baby up to the window, that she was sitting there holding George's hand.

There was another mug. It was more slender than the others, and it sparkled a little.

She supposed before they had been too prosperous. The boys were at expensive schools; Rene also, "Must give the children a chance," George had said. He had wanted to leave this house, this precious house in which she had interwoven herself. This garden, every flower of which had some dream in it, every tree of which told some story. It was the precious fabric of her life, and she wore the house as a garment. No, she would not part. George wanted to go somewhere much more expensive. He had ideas. He wanted one of those strange new motor-cars instead of the quiet old pony; he wanted her to go out and about more, as if she had ever been the out-and-about sort!

Marriage was wearing a trifle thready.

Suddenly there had come the upheaval. She had known that evening when she saw his face as he returned from the city. She had known that they stood upon the brink of something that might be disaster. "What's wrong?" she asked.

HERE in this very room, with the new Coronation mug on the table (she had been admiring it when he came in), he told her. It was ruin. Somehow she could only be relieved. Queer, that, this intense, almost overwhelming, sense of relief that it was not another woman. Ruin they could face, it only needed courage, another love would have been so difficult.

Dad shares. Bad investments. A sudden bewildering financial chaos. It meant the children would have to leave the schools that she had never liked for them. It meant that George must give up all his out-of-place ideas, and that they must live simply and quietly for a time, retrench, face the future. Work.

"As if I'm afraid of work, darling," she said.

"Mary, you're tremendously brave."

She had glanced quickly at the mugs in their row. She had seen the pictures on them of brave faces which had never shriveled a moment's duty. Suddenly she realised that it was not the brink of destruction which they faced, but the brink of making good. They would build up their better selves.

The children had come back from school, and had given up high-flown, new-fangled notions. They were her children, her own darlings again. They had restarted, simply and quietly.

"I could never have done it if it had not been for you," George said, "but you have been so splendid."

To-night there would be beacons again.

She thought of all those intervening years since the last beacons had been lit. She thought of George who had passed on and had promised that he would come to welcome her when her turn came. Of George junior who had died "somewhere in France." Of Sandy now married and with growing kiddies of his own. Of little Rene.

Out in the darkness the first bright red flare of a beacon flamed across the sky. It came into the room and touched the mugs as they stood there on the shelf.

There was the faint and faraway humming in her ears as she drowsed, and the feeling that she would soon be fast asleep and

resting. She was desperately tired. Then she heard a voice.

"Mary," said George quickly.

She turned her head. He was standing in the open french windows, just as she had always remembered him, and he was holding out a hand to her. For a moment she could not believe her eyes, but it was so.

"I've got the new mug, dear," he told her and she saw the exquisite golden cup that he held. "It is the loveliest of them all, and made for us."

She got up. She went to him and somehow all feeling of tiredness had left her. She was young and elastic again. They would go out and see the bonfires lit, and see the beacons.

"George, I'm here," she called, and her eyes danced.

It was such an exquisite new mug.

They found her later. "It was her heart," said the doctor, and then a little regretfully, "A shame she shouldn't have seen the celebrations."

"She'd looked forward to it so much, too."

It just showed they did not understand.

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Say good-bye to your CONSTIPATION

1,000 Doctors decided recently that they would tackle constipation in a new way without medicine.

They took 2,000 test cases, added a daily spoonful of Bemax to the ordinary food and checked the result. In every 1,000 cases 888 derived the most marked benefit. Think of it—practically nine in every ten. Surely with such encouraging medical evidence you can hope to say good-bye soon to your constipation.

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You're bound to benefit from

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NEVER neglect a Sore Throat, especially in children, as it may be an early symptom of German Measles, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever or Croup. Similarly, persistent Swollen Glands in children or adults are often the forerunner of a more serious complaint. Delay is dangerous—experimenting is folly. Call the Doctor, at once!

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PRACTICAL FRONT



THE MOVIE WORLD

May 15, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Hollywood Dogs

KAY FRANCIS was too upset over the death of her pet dachshund to appear for work in "One Hour of Romance" at Warner Brothers. A motorist ran over the animal in front of the star's home. Kay, who once sat up for three nights with her pet when it was ill, cancelled social engagements for the week.

A small boy had been seen outside Marion Davies' home for a

Sun-Baking— In Parts Only

• Gertrude Michael's doctor ordered her to take sun baths every day, but RKO executives modified the prescription when it was found that Gertrude was getting to be so tanned that she'd have to be bleached before going into "There Goes My Girl!"

Now she can sunbathe to her heart's content provided she protects her face, neck and arms.

period of three weeks. His interest was not in the actress, but in her prize dog, a Great Dane.

The other day, Marion received from the boy a letter enclosing \$1.68, representing all his savings, which he wanted to turn over for the dog.

Marion was so amused that she got in touch with his mother, explaining that they could have the dog if they could afford to feed the great animal. The mother said she was willing, so the child has his dog and also his 1 dollar 68 cents, which Marion returned, saying: "That will buy hors d'oeuvres for the dog's first meal."

Now On Stage

BLONDE and brunette, but alike in temperament and in the parts they play, Ann Harding and Diana Wynyard have become great friends in London.

Both have recently abandoned the films for the stage—Diana Wynyard for a series of unsuccessful London plays, and Ann Harding for the name part in Bernard Shaw's "Candida."

When Ann Harding decided to accompany her new husband on a trip to the Continent, Diana Wynyard was called in to take the part of Candida—and the show looks like continuing for many weeks yet.



Outside Affairs

HELEN VINSON had a long talk with her husband, Fred Perry, before he started out on a four-month tennis tour. The big question was whether or not they were to go out freely with other men and women. The decision was that they would; that their love was big enough to permit it.

Now Fred has been gone for ten days, and so far Helen hasn't so much as ventured forth! And news comes that Fred hasn't, either. Helen is being teased by her friends, but she laughingly explains that it takes a little while to warm up to the idea.

GALLERY OF STARS

Sonja Henie

Skating Star of "Girl in a Million"

Marlene Again

MARLENE DIETRICH'S daily luncheons with Hebert Marshall are evoking plenty of buzzing gossip in the studio, but they are merely becoming acquainted before starting "Angel."

Actually, Doug Fairbanks, jun., is still first man in Marlene's life.

An Ill Wind

ILLNESS has brought a good fortune to about 200 employees at Shepherd's Bush, who are under notice of dismissal following the Gaumont-British decision to abandon the studio when the present production, "Non-stop New York," is finished.

Anna Lee, blonde British actress, is in bed with a temperature of 102, an aftermath of the influenza epidemic. Until she returns to Shepherd's Bush the film is held up, and the 200 employees will continue to be paid, in addition to getting a respite in which to look for other jobs.

LITTLE HABITS of SCREEN STARS

Nervous Mannerisms Even Movie Great Can't Help

By MARY OLIVIER

ARE you an "o" filler? You know—one who absent-mindedly fills in all the "o's" in a newspaper headline while talking on the phone. Do you bite your nails? Chew your pencils? Scribble on walls and table-cloths? Scratch your head or twist your hair? If you do, it's only human, and Hollywood stars, being the most human crowd I know of, are the worst offenders of all.

Somehow it is difficult to imagine those well-mannered, perfectly-poised and immaculate men and women disobeying the rules of etiquette—they seem such nice people on the screen. But the stars come close to earth with the same bad habits that you and I are guilty of, and I'm just about to tell on them in a big way.

I KNOW that you all think I'm a perfect cat who has her nose constantly in a nice big saucer of milk, but I wouldn't be human if I didn't like my little spot of gossip. Nevertheless, one of these days I'm expecting a nice juicy dose of poison in my coffee, or a charge of dynamite 'neath my car. My favorite flowers are violets!

Getting back to my story! Years and years of close association with some of Hollywood's biggest luminaries have revealed to me their good points and their bad, their superstitions, their likes and dislikes, and their peculiar little characteristics.

A Thumb-Sucker

FOR instance, there's Madeleine Carroll. To look at this model of perfection in beauty no one would imagine that she is a thumb-sucker, yet one hardly ever glimpses the lovely Madeleine without her thumb in her mouth. No, she doesn't bite her nails, just sucks and sucks and sucks. I've known her to wear gloves on the set between scenes to stop herself putting her fingers in her mouth, but as soon as the gloves come off she's up to her old tricks again.

Now we come to the chewers. Queen among these is Arline Judge, whose jaws never stop working from morning to night. Arline is Hollywood's most prolific gum-chewer. A chewer of a different kind is Carole Lombard. Carole exercises her teeth and jaws on paper, and it doesn't matter whether it is the corner of a magazine, the edges of her script, a letter or a book, if it's been in Carole's hands it will be sure to have at least one of the corners gnawed away, and covered in lipstick, a Lombard trademark as distinctive as the Metro lion.

Among the chewers must be included Sylvia Sydney, Hollywood's best nail biter. Little Miss Sydney hasn't a decent length nail on either of her hands—she bites them almost to the quicks, a habit which she has carried with her from childhood.



● **ABOVE:** Nail-chewing Sylvia Sydney. Years of trying to break herself of this habit have been of no avail.

● **LEFT:** Fred MacMurray, a hair-twiddler and a public comb. Fred's idea of keeping his hands occupied is to pull his coiffure to pieces and then put it in order again.

and no amount of chastising will prevent it. Sylvia admits that she had tried for years to stop biting her nails, but all to no avail. The minute she gets nervous or emotionally stirred, in goes a finger or two and quite unconsciously Sylvia starts biting away.

Powdering faces, rouging lips and even filing nails in public are all sins which I just can't forgive, and there are plenty of women in Hollywood who offend in this respect. But something that I, and I'll bet you, too, just can't bear are the men and women who comb their hair outside the privacy of their own bedrooms or bathrooms.

I know it will come as a tremendous surprise to you to hear that Marlene Dietrich is Hollywood's public hair comb. No. 1. It is

nothing for the glamorous Marlene to take out a comb and use it, regardless of her surroundings or her companions. I've seen her do it in a theatre, at a party and dance, in a cafe, and although everyone in the place was staring at her in amazement, Marlene went blissfully ahead drawing the comb through her steaming locks.

Even Bob Taylor

PERHAPS it is cruel to shatter illusions—but remember that saucer of milk. I just can't resist telling you that the idol of the screen has feet of clay—that your own dear, petted, popular, handsome Robert Taylor is another hair-comber-in-public! So is Fred MacMurray, who is also a hair twirler.



has ashamedly endeavored to cover up her guilt.

Those of you who saw "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" will remember Gary Cooper accusing the judge of being an "o" filler. That judge, if he wanted to, and knew Gary well, could have spoken right back and accused your favorite actor of being a table-cloth artist. For Gary positively can't resist a beautiful white damask cloth. Before he was discovered by Hollywood, Gary was an artist on a Los Angeles paper, and the minute he gets his hand on a pencil he draws caricatures, whether it is on the fly leaf of a book, the border of a newspaper or his wife's best serviettes.

The Nibblers

A MOST annoying habit of Ronald Colman is cracking his bones. Sitting on the set near Ronnie you'll see him bending his fingers until the knuckles crack. It's uncanny, too! He's as bad as Freddy March, who makes all sorts of funny noises with his mouth. Warner Baxter is a tongue chewer. Whenever deep in thought Warner's tongue is always between his teeth and you'd swear he was about to swallow it.

Melvyn Douglas is a completely lost soul when it comes to nibbling off other people's plates. Melvyn orders his own particular fancy, and then proceeds to snatch a mouthful here and there from his companion's meal!

Add to all these habits that of Jimmy Cagney, who will insist upon divesting himself of his ties in public; Frank McHugh, who laughs at his own jokes; and Joan Crawford, who just can't help telling little white lies, and you have some of the harmless habits of Hollywood stars—habits that make even the most ethereal and worldish of them seem just a little more human and understandable.

DON'T MARRY A SCREEN LOVER

Wives versus Glamor

By JOAN SEBASTIAN

PERHAPS you, young woman, walking starry-eyed from the local cinema after seeing your idol emote, have come to the conclusion that if you and He were legally made one, life would be an idyll.

But has it ever occurred to you that those torrid kisses you pay to see often leave lingering memories with the players as well as with you? And that the lot of the Hollywood wife is about as much to be envied as that of the adolescent choice of a septuagenarian sultan?

YOUR screen heroes are human—very—although distance, script and publicity writers and directors make them seem divine.

"Hollywood men too often forget that screen love-making is just a part of the script."

Claudette Colbert, once the wife of Norman Foster, made this remark shortly before marrying Dr. Joel Pressman, who knows absolutely nothing about screen love-making.

Many other Hollywood women have reasoned that it's safest to marry a non-professional. Gloria Swanson's first husband, Wallace Beery, was from the screen, but her last, or perhaps I should say latest, three have been non-professionals: Jean Arthur, Joan Bennett, Maureen O'Sullivan, Jean Parker, Luise Rainer, Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis and a host of others have chosen husbands who are not actors.

Actors are more highly tuned, more emotional than the average person. A necessity of the profession. And if an actor is making love all day long to a beautiful girl as part of his job, can you expect him to forget, the moment the last scene for the day is completed?

Be reasonable. If you spent a day in Clark Gable's arms, could you forget it? Or, if you are a man, and you had spent eight hours clapping and unclapping, kissing and un-kissing Marlene Dietrich—would you forget it?

Could you go home to your sweet, loving, but probably not so pithy-tudinous, mate and swear to yourself that such days had made no impression on you?

The price of screen love-making is high. No wife of an actor can rest assured of her mate's continued loyalty.

Divorce Explained

WHICH explains why there are so many Hollywood divorces. Just old-fashioned human nature up against the temptation of concentrated charm—charm that is magnified, massaged, pummeled, squeezed in here, pushed out there, shampooed, cuticled, dieted. Charm that looks from under detachable lashes.

When a Hollywood husband leaves for the studio, in the morning, at noon, or at midnight, the wife isn't just sure whether he will be home in an hour or in six months. She isn't sure whether he has to kiss his leading lady or slap her face. She doesn't know whether it's a bathtub scene or a full dress set. She doesn't know whether the girl is on the level or after her man, but this she does know: She must be ready,



● ABOVE: A BUNCH of Hollywood temptations. Imagine a wife having to fight off lovely ladies like this in order to keep her man. They make life real and earnest for a plain, domestic woman.

at all times, to rival any of these elements of danger.

You can go over your list of second or third marriages, and see just how many men played opposite or directed the girl before marrying her. You'll also probably recall that some of those husbands hadn't obtained their divorces at the time they became entangled, perhaps hadn't even thought of such a thing.

Slip Means Disaster

WHAT, then, gave these already wed men the idea? It could have been one of a hundred things, or it might have been the entire hundred combined. The intoxicating perfume of the girl's hair, the softness of her lips, the way she nestled in a love scene, her broadmindedness, the things they had in common—or, maybe, she just simply understood (for the time being) the much misunderstood Hollywood husband.

It's just as Mrs. Ian Hunter (she's one of the successful wives!) and attractive enough to invite comparison with Hollywood beauties) recently stated, "The man on the flying trapeze has nothing on the average Hollywood wife. Both careers are dangerous—one slip means disaster." But broken legs mend easier than broken hearts.

Any woman happily married in Hollywood is about as safe as a Christian in the days of Nero. Everybody is out to get her scalp, and they don't care how they do it. The place is running over with beautiful girls who are bent on impressing her husband—and have they got the wherewithal with which to impress!

Mae West popularised the phrase "Come up and see me some time," but every little "Maybe" in Hollywood has long been expert in saying it. It has been a popular remark in the film city for years and years, and it doesn't always fall upon deaf ears, as the wives will tell you.

● RIGHT: IAN HUNTER and wife. Mrs. H. is happily married, so far, but she has no illusions about the dangers of wifehood.

It wouldn't be so bad if the little "Maybes" really wanted the men. Then competition could be fair—let's place our virtues on the table and see who'll make the best wife.

But in Hollywood, very, very often, all that the girls want is a job or a little publicity—and they don't care if they break up a marriage to get it.

That's why we have blackmail, breaches of promise, alienation of affection, and just plain old betrayals, all planned and carried out, by, and for, the benefit of little "Miss Maybe." She can't be hurt by all the notoriety because she was innocent and only trusted the big, handsome Hollywood husband.

Contracts Not Cash

THAT being the case, the husband had better settle out of court! Cash isn't so necessary—but contracts! Ah, now you're talking. After that, all he has to do is square himself with his public, his studio and his wife while his baby-faced blonde cutie takes her innocence to the corner soda fountain and nonchalantly draws, "Make mine chocolate."

Yes, being a Hollywood wife requires infinite patience and almost superhuman understanding.

So, if you've been envying the spouses of Warner Baxter, Randolph Scott, Henry Fonda, Robert Montgomery, Don Ameche and other of our married screen heroes, you can relax. The Little Woman has much to forgive and forget in Hollywood. She has not only to please her husband, but to protect him as well.





● RALPH BELLAMY, who as a doctor has helped put the medical profession over.



● FREDRIC MARCH, male principal in U.A.'s characterisation of Hollywood.



● JANET GAYNOR, teamed with March in the same picture.



● EDWARD ARNOLD, big business man—on the screen. A perfect frock-coat figure.



● VICTOR McLAGLEN, who has dramatised the industrial worker. Furnaces are his toys.

Entertainment CROWN! Paramount Pictures

No matter where you may be, you can enjoy the romance and adventures of your favorite stars in famous Paramount Pictures. In the near future we will be happy to present in Australia's foremost theatres some of the outstanding pictures of this season. Watch for those listed here!

"THE PLAINSMAN," starring Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, with Charles Bickford, Jimmy Ellison. A Cecil B. DeMille production.

"MAID OF SALEM," A Frank Lloyd production starring Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis.

"COLLEGE HOLIDAY," a musical vacation from the blues with Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Mary Boland, Martha Raye.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS," with Charlie Ruggles and Alice Brady, with Benny Baker.

"SOULS AT SEA," starring Gary Cooper and George Raft, with Frances Dee, Henry Wilcoxon, and Harry Carey.

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW," stars Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, with Charles Butterworth and Jean Dixon.

And now
Paramount
takes pride in introducing

Dorothy LAMOUR

an exotically glamorous new personality who will first appear in the thrilling "THE JUNGLE PRINCESS."



"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE—
IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

SELF PORTRAIT Hollywood Dramatised

BY JEAN SPAULDING

With their characteristic thoroughness and customary largesse, motion-picture producers have cast the cold, white light of investigation on almost all of man's vocations. The ruthless scalpel of the movies has indeed cut deeply into the professions.

IT has taken the decidedly I chequered career of the taxi-driver and laid it neatly open in cross-section.

It has followed the crooner from the day when he made his first steps towards a megaphone, and thence on to the happy climax when he waved a magic wand in front of the mess-jacketed orchestra in the Hotsy-Totsy Club.

The doctor has been shown in many forms, but always in the midst of trepanning the comely skull of a Hollywood ingenue, whilst his rival for her affections tears a monogrammed handkerchief to shreds in the anteroom.

The lawyer has pursued his dramatic way through a host of murder trials, equipped with an accommodating statute book and an inexhaustible flow of biting cross-examination and vitriolic invective.

Industry Portrayed

STEEL-WORKERS, miners, slaughterers, automobile workers, manufacturers and builders have at various times received their share of movie investigation. And these represent a small proportion only of the countless basic industries that have been portrayed.

All the more remarkable, therefore, is the degree of screen immunity which up to the present has surrounded the triumphs and tragedies in the professional lives of Hollywood players themselves.

Producer David O. Selznick may have thought it high time that something was done to bolster up the industry's ego when he made his preliminary preparations for "A Star Is Born"—drama of a Hollywood world worships, but does not know.

The story is offered as a straightforward account of how a young lady, reared in North Dakota, got into motion pictures, and, ultimately, won an Academy Award, and the husband of her choice, Janet Gaynor is cast as "The Small Town Girl" grown up, wise to the ways of the world, capable of grappling with fate, who wanted screen fame, and upon whom luck smiled. Fredric March is seen as the brilliant picture star whose career faded as that of the protegee he loved and married blossomed and grew.

Whether "A Star Is Born" will inaugurate a whole cycle of similar pictures only the future can tell. It is to be hoped not. It would be a great pity to see so original a theme dying to the sad and lingering death of monotonous repetition, or to have to stand by while Hollywood, in the process of being rapidly denuded of all her mysteries, is forced to gather up whatever skirts remain to her and retire hastily to the shelter of her former obscurity.



Breakfast was becoming a nightmare to Mrs. Brown—it was such a tussle to get young Billy to eat. "Leave him alone then" growled Dad. "But he can't go to school without his breakfast" replied Mother, almost in tears.



"Why don't you give him those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—I had them at the Johnson's and they're great! The kids like 'em because they go 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when the milk is poured on." "Do they make a noise?" asked Bill. "Too right they do," answered Dad, "and it's fun to eat them!" "Get some for me Mum, then I'll eat my breakfast!" said Bill.



You wouldn't know the Brown's house now at breakfast time. Smiles everywhere, and Bill loving his Rice Bubbles. "And they're so good for him!" Mum says. "They're made of the best rice, one of the most easily digested and nutritious cereals he could eat! You certainly saved the day, Dad, when you suggested Kellogg's Rice Bubbles."



snap! crackle! pop!

Crisp and ready to serve—save work. Sold at all grocers.

R-5

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

GRACIE FIELDS, England's favorite comedienne, is having all she can do to retain her sense of humor during her hectic visit to Hollywood. On arriving, she was told that her face, although pleasant enough, would have to be overhauled for the screen. Gracie told them to go ahead.

"If they can discover some hidden beauty in me, I'll thank them," she laughed.

So far she has had four teeth extracted, and four more will have to go before she is considered pretty enough to face the camera.

This does not mean that Gracie is unattractive. Her eyes are very blue, her hair is blonde, and her complexion the clearest pink and white. She dresses for comfort rather than dash, and does not attempt to emulate the glamor of Dietrich or Harlow.

Gracie Fields' greatest charm is her absolute lack of affectation and feminine wiles. She will tell you freely, with disarming frankness, that she is 39, although she could pass for 30.

PAUL ROBESON took a moment off from his activities on the "Jericho" set out at Pinewood the other day to tell me that he is thinking of cutting out most of his concert work—in big halls at least. "Big halls don't suit my voice," he said. "I can sing naturally in a small room. A bathroom suits me best, but I can't carry a bathroom round with me. I believe if a guy pays to hear me he is entitled to my best, and in big halls I try to pitch my voice so that the customer in the back row can hear. The strain on my voice and my nerves—even a big guy like me has nerves—is terrific. The mike and the camera let me be natural. I'll stick to them as much as possible."

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SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

HOLLYWOOD has been of the opinion that Elaine Barrie Barrymore, now separated from John, was not much more than a pretty smart publicity seeker. But when she turned down a big offer from a paper for a series of pictures that would have given further publicity to her "Ariel - Caliban" romance with Barrymore, the gossips began to think more favorably of her.

DOTS... and DASHES

Clark Gable and girl friend, Carole Lombard with Gail Patrick and husband Bob Cobb taking their horses and a picnic basket up to a dude ranch each Sunday to breathe the ozone and practise a little equestrianism. • Luise Rainer signing a new M.G.-M. contract after winning the Academy award and going original in her first picture under the agreement, "The Emperor's Candlesticks," by wearing a bright red wig. • Jeanette MacDonald putting her small foot down and refusing to go brunette for "Girl of the Golden West."

HAVE you ever wondered how the stars make those tender love scenes so realistic? Well, we've been doing a little snooping and have discovered how several of our romantic stars prepare themselves for that big clinch.

Some stars can take the love scenes right in their stride, others need special preparation. Bill Powell is never deterred by them. He can stop in the middle of anything, step before the camera, whisper a few romantic lines to the leading lady—and convincingly, too—then go right back to whatever he was doing.

Before his love scenes with Garbo in "Candle," Bob Taylor would find himself a secluded corner and stand there talking to himself for several minutes—we don't know what about. Garbo makes no requirements except that she be introduced to the man in question first.

Take a tip from Jean Harlow, whose luscious white complexion is the envy of female Hollywood. To keep her rose-petal skin from chapping, she dips her face thrice daily in cold milk. Cleansing the pores is most important, says Jean, and nothing is better than a mild soap and a wash cloth.

WHEN Madge Evans told a local columnist of her plans to go wild boar hunting with her brother Tom, on Santa Cruz Island, near here, when she finished her picture, and the columnist printed the story, studio officials, reading it, immediately sought out Madge and forbade her to do anything of the kind. Now Madge, who had no idea they'd object, won't tell the writers anything.

Studio bosses are still pretty strict about letting their players indulge in risky pastimes. Wally Beery is allowed to fly his plane, but Spence Tracy can't play polo, to his extreme grief, and Bob Taylor can ride his horse, but mustn't jump it!

They even forbade Clark Gable to go near the tough little baby cougar he captured recently: in fact, they took the thing away from him and caged it at the studio. But Clark had to feed it, and as it began eating almost as much as his racehorse and didn't improve in temperament, he has at last donated it to a local zoo.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S Aunt Cissy, Miss Mylicent Bartholomew, wants the talented little actor for her very own. She has filed a petition in Superior Court to adopt the boy, for whose custody she once fought his parents in court.

The court has been unofficially advised that Freddie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Llewellyn Bartholomew, of London, have agreed to the proposed adoption.

GORGE GALEON, who, as the young intelligence officer, practically stole Warner Bros' new film, "The Windmill," has been given the part of a young Scotland Yard officer in "The Man Who Made Diamonds." He was greatly delighted because the cast spent the first two days of spring down by the river on location.

"These are the days when this job is almost a holiday," he said. "Oh, the sunshine's grand, especially when you're paid to sit in it."

Norma Shearer is beginning to reappear in public. She attended the preview of "Captains Courageous," and was touched almost to tears by the kindness of the many friends who surrounded her in their delight at seeing her again.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



JEANETTE MACDONALD

STUDIED DANCING FOR 20 YEARS BUT APPEARS IN THE ROLE OF A DANCER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN "THE FIREFLY."

CHARLES BRIDGES

PAINTERS HAD TO WAIT UNTIL THE SUN MELTED REAL FROST ON A SET FOR "WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG" TO PAINT ARTIFICIAL FROST WHICH PHOTOGRAPHED MORE REALISTICALLY.

WHEN you see "Doctor's Diary," watch for two things. Ra Hould, the little New Zealand edition of Freddie Bartholomew, and John Trent, the handsome young fellow who was discovered piloting a transport plane, brought to Hollywood and given a long contract.

John shows all possibilities of becoming a star, but he's not relying on it. He remains with the air line as what they call "A Dollar a Month Man." That is, he flies a transport plane from Los Angeles to New Mexico and back once each month, just to keep his hand in and keep the connection with the air line in case the Hollywood deal falls through.

A MOST unusual idea for a moving picture is Samuel Goldwyn's. He will film "Beauty Parlor," the inside story of Elizabeth Arden's amazing rise to fame and wealth as a beauty expert.

Merle Oberon has been chosen to play the lead. Because of her recent automobile accident in London, it is doubtful whether she will be able to appear in "I Claudius." In that case, she will return to California to recuperate, and "Beauty Parlor" will probably be started in June.

Mr. Goldwyn says that American women spend more than a billion dollars each year on beautifying themselves.

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ANITA LOUISE, of Warner Bros. Pictures, is another screen beauty who has relied on Max Factor's Make-Up from the start. Max Factor's special Color Harmony shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up heightened and glorified her delicate loveliness—it can do the same for you! Fill in the coupon below and send for Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of Rouge in your shade. Max Factor's Make-Up is based on naturalness—it heightens and dramatizes the charm you already possess.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN

George Brent, Beverley Roberts. (Warners.)

THE day before writing this review, I wrote one of an English technical production in which I said the British were showing Hollywood how color should be used. This offering gives me the lie. Warner Brothers have done as good a job in this film as Gaumont-British did in theirs.

The lumber industry, of course, lends itself magnificently to color treatment. Some of the shots in this picture are superbly majestic and beautiful; it says much for the restraint of the director that more of them have not been included. As it stands, however, the story is not over-loaded with scenic details.

As for George Brent and Beverley Roberts, these two very capably present the drama-cum-romance-cum-comedy part of the entertainment. Brent is particularly good as the play-boy lumberman who rescues his firm's beautiful rival from the machinations of his hard-boiled brother, who is intent on running her out of the business. Miss Roberts is, if anything, a shade too tough, but she gets away with it. And, dressed in true feminine fashion, she's a luscious creature.—State; showing.

★★★ CAMILLE

Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor. (M-G-M.)

IT may have been that I was expecting too much, but I must confess to a slight disappointment in this picture. It did not stir me as I had hoped; a tragic love story, under careful treatment, this version failed to reach the heights to be expected of really great tragedy.

To a certain extent, this may have been due to the unconvincing and over-colored performances given by two of the more prominent figures in the supporting cast. Laura Hope Crews and Lenore Ulric, as Prudence and Olympia respectively, over-acted consistently, going a long way towards destroying the reality of the story. As for the two principals, Garbo is patchy, in some scenes magnificent, in others a shade too unrestrained for good acting; Taylor is a surprise. I did not think he had it in him to play so excellent an Armand.

The plot, of course, is familiar to most readers. The heroine, a light lady, allows herself to fall in love with a penniless, handsome youth who adores her. Subsequently, she gives him up, sacrificing herself for the sake of his career and future happiness. A consumptive, she dies in his arms after making this supreme gesture.

While not satisfying in the highest degree, this new rendition of "Camille" has sufficient in it to be called good and to be worth a visit.—St. James; showing.

★★★ STOLEN HOLIDAY

Kay Francis, Claude Rains. (Warners.)

THERE is a naive statement at the beginning of this film to the effect that all the characters are imaginary, that no reference is intended to any real person, living or dead, etc., etc. That's too funny. If this isn't a romanticised version of the notorious Stavisky affair, which came near to tearing France apart not so long ago, then I'm a Dutchman.

Not that this is any reflection on the picture. The offering is good, solid entertainment, out of the ordinary in its story, dignified by a fine job of acting by Claude Rains, and with further appeal added by Kay Francis, miming competently and wearing beautiful clothes regally. A glorious creature—to look at, at any rate.

The story relates the rise of a penniless adventurer to the position of one of the biggest figures in French finance. This man, when his frauds are uncovered, drags down in the crash distinguished officials, financiers, and politicians. Linked with the crooked genius, played by Rains, is Kay Francis, cast as a girl whose fortunes are allied to his, but whose heart leads her away from him. Ian Hunter plays her lover very competently.

A picture with an interest for all types of fan.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

★ AS YOU LIKE IT

Elisabeth Bergner, Laurence Olivier. (Fox.)

DR. PAUL CZINNER and Elisabeth Bergner, his wife, have collaborated, in this picture, to produce an offering which is neither good Shakespeare nor good entertainment. In fact, as entertainment, it has long, arid stretches which can be classified as nothing less than boring.

Czinner has missed the whole feeling of this particular play. In essence, it is idyllic; the screen version absolutely lacks this quality. Again, Shakespeare wrote a comedy of ideas, rather than action, a pastoral of the keynote is philosophic melancholy; the effort to transfer this elusive atmosphere to celluloid has failed.

Bergner, as Rosalind, is a thorough disappointment. In the early scenes, she is just stony; later, in the Forest of Arden, her interpretation of the role is more reminiscent of the gambollings of an adolescent schoolgirl than of the behaviour of one of Shakespeare's most celebrated heroines. Inspired criticism may praise her performance, but it will take considerable living down.

Taken generally, the treatment of the blank verse dialogue was terrible. Rarely was it dialogue, in fact. In "Romeo and Juliet" the magnificent handling of blank verse was one of

Week's Best Release

"GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN," Warner Bros. feature. Color used as it should be, to help story.

the features of the production. In this opus, the lines rarely come within an ace of being natural; they are always stilted blank verse, and mostly pretty blank at that.

The magic name, Shakespeare, may persuade some people into hypnotising themselves into the belief that this is great art. I found it, to quote the Master, "dull, stale, flat and unprofitable." One star is the most I could give it.—Liberty; showing.

★ THE JUNGLE PRINCESS

Kay Milland, Dorothy Lamour. (Paramount.)

TARZAN of the Apes in skirts instead of trousers. Ulah, an orphaned Malay girl, grows up alone in the jungle with an outside in tigers and a chimpanzee (or orang outang) as her only playmates. Limah and Bogo, the tiger and the monkey—at any rate, that's how their names sounded to me—are near human, and do everything but wisecrack.

Into this sylvan paradise strolls Chris Powell. It only needs a sprained ankle for him, and lo! Ulah to the rescue, and everything set for a jungle love affair. Chris is full to the tonsils of conventional inhibitions, but, after many adventures, the bravings of a disappointed fiancée, and the cowering of a gang of natives, he and Ulah decide not to risk civilisation together and plunge back into the jungle.

Actually, this picture comes close to being a two-starrer. The rescue at the end by a flock of monkeys, under the command of Bogo, however, is just a bit too much to swallow. Bogo himself is a joy; the funniest ape I've ever seen. As regards the humans: Milland is a very likeable actor; I'd like to see him a lot more. Lynne Overman is not hard to take either.—Prince Edward; showing.



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.]

It's Over!

And the cheers for the winners go to Miss Dorothy Star, 25 Matthew St., Punchbowl, Sydney, and Miss Pat Monaghan of 376 Bowen Terrace, New Farm, Brisbane.

In case this is all double-dutch to anyone reading my column for the first time I'll let you into the secret.

I listed eight M-G-M pictures and offered a prize of a set of M-G-M star photographs to the competitor whose placing in order of preference agreed exactly with the final tally.

The two girls mentioned above succeeded in placing the productions in this way and as a result both competitors will receive a full set of M-G-M star studies.

Entries came from all over Australia and New Zealand . . . thousands and thousands of them proving how widely read is this gossip, and incidentally inspiring me to be a more interesting columnist in future.

Here is the result of the final tally . . .

1. "Maytime" (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, John Barrymore).
2. "The Good Earth" (Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, co-starred in Pearl Buck's best-selling novel).
3. "After the Thin Man" (Wm. Powell, Myrna Loy, James Stewart, Elissa Landi and Asta).
4. "Camille" (Garbo loves Robert Taylor).
5. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyne" (Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan).
6. "Love On the Run" (Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone).
7. "Born to Dance" (Eleanor Powell, James Stewart and Cole Porter's "hit-tunes").
8. "Tarzan Escapes" (Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan).

My competition is over, but the fun is only beginning. Folks, only beginning. Soon you will have an opportunity to see these great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.

While not all are 1937 releases, keep your eyes glued to the announcements of St. James (Sydney), Metro (Melbourne), and Creamline and new Metro (Brisbane) . . . and when you read that these M-G-M hits are coming . . . be first at the box-office to glimpse them.

You'll enjoy them immensely. Yours for happy entertainment, LEO of M-G-M.

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Here is Taken No. 15 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."

PW 11

Here is Taken No. 20 for The Australian Women's Weekly "A Month's Wonder Book."

G 50

Here is Taken No. 30 for The Australian Women's Weekly "A Month's Wonder Book."

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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 60

THE next day she called her father on the telephone and had luncheon with him in town. A mystery story which he had just had published was selling well, and he gave her luncheon at a smart place and sent her home in a curiously amiable frame of mind.

"Somebody's been eating the canary," said Molly at dinner. Not unduly, however. Her observation, as usual, was merely accurate.

Vivian Swift called Meg next morning and told her he was taking a bed-sitting room for Mimi in the West Fifties, about a block off Fifth Avenue. Not far from his own apartment. "I don't see very much of her, you know," he explained casually. He had a charming voice, deep and unhurried, with a faintly mocking inflection. It had once turned Meg's heart over to hear it. She grew a little cold now, understanding how nearly he was tying her hands: that was all.

She said, "I don't approve; you know that, of course."

"The child is twenty-one, I believe," said Swift amusedly. "You can't keep her a baby all her life." He added, almost as an afterthought: "How would you like to let me have her for a year or so?"

"I wouldn't consider it," said Meg.

"I think Mimi would," said Swift. Meg knew Mimi would. She had sensed for some months a rebellion and a restlessness in Mimi which might take her headlong into any unimaginable disaster. And Vivian Swift was no man to help her out. Meg thought fast and hard.

"Very well," she said. "The room in the Fifties, since you insist." At least for Mimi, she thought, the

lesser of two evils. It made her no happier to realise that Mimi had called on her father to defeat her mother's decision.

The bed-sitting room had been Mimi's almost a month when the Wythes' came back from their honeymoon.

The intervening time, of course, had not been without letters. One to Meg from Elizabeth, written from Venice. "Darling, we are stopping at this marvellous place with rooms right on the Grand Canal, and I am so happy I am putting on practically pounds. Alan says lovers should be rationed." At which Meg had smiled to herself a trifle wryly seeing Alan as Elizabeth did not. There was a divine moon, Elizabeth had said. She couldn't imagine Venice without a moon. All those dark little canals would be just too spooky otherwise. And she had ordered a set of heavenly goblets at a glass factory where they had seen them being made, and she and Alan were planning now to meet mother and dad at Nice and get home before too awfully long, because they were both a little tired of living in trunks, and Alan said he hoped to high heaven he never had to look at a gondola again. He'd like a stage coach for a change, he said. Or even a horse and buggy. What Alan meant, Meg's inner chuckle appreciated, was merely he'd like a change.

Mimi had had a letter or so as well. She commented briefly that Elizabeth seemed to be having herself a time, and the letters were never reported further.

ON the night of the return, Elizabeth called Mimi on the wire from New York. Molly was reading on one side of the fire in the sitting-room. Meg was scribbling desultory notes on the other. There had been a dreary unrelenting downpour all day and the air was heavy with the feel of dead leaves and sodden earth. Mimi had been listening without much interest to the radio. She shut it off instantly the telephone rang, and went quickly into the hall.

"Who's that?" said Molly. Meg said she didn't know. She had hoped for a moment it might be Brook Avery. Rain always depressed her unreasonably. As if she had been one of the heavy-headed chrysanthemums drooping waterlogged and wind-whipped in the garden outside. She reflected however that it was late, that with her mother and Mimi, Brook never made easy company, and went on with her pencilling.

There was an interval of exclamation, long silences and some laughter at the telephone before Mimi came back. When she did she said, "Elizabeth's home. I'm going in to dinner Wednesday night."

Then she turned on the radio again. Wednesday was the next night but one. Elizabeth was making good her promise to have Mimi the very first guest in the bridal apartment. "I'll call Tommy right away," she had said before ringing off. Mimi had scarcely heard his name. Tommy, of course. What her ears had been straining for was the sound of a familiar voice: "Let me say hello to her, Betsy. Hello, Mimi, darling. You should have been with us. That carousing, insolent laugh. No man ever needed punishment so badly. All the laugh implied and recalled buried in Mimi's veins while she sat quiet between her mother and her grandmother, listening to the radio.

Wednesday night, when it came, was chill and overcast. With a wind to tear the stubborn red leaf from its topmost bough, or on a city street to whirl the last bit of dust from its asphalt cranny. Mimi had expected Tommy Gaunt to pick her up at the place in the Fifties, but when at half-past seven she opened the door to a masterful ring, Jimmy Kilmartin grinned back at her with entire understanding.

"Don't look so pleased!" "I'm sorry," said Mimi aloofly, "that I can't ask you in. I'm going out in just a moment with Tommy Gaunt."

To Be Continued



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2GB—The Favourite Station

CHOOSE Your PARTNER

Continued from
Page 44

MARILYN stared at a ring of moisture on the vivid orange glass-topped table. Tony—Blanche. A momentary lapse. Love, real love ought to be understanding enough to forgive a passing infatuation.

"We could start off in a flat somewhere," he continued eagerly. "I'm not really earning enough to marry on—you know a fellow gets used to having decent suits and good shoes and going places—but with your salary as well—"

"My salary?" she echoed. "I'm afraid that wouldn't help very much."

"The management of this hotel," she went on slowly and deliberately, "provide me with a small but comfortable room and excellent food—as part of my salary. I'm the tennis coach for the lady visitors here."

She pushed back her chair with a harsh grating sound and gathered up her coat and racket.

"The tennis coach! Gosh! I thought the other couple were the professionals!"

"Thanks so much for a really neat compliment! The season and I will finish at the same time. Sorry, Tony, I shan't be able to help you pay your tailor's bill."

Tony was still gasping by the time Marilyn vanished inside the hotel vestibule.

"Miss Mason, will you go to the office? There are some bookings for to-morrow."

The entertainments manager dashed up to her. "And your exhibition this afternoon was nearly a disaster for us. Fortunately, Mr. Appleton saved the match, but understand, the Valetta professionals must never be beaten by the visitors."

Marilyn nodded. She had learnt never to argue with the management.

"I suppose if Fred Perry and Dorothy Round took it into their heads to come here," she reflected bitterly as she stepped into the lift, "we should still be expected to win."

She supposed it was rather rough luck on Rex having her getting all temperamental because a young man whom she was beginning to forget had suddenly appeared again.

It wasn't all jam being a tennis pro, she reflected gloomily. It had been such fun playing with Tony in tournaments, when nothing except their own prestige depended on the result.

Yet somehow those old days were not so exciting when she came to think them over. On the rare occasions when they had been beaten, Tony had not always been a good loser.

REX was so different, somehow. His whisper of "We're not beaten yet" and his smile were something that Tony could never have risen to. After all, it would have been a let-down for them both if they had lost the match. It's not easy to be forgiving when one's bread and butter depend on the game, and yet Rex had managed to forgive.

She did not see Rex till later in the evening.

"I'm sorry about this afternoon," she murmured contritely. "I made it hard for you."

"That's all right," he answered brusquely. "I understand."

He turned slightly from her and leaned all hunched up, over the terrace rail.

"I've made up my mind about that job. I'm leaving here next week—I've got the manager to release me from the contract."

"So it's—Ceylon?" asked Marilyn, knowing that she dreaded the answer.

"Ceylon."

The single word dropped like the echo of a hammer-blow.

"I see. I—I hope you'll like it."

"I expect I shall. I suppose you'll be going soon—from here, I mean?"

Marilyn studied the silver-shod foot that gleamed below her black net frock. "I shall go back to town and—get a new job, I hope."

Rex turned his head slowly towards her. "What? Wasn't that the fellow you told me about?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, everything's all right. That's what he came for, wasn't it? I was going to ask you to come with me to Ceylon, but I can see

now it's just as well I didn't. Anyway, let me be the first to wish you luck!"

"Tony did ask me again to marry him," observed Marilyn, looking far out to sea. "But I refused."

"You refused?"

Rex had ceased to lean nonchalantly against the stone balustrade of the terrace. "You mean you turned him down?" he demanded.

Marilyn nodded and he grasped her by the shoulders.

"Listen! I'm sailing on the first boat next month for Ceylon, and you're coming with me. The Hotel Valetta might just as well take two resignations from the tennis pros. as one."

"But—Rex?"

"Don't Rex me! Say yes, and don't you ever let another man's face put you off your stroke on the tennis court. And now come here for your lesson."

"What lesson?" she asked with apparent innocence.

"You once gave me a tennis lesson, young woman. Now, Rex Appleton will show you in twelve lessons how he kisses the girl he's going to marry!"

"Good!" replied Marilyn jauntily. "I'll take the whole course."

(Copyright.)

Eczema

AND OTHER SKIN DISEASES

Phenomenal results have been secured by the well-known chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, of Bondi, and the following letter is typical of hundreds received from all parts of Australia:



"My complaint had resisted the treatment of several chemists and doctors for several years, but after about a month of your course it disappeared. This was almost two years ago and I have had no recurrence of the trouble. Thanking you for the relief you brought me.—M.J.B."

Mr. Richard Diamond—Mr. Diamond's new formula now gives relief to many, and treatment is as successful by post as in person. Skin complaints successfully treated include Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Urticaria, Ringworm, Acne, Boils, Pimples, Pruritus, Varicose Veins, and other irritating and disfiguring diseases. Every treatment is personal and readers afflicted are advised to get in touch with Mr. R. RICHARD DIAMOND, 87W Hall Street, SIX WAYS Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

WHIST WATCHES
Cameras, Ma Ma Dolls, Puppets, Pins, many other valuable prizes for selling small parcels of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big catalogue of presents. Send no money now, only name and address. Write to-day.

JOHN B. MURRAY, 601V George St., Sydney

Are you SCRATCHING the surface?

THIS SCOURER SEEMED TO MAKE MY CLEANING SO EASY AT FIRST, BUT IT'S RUINED THE SURFACE WITH SCRATCHES THAT HOLD THE DIRT. NOW THE SAUCEPANS WON'T COME CLEAN NO MATTER HOW HARD I SCOUR.

Harsh scourers quickly score the surface with millions of scratches that spoil appearance, double work, and halve the life of your pots and pans.

VIM cleans SMOOTHLY—keeps saucepans polished ..easy-to-clean



I'VE HAD THESE SAUCEPANS FOR AGES AND THEY STILL LOOK ALMOST AS BRIGHT AS NEW. THAT'S BECAUSE I ALWAYS CLEAN THEM WITH VIM—IT KEEPS CLEANING EASY.

That's because Vim particles are soap-coated—no jagged edges to scratch—they ease off the dirt and wash it away thoroughly, polishing as they clean.

7.71.35
A LIVER PRODUCT

VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Astrological Research Society

Plodders Who Must Learn Self-Control

Taurus people (those born between April 21 and May 22) are the "plodders" of the world rather than it's "go-getters."

When Taurians achieve success you can rest assured that hard work, attention to detail, persistence, dogged determination and much patience have been expended in the past. For when they are not just pleasure-loving and indolent they are some of the finest and most reliable workers in the world.

DESPITE that they are seldom original themselves, Taurians have the capacity for absorbing the ideas of others and, by attention to detail, turning those ideas into practical forms and uses.

Their main trouble is a lack of ambition. They have ideals which are often mistaken for ambition. They are keenly desirous of accumulating nice bank balances and assets in the form of property or possessions, but they often fail to cultivate the driving force and venturesomeness which are essential to real success.

They are too content to work for other people or to give much at-

lastly, there are Scorpions (October 24 to November 23), who have splendid brains and much capability, but who are inclined to attempt too many things at one time, and therefore find the Taurians excellent helpers in getting them out of muddles.

But in each and every case Taurians must be on guard to avoid being used by these others as stepping-stones to their own successes. They are all extremely ambitious people, and sometimes a little selfish or thoughtless about giving full credit to those who may have aided them.

There is one more factor that Taurians must consider in their fight for success—that is their own shortcomings. They are often their own worst enemies. They can seem remarkably placid and easy to manage, but once their ire is roused, or they get into one of their unreasonable and stubborn moods, their natural common sense seems to desert them. They are extremely self-willed, and love to get their own way.

Taurians must learn self-control if they wish for success and happiness in life.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (Mar. 21 to April 21): May 15 (night), 16 and 17 favor you slightly.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be alive to your opportunities this week. Put important plans into operation on May 18, though May 13 (p.m.), 14 and 15 (to dusk) should also be good. Take no risks on May 15 (night) or on May 16 and 17.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Just fair on May 11, 12 and 13.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Slight improvements possible on May 13 (after noon), 14 and 15 (to dusk). Try to advance in some way.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Continue to live cautiously, especially on May 11. Try to avoid upsets and obstructions.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): May 18 will be a splendid time to attempt new projects, ask favors, make changes. Also May 11 (until noon). Poor on May 11 (after noon) and on May 12 and early 13.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Just fair on May 11, 12, and early 13.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Forget there is such a thing as ambition this week. Be on guard. Take no risks, especially on May 15 (after 3 p.m.), 16 and 17. Try to avoid losses, partings, opposition, delays and all sorts of difficulties then.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Rush important matters through unless they can hold over for several weeks. May 11 (p.m.), 12 and 13 (to noon), fair. May 18 poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Make the most of May 11 (to 2 p.m.) and all day May 18. Ask favors, seek improvements. Be confident and optimistic. Live cautiously on May 13 (p.m.) and 16.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Take things very quietly. Annoyances and difficulties likely, especially on May 11 (a.m.), 15 (p.m.), 16 and 17.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Try to start semi-important affairs on May 13 (after 4 p.m.), 14 and 15. But not on May 11, 12, and early 13 or 18.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.)



THIS WHITE satin dinner gown, worn by Rochelle Hudson, is distinguished by a heavy corded and stitched trimming for yoke and circular half-sleeves.

attention to the small details of business affairs and, as a result, more aggressive or quicker-witted co-workers often step into promotions which they should have enjoyed.

Nevertheless, they are so persistent and determined that if only they will set themselves high goals and then work faithfully towards them, they can finally outstrip their fellows in very definite fashion.

Especially is this so if they can work with Aries people (March 21 to April 21), who have brain-waves but distrust for detail work, or Gemini's (May 22 to June 22), who are quick-witted and full of ideas, but too changeable and idealistic to bring their ideas down to earth.

Capricornians (December 22 to January 20) and Virgoans (August 24 to September 23) are better co-workers still, for they add ambition and method to the association. And

Lingerie by Lustre

LUSTRE LINGERIE is displayed
in your favourite store or
specialty shop in the season's most
lovely shades.

The styles are many and include
Vests and Knickers, Slips and
Kimonos, Pyjamas and Night-
dresses, and of course dainty
Lingerie for kiddies.

The garment illustrated is
a Nightdress in Velvarey
— a Lustre Warp Fabric
of great beauty and
features Warp Lace and
delicate embroideries. The
prices of Lustre Lingerie
are most moderate, and
the quality is of the best.

New Kraft Cheeses

more delicious!

*You'll know them
by their gay new packets!*

FAMOUS KRAFT CHEDDAR.

That golden melt-in-the-mouth smoothness of Kraft Cheddar now has an even finer flavour! New secrets of manufacturing and curing make it possible continually to improve this delicious Australian-wide favourite. Kraft Cheddar is the perfect mild cheese for regular family diet—to use in salads and sandwiches—and to serve cooked in taste-tempting recipes. You'll love it!

WELSH RAREBIT.

It took Kraft to do it! To season a delicious cheese foundation with everything it takes to make the most temptingly toothsome Rarebit you ever tasted—and then to mould it into a tidy Kraft block that you can eat sliced or cooked, just as you please! Melt it and you have the perfect Rarebit (with no "strings" or lumps!) or a Cheese Sauce de Luxe. Spread it on toast or biscuits for Savouries and pop it under the grill till it comes out bubbling and golden brown. And

think how easy it is to use—no mixing, grating or even adding pepper and salt!

A NEW OLD ENGLISH.

Here's the cheese to satisfy those who like a rich, full-bodied, tasty Cheddar! A cheese to lay on a biscuit and to roll over the tongue, relishing it till the last crumb disappears! A cheese with just enough nip in it—just enough zest and tingle and tang! Kraft Old English goes down equally well with a glass of your favourite ale or with a cup of tea—it's a cheese for people who know good food!

NEW KRAFT PIMENTO.

Up to the present the only place to find pimentos was inside stuffed olives! But now Kraft has blended those spicy little flecks of red deliciousness into creamy-smooth Kraft Cheddar and made a cheese to delight an epicure! Pimentos add an elusive suggestion of colourful Creole cookery—if you like flavours that are different but not too bizarre, you'll love Kraft Pimento!



*I give my family
more appetising and
healthful meals at
lower cost—with
these new Kraft
Cheese dishes!*

Just think! It takes a gallon of rich milk to make one pound of Kraft Cheese—no wonder delicious, economical as a valuable concentrated food! Kraft Cheese is our richest source of calcium, essential to teeth and bones, and it contains muscle-building protein, Vitamin A and important milk minerals. And it's as digestible as milk itself—Kraft Cheese dishes should become a regular part of family diet to ensure buoyant health! Try the new Kraft Cheeses today!

TRY KRAFT CHEDDAR IN THIS DELICIOUS VEGETABLE CASSEROLE



VEGETABLE CASSEROLE.

8 small new potatoes
8 baby carrots
1 cup fresh peas
1 small cauliflower (when in season)
1 lb. Kraft Cheddar
2 cups white sauce
Parsley
Cook the vegetables, drain, and place in casserole. Add

sliced Kraft Cheddar to hot white sauce, stir until melted. Pour sauce over vegetables and place casserole in moderate oven until thoroughly heated. Garnish with parsley. Fresh green beans and small onions may be used as a variation.

FREE RECIPE BOOK.

Send to the Kraft-Walker Cheese Co. Ltd., 38 Clarence St., Sydney, Riverside Ave., Melbourne, or 74 Eagle St., Brisbane, for the recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve it"—it's full of stimulating cookery ideas that will give your menus new interest, and it's free!

THE KRAFT MUSIC PARADE —

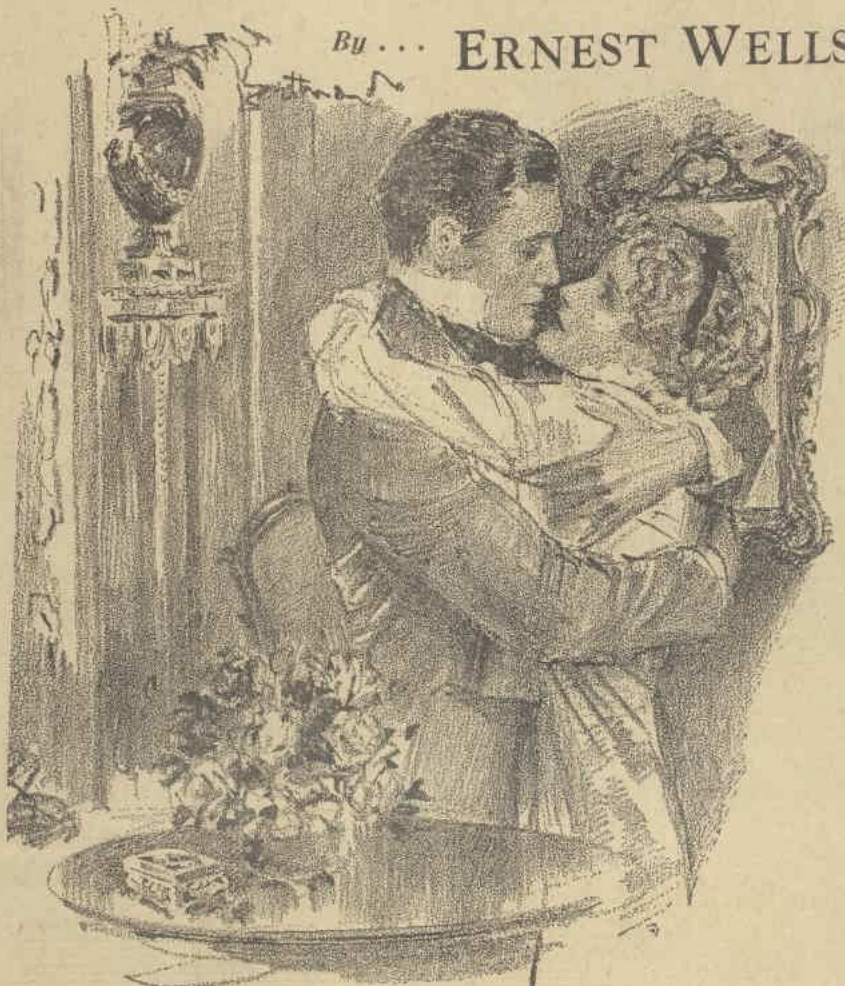
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By ... ERNEST WELLS



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE
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THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST
NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Complete Book-Length Novel

HEMP

By ERNEST WELLS



It was the dusk-time of an autumn day—the time of twilight and of leaves. An ill-made road wound its broken-rutted way toward the city lights, which like stiletto points reflecting fire pricked out the darkness marching from the west.

As the day's twilight fled, the pygmy figures of a man and child came into sight, walking as swiftly as their burdens would allow, and at times pausing while the man, for his greater ease, settled a bulky rucksack on his back. They walked toward the east, and to the lights which glimmered from the town.

His name was Peglar—Jacob Peglar—and the child, whose age could not have been more than six or seven years, was his daughter. That day they had walked fifteen miles. Fourteen the day before. Upon the first day of their travelling, twelve. They walked hand in hand, the man slight and rather stooped, yet striding with the firm step of his hardy kind, and accommodating his gait to the child's own.

He had a thin, nervous face, with a hint of peering puzzlement about a long, peaked nose, and somewhat pettish mouth. A natural kindness of expression was masked to some extent by the large twinkling pebbles of his steel-rimmed spectacles. His shoulders, clad in a dark blue broadcloth coat, curved to the burden of the rucksack on his back; from his crooked forefinger swung a bulging brown bairse bag. In that, all fragrant with a sprig of larch, he carried his small daughter's clothes. Instead of the long, trimmed, polished stick without which at that time the people of his country rarely moved abroad, Jacob carried, at the trail, a thick and sturdy cudgel, quaintly notched, and carved at the top in the resemblance of a woman's head.

The man and his daughter, rucksack and bag and basket at their feet, stood by the roadside. Then, as a shallow cart, drawn by an ambling donkey, drew abreast, they both moved out and, to the hunched-up figure of the occupant, called "Hi!"

Curled in the angle of the side and front boards of the cart, the figure, without answering, swayed and rolled like an unwieldy effigy in clothes. Peglar called again, then trotted after the cart. Moving quite nimbly on his toes, he caught the reins and so induced the donkey to stand.

"Who-ho! Whoa, little one! Janet, the bags! Bring them here. Be quick!" Impatiently he thrust his spectacles higher upon his nose. His face was sweating grimly and they fogged. The nuisance of it made him click his tongue. "Ach, teh, teh," To him within the car he said:

"Good evening, friend."

His answer was a snore—a snore rich, tremulous and long—and the soft clamping of a sleeping man's loose lips. The cartman sighed and grumbled in his throat, and settled farther down upon his sack of peas. Peglar was just about to stand upon the wheel and prod the sleeper gently in his ribs, when the man woke up. He grunted once or twice, stared, and then sat up. In the dim green glow of the slowly-turning candle-lamp, slung from a shaft, the faces of the two men peered, one at the other—the farmer's, in a rueful and dismayed surprise; the little traveller's, in a near-sighted blinking eagerness.

"What—who—what? And who might you be?" the farmer managed to inquire at last, after a dumb, fixed immobility of blank regard of many seconds' length.

"We, that is, my child here—Janet, come here to this side—are travellers to the city. Perhaps you might—that is to say—we could pay you for a ride in, if—he glanced hurriedly into the cart, filled with an indiscriminate litter of turnips, cabbages, and the like—"if you could find room for us."

The moon-faced farmer thrust a hand within his knitted vest and scratched, reflectively, his underarm.

"Travellers? As likely as not tinkers, or trapesing folk." A slow suspicion crept into his shy and shallow eyes. "Where have you come from? And your daughter, friend, where is she?"

Peglar bent, lifted the child, and placed her feet, shod in broad, heavy shoes, upon the wheel.

"This is she. This is Janet," said he. "Oh, why, it's a babe!" exclaimed the farmer, in his surprise. "It's a babe!"

He tilted her small chin with a broad hand which smelt of the soil, and caused her little button-nose to wrinkle in disgust. He scratched himself again. The child stood balanced on the broad hub of the wheel. The little man in spectacles grasped two spokes and waited, breathing softly as he stood. His face, strained in its anxious anticipation, shone like a small and amber-tinted mask.

Now, in the town of D—, and at the far north end of the Great Street, there lived a printer, with his wife and only child. That has, I will concede, a ring of Grimm or Andersen. But so it was. And in the clean-swept Storestræde, fragrant with blowing linden trees, the little man whom you have met upon a road once lived.

He was a brisk and honest soul, of a friendly and gossiping disposition, and grateful to his good wife for well-darned, homespun stockings and linen of a surprisingly laundered freshness. His heart was kindly, and his pale grey eyes were weak. Alma, his wife, was a thin and ailing woman, older by some years than he and inclined rather to resent her own knowledge of the fact. But, for all that, Jacob had in her a very womanly and devoted wife, and a fond and jealous mother to their only child.

No copper kettles in the town could shine like Alma Peglar's. No front steps were so frosty white. No crease disgraced her spotless counterpane. And not a particle of dust was found above-stairs or below. Their evenings in the small, warm sitting-room, when the stove drew, and the great storks called, winging to the south, reflected every happiness and homely joy. For then the little printer, with his child upon his knee, drew to his elbow the candle with its long and upright flame, and, with his type-stained fingertip, traced out an alphabet from the book of words.

Beyond the bridge, which spanned the cool canal, the Silver Shilling Inn leaned comfortably back. The Silver Shilling was a house of note, sedate, and quiet and clean. There, Saturday nights would find the energetic little man serenely drawing at a softly-squiffing pipe, his beer or broendevin before him, flanked by his cronies, Koerner, the notary, the Registrar Nielsen, and, when his wife allowed, Hvidt, the under-magistrate. At such foregatherings they spoke sententiously of policies and rulers, and of States. And sometimes (with labored detachment and occasional glances to the door, as though they hoped for eavesdroppers) of women, too. But it was talk of principalities and kings in which they most indulged.

For they were times of revolution and momentous change. In the famous little Cabinet of the Tuilleries there sat a small fat man, where, in the boyhood of those good Danish bourgeois a large fat one had sat before. The smoke which rolled up from the battle in the Sound had scarcely cleared away. The citizens spoke often of decrees. Three pennies on or off the price of cheese gave men good food for thought.

By virtue of his trade, the printer Peglar was regarded as oracular, although at those quiet evening gatherings the plump, well-nourished Hvidt, by usage, undertook the exposition of the law. Sometimes his law was good: sometimes it was not unlike an ill-matured wine—very bad.

Alma Peglar died in childbirth when Janet, her daughter, was seven years old. Thereafter poor Jacob's matters and affairs went all awry. A swollen sheaf of writs and one or two small executions, at a time when he wanted nothing quite so much as quietly to settle down and take a slow stock of his forty-three years of life, forced him to seek the counsel of his friends. The upshot of it was that, having had a letter from his dead wife's sister, who had married a London maltster fifteen years before, he resolved to emigrate, and cross to England.

By his wife's death he had become entitled to the equivalent of some four hundred pounds. In due course his share was paid. And, in response to the deep and quietly singing chord which struck within his provincial soul and said "voyage out," he sold his business and furniture, and from the proceeds discharged the greater

part of his debts. To Hans Wensel, the pastor, he gave his wife's clothing.

"For the poorer folk," he said. Two chests of personal effects (some books, his clothing, and an ancient tryptich, once his grandfather's) he corded and dispatched by stage to Copenhagen. Then, shaking Hvidt and Koerner and old Nielsen by the hands, he set off on the Monday for the capital, a three days' journey off. Once there, and before taking ship to London, he could stay with his friend, Ernst Jensen, the type-founder, whose workshop stood upon the Quay.

His daughter's hand in his, he passed without his native town, and through the toll-bar down the road.

Upon the Monday and the Tuesday nights they slept at roadside inns. On the third day night fell and found them yet some miles from Copenhagen. On that last stage they rode with Jorgensen, and in his cart, bowled in cabbages to which the dew still clung.

THE clattering of barrows on the kidney stones, the shouts of porters and of urchins busy unloading wains and wagons ponderously rolling in, roused Peglar from his sleep. His feet were cold. His hands were stiff. The damp and crinkled bowl of a large cabbage heart pressed clammy upon his face. He stirred and raised himself, and in the grey light of early dawn saw he was in the city market-place.

He clambered stiffly to the ground and awakened Janet. She, by the marks upon her face, had woken incomprehensibly, and in her sleep, as children sometimes do.

As he placed the rucksack on his back and gathered up the basket and bag, he looked about him for the man who drove them in. The child was yet but only half awake. Arms hanging limply by her side, she swayed upon her feet, with drowsiness which pathos made its own. Among the hundreds in the market-place, lined in an orderly arrangement of small stalls and carts, he had poor chance of finding Master Jorgensen, and, indeed, saw him no more.

So, at a nearby stall, Jacob bought pasties made of fish and allspice, and from a farmer's pink-cheeked dairy wench, a small pitcher of warm milk for his daughter and himself. She, now quite wide awake, strained at his hand and urged him faster to the harbor side, where, like the shuttles of an immense and faded loom, were moored innumerable fishing-skiffs, bobbing in ragged rows.

Then, having breakfasted, the pair of them set off to find the type-founder, Jensen, whose shop, you will recall, stood on the Quay.

Inquiring here and there from one and then another as they went, they pressed their way through the crowds upon the boarded sidewalk, which echoed hollowly beneath their feet. At other times they paused for the child to press her beaming face against shop window-panes. This was a new experience for her and one of which she made the most. But in good time they reached the type-foundry.

Jensen, good fellow that he was, in a torrent of almost breathless words of welcome, half pushed his visitors up the narrow wooden stairs to the dwelling-rooms above. His breath labored. His round face shone with joy. He was an hospitable man.

"Hey! Ah! Four! Bertha! Bertha! It is the good Peglar! Peglar! Hey! You in there—it is Peglar come to see us!"

He shouted to his wife, who bustled in, dusted with flour, her faded fair hair

looped in wisps across her broad forehead. In came their children, too; all five of them: the girls in colored frocks, short-armed, and open at the throat; the boys in corded breeches and high caps.

The table laid, and box beds airing for the guests, they sat at supper, a noisy cheering meal, through which Jacob talked and chattered in such a content of happy spirits as he had not known for many a long day. The beer sank lower in the glazed blue jug. The pickled cabbage and the white cheese went their way. Then, the meal concluded, and the children's thanks to father said, the little printer and his host drew to one side.

Jensen, a burly, homely man, with broad nostrils and a heart of splendid, simple charity and understanding, was not at all encouraging in his opinion of Jacob's prospects in London. Oh, no, no, Jacob. The more he thought of it the less he liked it all. He urged his views very strongly.

"And," said he, with his huge hands square planted on his knees, "what, I do ask you, my dear friend, what, I say, do you know of the English, and of their abominable language?"

"Little enough, indeed," replied his listener, spreading his feet far apart as he sat. "But in this place I have neither kith nor kin. Old times are past. New customs are taking root. And it says here—"

—he tapped his small chest gently, with a pathetic gesture of extenuation—"it says here: 'Go out, Jacob. Go out. Be not at all heart sore or afraid.' Very well, I will, I and my Janet with me. As for that language of those English, I learn it. Eh? Oh, I will learn it, never fear. Eh?"

He rolled his little head in a complacent confidence, but Jensen, filled a pipe and kept his mouth pursed tight.

"In London," continued the small printer, taking a birdlike swig of beer and swilling it vigorously round his mouth. "In London I will say to them—'Der King Gott bless.' And they will tell me—'Roan' te corner.' Eh? No? Yes?"

He wagged his head again and breathed deeply and courageously.

Jensen, faced with such resolution, made no further protest. But in the succeeding days his good wife made and cooked innumerable puddings and pasties for the travellers' refreshment on the voyage. Alice, the youngest daughter, gave to Janet a little clock of miniature pine-logs. Its face was gaily painted. Two small pine-cones served it for pendulum weights.

As the small barge which bore them to the vessel in the Sound drew out, stout Jensen's honest eyes filled up with tears. So did his wife's. In a sharp, ringing falsetto, Janet shrilled messages of farewell down a widening lane of water, through which the setting sun had thrust a blade of golden light. By that the little printer knew with an absolute certitude that for the last time he had trod his native soil. He stood, a small, cloaked figure, on the barge, waving mechanical and puppet-like farewells, until the watchers on the shore, their eyesight sadly blurred with tears, turned back towards home.

THROUGH the interest of his brother-in-law, the maltster, Jacob Peglar found employment as a type-setter in a printing establishment in Cripplegate, and in six months had learned sufficient of the English tongue—"that abominable language"—to serve his ordinary requirements.

He took cheap lodgings near by, and for some eight years worked painstakingly and laboriously. Such education as his daughter had, he gave to her; and a naturally keen receptiveness of mind enabled her to acquire a far more facile knowledge of their adopted language than he at any time possessed. That, inevitably, she gained acquaintance with the pungent Cockney argot of the quarter in which they lived, could not be helped. Jacob, poor man, was not in any way to correct her. He aged but little. But Janet grew, and gave an early promise of that peculiar beauty which she had in womanhood.

He made, withal, few friends. Upon a Sunday afternoon, he shaved with all the satisfaction of a man whose week's work was well done. He pulled his lip this way and that, the while he hummed short staves of the old folk-songs of his own people.

Then, in a well-brushed coat, with brown cloth trousers buttoned at the foot, and decent shoes and stockings on his feet, he took his daughter's hand. By many turns, down many streets, and having crossed Blackfriars Bridge, they walked out to the maltster's house.

There, while the women drank their tea, twittering the small inanities beloved of their sex and class—babies and dill-water, bonnet-strings and cake—the men drank porter poured out of a can, and smoked and talked.

Now, upon one such Sunday afternoon, Jacob met his compatriot, Jorgen Andersen, the same who, years before, had left his father's clockshop in old Copenhagen and run away to sea. He was a tall, impressive man, bearded and massive, with a flashing eye and heavily-built head. To the sober, cautious men in the maltster's dining-room, redolent of the dull smell of the working malt, he told strange tales. Tales wild, and quite incredible, but, in the main, all true.

That evening Jacob walked his homeward way in thought. But when he wet his thumb and finger-tip, and quenched the candle in his small bedroom upstairs, the restless little voice within his breast still chattered garrulously on, and quite incessantly said: "Out. Go out. Go forth again. Go out." He grew abstracted as the weeks went on. His daughter growing up, he wondered, what of her? On either hand in this maelstrom of London men starved for bread itself. The conception that the new world to the south held an existence of more amplitude for him grew like a gourd-tree in his thoughts, and almost overnight.

He sought out Andersen again, and many times. His ears were greedy and his heart thumped manfully as he heard of the splendid opportunity and scope for honest energy in the great new land. "Go out," it said. He would go out, and see what lay for him and his down there.

They sailed from Gravesend on 12th May, 1826, with forty-seven other free settlers, in the ship *Mary Stewart*, and, early in the following November, went ashore on the landing-jetty in Sydney Cove.

Within a week Jacob set up the small plant which he had brought with him, and went about a living by job-printing and tuition in "the elements of book-keeping for young gentlemen proposing to enter a career of commerce." So his pasteboard window-sign had it. Janet was then fifteen. Her eyes were tawny, with the color of new wine. Her thick-curled hair gleamed like a pile of sombre Trojan gold.

ARCHBOLD! JOHN CUTCLIFF

The name was called down to the cells from the court-room above. The turnkey, with a thick and grubby forefinger, stirred the man seated on the bench, whose head had jerked up when the name was called, in a manner suggestive of a startled horse. He rose, and, turning, clanked beneath the stone lintel of a door.

With slow footfalls he climbed the stairs, and so, into the dock.

Light clustering chestnut hair enhanced the balance of his well-poised head. His face, marked by a singularly smooth modelling in its lines, was neither weak nor vicious, yet the suggestion of a defect lurked about the mouth.

The case which it lay upon the Crown to prove—"beyond all reasonable doubt," as his lordship would, within a very little while remind them—was quite unique, both in its simple definition and in the degree of moral turpitude which it disclosed. In brief, as the jury had already heard, the prisoner at the Bar stood charged with the forgery of a will—the will of his late uncle—and with a full intent to profit by that crime, had improperly and by criminal means, obtained a large sum of money on the false representation of the document's genuineness. Forged it and uttered it, in short.

"The prisoner's parents died when he was nine, but his uncle, a man of high repute and commercial substance in the city, adopted him, and in all practical respects was a father to him from that early age. Who of the jury?" Mr. Serjeant Bullock asked, "has not heard of Mr. Archibald Makin, the rope merchant?"

"The deceased gentleman fed the prisoner. He clothed the prisoner. He educated the prisoner. And the prisoner was well assured of opportunity for entering his uncle's business, and by diligence and good conduct, acquiring an interest in it."

"In the week following the late Mr. Makin's death the prisoner, as you shall hear, gentlemen, called upon Mr. Adrian Snarll, a solicitor practising in London Wall. That gentleman he instructed to extract probate of a will represented as that of his deceased uncle, and to Mr. Snarll he handed that instrument. Subscribed as witnesses to it were the names of Hames, Bates, and Banks, members of the staff in the house of the late Mr. Makin. We say, gentlemen, and we shall establish it to your complete and utter satisfaction, that this document was a most flagrant and impudent forgery!"

"That document, gentlemen, we say is the forgery on which the prisoner stands his trial to-day. And on it we allege, moreover, that he obtained no less a sum than eight hundred pounds in cash!"

The serjeant sat down and blew his nose in a loud trumpeting squeal. The gallery, momentarily relieved from the necessity for a strict silence, broke into subdued and disordered conversation. Presently the serjeant rose again:

"Call Mr. Adrian Snarll."

A moment later the attorney entered, his black beaver hat slipped between his doekskin-covered fingers, and in his other hand a thick cane mounted with an ornate gold band.

Yes, he knew the prisoner. It was a fact that he had received certain instructions from him on the twelfth of April last.

"What, now, were those instructions, Mr. Snarll?" asked the serjeant. "Or, better, be so good, sir, as to inform the Court of the business discussed between the prisoner and you."

"The prisoner called at my office, m'lord, and asked my clerk whether—"

Even and mellifluous, the judge's voice spoke again from beneath the dark-shaded canopy:

"You might, I think, Mr. Snarll, confine yourself to the prisoner's conversation with you, not with your clerk."

The witness bowed and smiled in obsequious ease. The judge smiled, too, gently, as one who had, with consummate good taste, administered rebuke.

"The prisoner said, 'I am the sole executor and beneficiary under the will of my uncle, the late Mr. Archibald Makin, who died the week before last.'"

The witness stopped.

"Yes, Mr. Snarll, yes?" prompted Mr. Serjeant Bullock, with his eyes upon the jury.

"He said, 'I want you to get me letters of administration of his will.' He said letters of administration, but I understood him to refer to the probate. He handed me the will—or what he told me was the will—of the deceased."

"Did you," inquired the serjeant, "read that document?"

"I did, sir."

The serjeant shuffled swiftly among the papers on the table, lifted a sheet, and beckoned an usher to take it to the witness in the box.

"Tell me, Mr. Snarll, is that the document which the prisoner handed to you?"

The attorney took it in his hand, glanced down the page, and returned it to the waiting usher.

"Yes."

"My lord," said Serjeant Bullock, "I propose putting this document in."

The recorder read it, passed it down to the clerk, and settled back again in dim obscurity. On the sworn evidence of the lawyer, the prisoner called on him again within four days, and, upon the security of what purported to be a written charge on the estate, obtained an advance of eight hundred pounds. With patient certitude and practised prompting, the serjeant spun his web. Then, in succession, there came and spoke their testimonies, Hames, Agnes Bates, and Banks.

Hames, in examination, recalled among other things that he "witnessed" what the deceased gentleman said was his will, on the evening of the twenty-fifth of March. He, the witness, had not read it. Yes, he saw the signature, "Thos. Hames," on the paper shown to him. Was it his signature? It probably was. Come, could he not be sure? No. It looked better writ than usual. Could he write? Yes, he could! (somewhat truthfully). No, he did not know the late Mr. Makin's handwriting. The house-keeper and the butler were more definite.

With Hames, they disclosed that they were summoned to the library, where, in each other's presence, and in that of the groom, they "witnessed a will." They did not read it, nor did they know its terms.

Tense and confused, the three sat for the remainder of the trial in the enclosure for examined witnesses, the groom, from time to time, regarding Archibald with a sympathetic eye.

They called for the soberly-dressed and middle-aged solicitor, Mr. Alan Bayldon, and, after him, an expert in handwriting—in private occupation he

was a bill-clerk in Coutts's Bank—spoke incisively and to the point. The signature on that (the will alleged to be a forgery—Exhibit A) was not, in the witness's opinion, written by the person who signed, "Archibald Makin," on this—and this—and this (all of them letters signed by the dead man shortly before his death). That was, of course, his opinion. Any reasons for the opinion? Assuredly. Could he give them? He did.

JOHN ARCHBOLD

spoke. With the first words, his voice, silent so long, broke on a ludicrous falsetto note. The gallery laughed outright. This was, my coveys, splendid sport! But within a moment it regained its usual smooth fullness and he continued.

It was, he said, quite true that for many years his uncle had maintained him. And it was also true that his habits of—of—extravagance had caused an estrangement between them. Mr. Makin had threatened to disinherit him—on several occasions. But always there had been a reconciliation within a few days.

The servants had spoken the truth. But the will they had witnessed was the only will he knew of.

The will he took to Mr. Snarll, he had found—in his uncle's desk in the library. Certainly, he—the prisoner—did not write it. Nor did he write any of the signatures on it. He did not forge the signatures. He believed—how could he think otherwise?—that Mr. Makin wrote and signed that will, although now he knew that it had been revoked by that executed in Mr. Bolden's—Bayldon's—office. Himself, he thought his uncle meant only to frighten him, and made a pretence of disinheriting him in Mr. Wolff's favor.

The judge inclined his head and asked him had he more to say.

Archibald had not. Did Mr. Serjeant Bullock propose to address? The serjeant rose. If it pleased his lordship, no. But three questions he should like to ask the prisoner.

"Prisoner, be so kind, pray, as to attend to me. You were present when Mr. Makin, on the twenty-fifth of March, wrote out the rough memorandum of the will in Mr. Wolff's favor?"

"Yes, I had—"

"'Yes' is sufficient answer. You were present?"

"Yes."

"You heard the deceased state that the new will was to be drawn in those terms?"

"I heard him say—"

"Did you, or did you not, hear him say that 'Come, sir, it is an answer I want.'"

"Yes."

"Very well. Why, on the evening of your uncle's death, and when you were in the library, did you remove the will from a desk drawer?"

"I wanted to read it. I knew it would be there."

The serjeant's heavy brows came down.

"Was the drawer locked?"

"Yes. But my uncle kept the key on a small hook underneath the desk-top."

"And—I think you have told us—you thought the proceedings in the library that day, when the old will was destroyed and the rest of it, were a device merely to 'frighten' you. Is that it? Is that what you suggest, eh?"

"I—yes—I thought so—"

"Now, sir, let us have none of your equivocation, if you please. Is that what you suggest to the jury?"

"Yes—if it is."

The sergeant sat down with an inaudible comment and the recorder commenced and ordered and well-balanced summing up.

At five o'clock they brought him up again, as the jury filed back into their seats. From a door masked by tapestries of scarlet cloth, the judge walked in.

The herded gallery crouched close. Archbold stood upright, and it seemed, quite undismayed. A mirror, placed to catch the light, flashed pale reflections on his head. But from a great distance he could hear the troubled rushing of a wave borne hurriedly on by a great wind.

"How say you, gentlemen? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The wave reached up and threw a pall of darkness over all—the blurring figure in its blood-red swathes, the jury, and the crowd. It hung between the world and sky, a world which spun a thousand times too swift for the slow pulsing of his freezing heart.

"Guilty!"

The wave burst in a great spout of roaring sound, and carried, unreeling, on its flood, his consciousness and pain.

They stood him on his feet. In a smooth formula of words, the judge asked him if he knew of any reason why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He shook his head. The sentence was pronounced. The crowd stood up and craned their necks as, slowly, step by heavy step, he passed from their sight and down into the first of his two graves.

AS day succeeded day, Archbold waited for the summons to come forth—the summons which would bid him stand with pinioned arms upon the scaffold floor. From the money which he had, he sent out for a copy of "Don Quixote"—always a favorite of his. He rode, all unsuspected, with the adulated knight (whose blazonry was pathetic, after all) and with him, shared his fat, droll, bearded squire. In a new-found renaissance of his spirit he discovered, in the pages of the book, more of himself than he had ever guessed existed. He dwelt in a new world of thought, applying its lesson to himself.

On the thirteenth day, he heard outside the footsteps of more men than one, and standing up faced those who came for him. The governor, the chaplain, and a turnkey. But, since His Majesty, King William, had a mind to clemency, their mission was not that which he expected. "Prisoner" said the Governor, a hollow, clerkly man whose eyes and hair seemed almost of the same bleached tinge of grey—"Prisoner—I am come upon a pleasing mission."

"It is His Majesty's pleasure, Prisoner," resumed the Governor, "that you be reprieved the penalty of death, ordained for such as you who break the law."

"His Majesty's further pleasure, Prisoner, is that you be transported beyond the seas to the Colony of New South Wales, there to be kept in penal servitude for a term of seven years, and upon pain of death, to return no more into the United Kingdom."

The Governor coughed again, folded the warrant of reprieve, and looked John Archbold in the face.

"You owe the King thanks, my man," said he.

THEY had named the long crooked street after the old king. That was, of course, long before he became cracked and made a nuisance of himself to his family and equestrians at Windsor. Strangely enough, though, it ran a long and winding course, with all the slow volutions of an old and sick man's brain. Down to this day the old street winds and turns.

From Sydney Cove it wandered generally south and west, with cottages and shops and inns on either hand, and past the barracks on the western side. Past King Street mounted at the summit of the hill with the Church of St. James and the convict barracks, built by the dour-faced Laird of the Mull, Lachlan Macquarie, the great governor, the old street bore its course, hard by the burying-ground and out beyond the brick kilns on the dusty hill.

Beyond more little hills, down Taverner's, and through the open countryside to Parramatta, as the Great Western Road, it twined. Beyond the great iron ramparts of the mountains, turning and winding still, it passed out to the broad brown plains and solemn rivers of the Virgin West.

Within the town it was a strange and fascinating street, and, in its mottled sways of shade and light, most picturesquely quaint. By day it echoed to the creaking groan of laden bullock-drays, the rattle of the coaches with the mails, and the innumerable carriages and carts which carried merchandise and people to and from the town. By night a multitude of whale-oil lanterns made it a thoroughfare of pleasant mystery.

Below Bridge Street, and by a little lane called Rodman's Court, a shady place which smelt with all the chilly freshness of a well, there stood a narrow-fronted house of brick. It had two floors, peaked with a gabled attic at the top. The front door opened on three steps to the street. The sandstone steps were scrubbed. The open shutters on one side showed a hint of fresh chintz-patterned walls within. Above the door, a narrow sign was fixed, and upon six days in the week, was heard the clacking chatter of a small machine inside.

Within the house the light was dim, save in a room upon one side, which faced the street. There, in a litter of paper scraps, tools whose wooden handles shone darkly from their years of use, and trays of type, a small man stood at work.

While he worked he chattered to himself in a quiet and running monotone. In the centre of the room an old man, gnarled and twisted like a very ancient tree, stood and worked a hand-press. He grunted as he put his weight upon the lever bar, and when the gleaming plate came up, he twitched the paper off and placed it neatly on a nearby heap. The little man in spectacles looked round to see how much the twisted man had done.

"I think," said Jacob, "that will be enough, Sheehan. Pack them up, now, and take them round. But"—the ink-stained finger of his left hand stabbed at the air with an amusing emphasis—"but, not on no account will you leave them without the money."

Jacob untied his apron with long and plant fingers, thrust up his spectacles upon his nose, and with a brisk step walked down the narrow passage and out into the yard. In its cool shadiness, paved

with rough flags and green with many full-leaved plants growing in halves of casks and wooden tubs, he washed himself beneath a gurgling pump. A splendid, kindly tree grew in the yard. It made a pygmy of the little man beneath its mighty bulk.

Whistling almost soundlessly, he vigorously scrubbed his face and arms upon a jack-towel hanging by the door, and rasped it round the front door open. And he heard it close. Firm footsteps climbed the narrow stairs. Hearing them, Jacob went into the small dining-room, whose window opened on the yard, and since his breakfast-time was near, put on an old brown coat.

There, sitting in a splash of warm sunlight, which streamed in through the window at his back, he pulled his spectacles down on his nose and read the Wednesday's issue of the "Courier." It came out thrice a week. Sneath was the editor and proprietor.

A round table was laid for breakfast. The cloth was white, and, in two places, very neatly darned. Two fresh, brown loaves smoked faintly underneath a napkin. Outside, the sun crept slowly round in vivid, orange pools of dancing light and myriads of madly-whirling motes. They caught the little printer's drowsy eye, and watching them, he dozed and fell asleep. Down in a small lane at the back, a lazy cart creaked by. In George Street rapid footsteps came and went and wheels, soft-muffled in the dust, turned ponderously on their way.

He failed to hear her as her footsteps sounded on the stairs, and she found him sleeping, his chin sunk in his collar, his spectacles awry.

FATHER! Father! Oh, you're asleep, and it's past nine o'clock!"

Lightly she ruffled up the grey hair at the back of his head, and softly tweaked his ear. Startled, he raised his head, and, for a moment, looked bewildered, and very much like a small owl bemused.

"Janet, my dear, I have been sitting here only five minutes. And, yes, I am very hungry."

She pulled his collar straight, then stooped and kissed his nose. From her thick flaming hair the sun struck dancing gold, and when she raised her face her strangely colored amber eyes sparkled, shining with radiant health. Jacob stood up. He stretched and yawned, and with a cat-like gesture rubbed his hands across his face. Janet hurried into the kitchen, while, in a pleasant abstraction of the mind, he paced about the little room.

As she cooked sausages, he heard her singing to herself, and in a voice which had in it a strange and haunting quality, quite undefinable. Not beautiful, perhaps, but in its low-toned nuances it laid upon the listening ear a sense of gentle languor and content.

They sat at breakfast—the printer, hungry, after three hours' working in the shop, and Janet pink and joyous from her early-morning marketing. Her small square teeth bit like a healthy squirrel's into warm, brown bread, and made its crust crack like the sound of dry corn trampled underfoot.

"I saw Sheehan down in Pitt Street, father. He looked as cross as two sticks. What had you said to him?"

She raised her eyebrows and her red lips parted in a smile. Jacob looked up

and tapped his knife upon the edge of his plate.

"Sheahan, Janet dear, forgets at times that he is an assigned servant, and swears altogether too much about things that he hasn't any right to—*to—to—to—to*— He fumbled hurriedly for a word, and concluded: "To swear about."

Janet raised her head and laughed, a rich, joyous little laugh, which rang out with the music of a bell.

"Oh, father, dear, you are too funny when you get lost like that!"

Her face fell back into repose as though a shadow passed across the sun.

"But, daddy, I heard you on Saturday; you were scolding him dreadfully. Afterwards, I heard him crying to himself. You see, dear, he is such a poor, bent old man."

She toyed with the handle of a small, blue jug. The eyes with the suggestion of sleeping flame in them softened magically in compassion.

"After all, dear, I know him ever so much better than you ever could."

Then she laughed again.

"He taught me to swear, for one thing—"

"Prut, prut, my little girl—"

"Now, please, you will not interrupt me." She admonished him in a mock severity of tone. "Because, if you do, then I shall not tell you any more. Yes—"

She smiled mischievously as she stirred brown sugar in her cup with an ungentle and rapid twirling of the spoon held in her firm hand.

"Yes, I get the strangest swears from Denny."

Janet jolted his chair back. His eyelids flickered in astonishment. She cautioned him to silence with a raised forefinger.

"And then, his fairy tales! Oh, the queer old man! He talks at night to little leprechauns, he says, and is always afraid of seeing the banshee."

With a gasp of delight she recollected something, and, elbows on table, wriggled luxuriously in her chair. Jacob twined honey on his knife-point and spread it thinly on a crust.

Jacob smiled. In a fragrant little flurry of muslin, she came round and sat by his side.

"Sheahan, dear," said he, "is a very queer old man, and I like him a great deal. But he has done—don't forget it—some very evil things in his day."

She interrupted him.

"I know that, daddy. He killed a woman once."

Her face relaxed in grave, soft lines. Her eyes looked pained. For a few minutes both of them, the printer and the girl, sat quiet, until she spoke again.

"But let's not speak of such a thing. It's all so very long ago. And now he's such a battered little man, and so very fond of you. Daddy, I've heard his tales of the old days. They've made me cry at night. Once, too, I saw his poor old back. Oh—"

Her hand closed sharply on her father's knee and Jacob patted it, his kindly small face puckered up.

"There, dear," said he, "You have no need to worry. Sheahan can live his old days out with us. He knows that, I think. Sometimes I find myself looking at him and wondering what his life might have been. He came out as a boy of eighteen in one of the early fleets. Dear, dear, a long, long time it is." He mused a while.

From that, another thought occurred to him.

"We have been here, ourselves, five years."

They heard the old man's footsteps echo down the passage to the kitchen, where he took his meals.

"Ah, that reminds me," said Jacob, looking up and half-turning toward the window at his back. "Sheahan tells me that another transport has come in."

"Yes, I heard it when I was out," the girl replied. "Father, when will the people at home stop sending those wretched men out here? Ship after ship, year after year. All full of unhappy souls in that awful muddy grey, with eyes that always look as though they blame us."

Her own golden colored eyes smouldered. Through the window a perfume of jasmine crept in from the courtyard and lingered like a soft caress.

"The time, my dear, did pass long ago. But I doubt me they will stop these many years." He brushed crumbs from his knee and made to rise. Glancing up quickly then, he said:

"I think I will buy Sneath out."

"O H, father, how pleased I am! Ah, you're a cunning old scamp, sir. Every day, for I don't know how long, you've gone out to see that Mr. Sneath, but never a word to me. And a newspaper, too! So now you'll have your wish, at last."

She leaned her elbows farther over on the table, arranged small lines of crumbs upon the cloth, and blew them helter-skelter, with a puff.

"And how much will you give for the business, daddy?"

"For the business," the little printer answered her, "I will give Sneath just four hundred pounds." He said it determinedly, and as though he had schooled himself to a lesson. "And not one farthing more."

He ran a thumb and forefinger around his pointed chin.

"No, we shall not move from here. I will get a man, later, to help me with Sheahan. But not yet. I can do all that's wanted for a while."

He smiled broadly, in a boy's way, and chirruped to a tabby cat which moved with silent steps across the floor.

"Yes," he continued, "I shall print the paper here, in Rodman's Court. Why, it will be like old days again at home! I have grown tired of job-printing, day after day. But now," he clapped his hands and rubbed them briskly on his knees, "now—the newspaper! The 'Courier'!"

He ruffled a carefully laundered shirt-frill with his hand and set his spectacles up higher on his nose.

"And now, Janet, my dear, I must be off."

With unburied preciseness, Jacob folded his napkin, pulled down his cuffs, and rose to go.

"I must go out, too, daddy. I promised Susan Thistlethwaite that I would call round first thing this morning. I'll be done very quickly."

She helped him change his coat and kissed him before he went. Then she packed the dishes on a tray and took them to the kitchen.

"Denny! Oh, Denny!" she called to the little bondsman as she went.

The old man answered her from the stone store-shed at the back.

"Comin', Miss Jhanet. Comin'!"

"Denny," said she, in a most portentous whisper, when he came close. "Denny, you old scamp, you were drunk last night. Come, now, no fibs. You were?"

"Phwat! Me? Miss Jhanet, how could Oi tell yez the loi? 'Tis no, sez Oi. Divil a drink did Oi 'ave, save wan black portner at the Arms, whin Oi wint out wid 'is honor y'r feyther's letter. 'Tis the thruth, so 'tis."

"I don't believe a word of what you say. Here, take this cloth and wash up while I dry the plates."

He rolled his sleeves up and set about his work. Standing by the frothing dish, and no higher than the girl's shoulder, he looked more like a wizened gnome than ever.

"Tell me, Denny, the transport that came in this morning—is it a big one?"

"A toidy ship it is, indade, Miss Jhanet. Oi've heard tell. They build 'em bigger livery year."

"And what's her name, Denny?"

"Her name? Her name, yez says? Och—oh—begosh! A sad, bad name it is, as Oi did take the face to tell 'is honor y'r feyther this mornin'. 'Tis the Lorrd Protector. Ah—pah—the Lorrd Protector! Phout!"

In his indignation and disgust, he spat unerringly into the dish of suds and plates. Then, peering in, he looked surprised.

"Why, of all the dirty— Flings that water out at once and put fresh in!"

The dancing mirth in her golden eyes belied the severity of her tone. The little Irish renegade, still incredulous of his own reckless temerity, looked up adoringly at her, as, in her fresh girlish beauty, she scolded him. She teased him lightly on the transport's name; and asked him had he seen more leprechauns and little coddgers. His eyes lit up.

"Ah, them?" he answered her. "Last night Oi did hear 'em caperin' about the ovid shed. Lapin' and gimerackin' too, so they were, fit to wake the dead!"

She let him chatter on until his pants were dried, when he limped back to the workshop, and soon the clacking of the press rose above the street noises outside. Because the day grew warm, she dressed in a fresh-patterned muslin, and, stepping from the three steps to the street, soon became lost among the many people passing up and down. A chain of men, iron-fettered, bent and labored at a drain. But so used were the citizens to seeing iron-fettered men at work that they stopped to regard them. Janet, a basin on her arm, walked briskly on her way, smiling sometimes at acquaintances she passed.

She went along George Street and stopped a while to see the new sheets in the window of the music shop. Then, at the corner, turned and continued up King Street, lined upon either side with small neat shops. Two soldiers, jacketed in red, and flushed with rum, ogled the girl above their high leathern stocks. But she, unheeding, walked the little hill which King Street climbed, and passed the courthouse and the church.

There, at the corner of Macquarie Street, and by St. James', a straggling crowd of people of the middle class were drawn across the road. They blocked her way. Of a portly matron, then, whose red, moist face was almost lost in the shadow of an immense coal-scuttle bonnet, Janet asked what the people there were waiting for. The woman turned.

"Convicts, ma'am. From the new ship." A few smallurchins scampered noisily across the street. The sentry at the convict barracks stood like a brightly-painted toy. The high sun gleamed upon the buckle of his pipe-clayed belt, and lingered, glittering, upon his bayonet's point. High on the cabled barracks wall, a clock, whose hours were figured out in gilt, struck a shrill, vibrating note. It was eleven.

Far down the street, a faint cloud of dust was seen, like red smoke hanging low, and, in a minute's space, the sound of footfalls of many men fell on the ears. They marched in fours, and in three blocks of men, and, when the escort looked another way, some called out ribald jests to people in the crowd.

The girl in patterned muslin stood still, her rosy underlip caught lightly in her teeth, and watched the pitiable men in ugly grey slouch past. They all had wool-len caps upon their heads. Someone called "Tom!" A man whose face was clown-like in its dull vacuity stopped momentarily and stared. His stupid face lit up and smiled, until a soldier joined him viciously in the back and urged him on.

In the third squad there marched a tall man with his head held high. His cap sat boyishly upon his close-cropped crown. As he approached the group of which the waiting girl was one, his eyes met hers, and held them in a full regard. He strode four paces on and still looked in her face. The little teeth bit deeper on her lip. Her glowing tawny eyes dilated, and as quickly veiled. Obeying a strange impulse, which caused her quickened heart to throb almost to pain, she lifted up her face, that light might strike beneath her bonnet brim, and smiled at him.

Slowly the girl turned back and made her way home.

Rapidly mounting the steep staircase, she entered her bedroom, a neat and ordered little room of starched, tucked frills and fragrant lavender, threw her bonnet on the bed, and fell upon her knees, a flushed face prisoned in her hands. Tears started through her fingers and trickled on her wrist.

"Lord, oh, Lord!" she whispered hurriedly through sobs. "I've never asked Thee for much. Not very much, at least." The fingers of one hand made meaningless small pleats in the coverlet of her bed. "But, why, now, why must they bring him like this?"

It was a heartrending whispered colloquy she held with Him.

"Now, please, dear Lord, that I may have him for my own; and soon, perhaps? It does not matter that his cap is wool-len and his clothes are grey. But do not let it happen that he go away. Because it would hurt so."

"And, oh, don't let them hurt him. Don't let them. Don't let them cut his back like Denny's. Let it be always me that's hurt. Me—I could stand so very much."

THE little printer and his daughter sat alone, a deep-bowled lamp between them on the table top. In its glow their features were marked in blurred and shadowed lines. A small coal fire burned softly in the grate and threw a flickering reflection from the copper kettle muttering on the hob.

Jacob, his slipped feet out-thrust to feel the warmth dozed in a rocking chair,

the arms of which had been worn black these many years. His spectacles were slant upon the tip of his nose, and by drooping hand there lay a crumpled newspaper. He sighed and worked his stockinged toes contentedly, then settled deeper in the chair. Janet sat by the table edge, within the full gleam of the lamp. In the rich light her stooped head smouldered ruddily, but when she lifted it, lamp-glow suffused her throat.

Jacob sat up and looked across at her. Hearing the creaking of his chair, she turned.

"Father," she spoke in a low and hesitating tone which caused him to look more keenly at her—"father, I saw the men—from the transport—going up to the barracks to-day."

"Ach, and not a very pretty sight to see, that," answered Jacob, as he picked up the news-sheet and commenced to fold it upon his knee.

"How did you come there, my dear? Were you with Miriam?"

"No. I had gone up King Street, and was there when he—they—were taken past."

Presently she asked: "Denny won't be enough for you when you take the 'Courier' over, will he, Daddy? Or will you take the men that Mr. Sneath has now?"

Jacob stood up, stretched himself, and sharply tapped his foot upon the floor to restore the circulation of its blood. He pulled his mouth round in a wry grimace and shuffled up the little room and back.

"I don't know that yet," he said. "Perhaps two of us, with Sheahan, could do it. Three certainly could."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Why, my dear, have you someone—a candidate—in your mind?"

"Me? Oh, no, father! Oh, no!"

She leaned across the table, whose oval surface glowed like a great polished jewel. The amber eyes, half-veiled looked down.

"Daddy, why didn't you ever get married again?"

The question, falling like a plummet on a line, almost shocked the little printer in its simple directness.

"Eh? What's that, eh? What's that? Me? Married again? And, missy, for why should I. Eh, just you tell me that, if you please."

He took his glasses from his nose and fell to rubbing them upon his sleeve. He looked confounded, and inconsequently went on, speaking in a high voice, as a man will who is suddenly confronted with a startling prospect.

"Your mother was a good woman—a remarkably good woman. You know, when she died, I was the little one's nurse. Now, if it comes to that, the idea of marrying never entered my head. I had the family to keep." (An old joke of his, this, whereat she smiled with him.) "And when the family grew up—you are a big tall girl, Janet, but plumper than Alma, your mother—I say, when the family grew up I wanted nothing but to do my day's work quietly and sleep without the feeling of a stranger in the house."

"But, Daddy, I am twenty, now. What of you when I—if I—get married?"

"Ah, yes"—he sat down rather hurriedly and looked infinitely woebegone. "I think of it a great deal, dear, indeed. At night. Twenty. Are you twenty? Tut, prit, so you are."

He seemed perturbed and apprehensive at the shadow both had conjured up, and seeing him in such plight, Janet came

closer to his side, and, with her knees beneath her chin sat by his feet. She seemed about to say more, but the little grey printer's abstraction and immobility as he caressed her hair and stared into the fire bade her be silent. Quietly, the two of them watched crimson grottoes in the grate.

THEY sent John Archibald in his gang a-hewing stone, carving the Argyle Cut—a gloomy shadowed place behind the area they called The Rocks. It is so called until this day. About this place short narrow lanes, squalid and dismal, laced their crooked ways.

Twelve months had passed with lagging feet, their passage measured by the iron tooth of his polished-handled pick in the unyielding stone. By day, and every day, the overman walked up the line, sat in a shaded corner, and walked back. And slowly, in those heavy months, the men wrought at the narrow alleyway, which carved its slow and sombre course, cut through the living rock by iron and straining backs and calloused hands.

Nineteen composed the gang. Bellows, at first, was one of them. The overseer's name was Bowles, a crafty man of small spikes and petty malevolences. The other men who formed the clinking chain, for their greater number, nondescript and vicious scamps—a fair sample of the system.

Although, in his outward appearance, Archibald had changed comparatively little—although the keen blue eyes were still steady and clear, the rigor of the oppressive discipline, and a thousand affronts to the man's innate self-respect, had hardened his lips, the lower one of which jutted slightly out in an almost sardonic fixity, and engraved their own inevitable marks.

Bellows, who had become his friend in that soul-searing time on the Lord Protector, pulled a crow-bar and worked close behind. And high above their heads small backyards flaunted skimping lines of clothes. Throughout the day people passed up and down to Windmill Street, a lowly quarter given up to laborers and artisans. Higher up, on the hill, and farther to the left, were Prince's Street and Fort Street, where merchant families, lawyers, and others of the genteel class, had prim, snug houses built of brick or stone. There, too, was the Military Hospital, which, in the later days, became a famous school.

Archibald, himself, had realised—who better qualified, indeed, than he?—that the brutalities and vices of the system of which he was a living part, had, by almost imperceptible degrees, insensitised the finer aspects of his mind. Not that he had lost anything of mental vigor, or of accurate and rapid comprehension. But there could be no doubt that the subtler facets of his intellect were clouding; and he knew it very well.

Since that first day, when the tall girl in the muslin frock, which looked so cool and cheerful in the sun, had smiled at him as he marched from the Cove and up the hill—the girl whose eyes were glowing with the color of hot gold—he had seen men, not once, or occasionally, but incredibly often, flogged with a shocking barbarity of ritual and vindictive vigor for infractions of discipline, themselves absurd. And, since nature seldom takes, but that she does not give some compensation in return, there had grown

quietly in his heart the slow-forged temper, which, for want of a better word, you and I call character. Morose? At times. Resentful? Sometimes that. But at all times, patient, against the day when he would enjoy some measure of personal freedom, whether by concession or, since the thought had more than once occurred to him, escape.

In a word, he had grown formidable: because he had learnt the great and abiding lesson—how to wait. Perpetually his thoughts turned back and travelled down the year since he stepped off the swaying gangway of the Lord Protector and set his foot upon the jetty steps.

Many and many a time the incident of the girl who smiled at him recurred to Archbold's mind. And just as many times he built the scene and saw the steeped-church's bricks glow warmly in the sun. Silent and taciturn, seemingly all-absorbed in the dull sameness of his tireless work, he strove to re-create in every detail her face and its expression, and her dress. Sometimes he looked upon the buildings, clustered and rising from the Cove, and with an inexplicable and painful quickening of the heart, reflected that she dwelt "down there." That she might, months ago, have left the colony, or gone inland, or even died, did not occur to him.

Slowly, laboriously, the Cut crept on its way, and, in the night hours, brooding in dark and deep-massed shadow shapes, lay like a dumb thing, resting and softly panting after the scarifying of cutting iron.

Archbold, and those who worked with him, toiled doggedly in heat and rain, with curving backs and dusty feet wide-set, spurred to their labor by the overseer and by the menace of short rations or the whip. From time to time white-trousered soldiers clumped in their thick boots down the hill.

Then came the dismal winter rains. They swept and pattered on the seeping, muddy clay. Bellows began to cough. He tried too easily. With dull foreboding at his sinking heart, creeping unbidden like a ghost across the landing of an ancient house, John Archbold flinched to hear him in the night.

"**B**ELLOWS," he said one day, when Bowles, the overseer, was farther up the line, "why don't you go sick, man, and have a spell? You can't go on like this, you know. Go sick, I say."

"Sick?" replied Bellows, in a broken voice. "Sick? And lie in that infirmary? Not me, Archbold. No. Out here it's not so bad. There's the sun, for one thing. But down there—" He jerked his head towards the far side of the town. "Down there a man goes in, and just as surely dies. Besides, the place stinks of coffin shavings."

So he referred to the convict hospital, over in Macquarie Street. He leaned upon his ponderous bar, breathing painfully and hard. His pasty face grew moist with sweat. A scarlet flush spread on his cheeks. Into the hospital poor Bellows simply would not go. But in a fortnight's time the man's condition was too evident to disregard. Bowles slowly walked along the jingling line and then stopped short. For a time he watched Bellows plunging the bar down with a short clang and jarring shock upon his hands.

"Look here, you fine boy, you," said

he, "I've had my eye on you for long enough. You're loafing! D'ye hear me?"

He stood with his hands in his coat-pockets and thrust his sharp-featured ferret-face forward. Bellows lifted his grey face, slightly shook his head, and drove the bar down again with a pathetic energy. The exertion set him coughing again. Bowles watched him narrowly, and through a screwed-up eye.

"You're malingering, any more of it, and I'll give you something to cough for!"

The overseer gave a spiteful imitation of the man's coughing and the chain of men giggled nervously. Archbold swung his pick savagely and grunted when it quivered in the stone. Behind him, he heard Bellows speaking in a bloodless tone, as though he were a long, long distance off.

"No, sir, it's not malingering," he said. "But, somehow, I can't work as I used to. I think my lung's touched with the wet."

He coughed again, spat, and wiping his stiff lips with a fragment of soiled rag, looked at it and held it out for Bowles to see. Bowles saw.

"Blood, eh? Then what is the matter with you? You was a doctor, wasn't you?" Bellows dropped his bar and stood erect. His drawn face worked convulsively, betraying his resentment of the confession. His eyes, deep set within their bony sockets, glowed.

"Matter?" he retorted with a short laugh. "Matter? Matter enough. I've got consumption."

The overseer started as though he had been stung.

"Consumption!" Momentarily, he knew an inexpressible and faint stirring of his heart. With a gesture intended to be kindly, he poked Bellows in the ribs.

He turned. Bellows was also intently gazing down the hill, leaning abstractedly upon his bar. Quietly, within the frayed and rotten jacket which he wore, his dry breath rasped.

"Then," said Bowles, bestirring himself, "you'll go to the infirmary. No time for lame dogs here, you know." He laughed and looked confused, harboring crude compassion in his breast.

"I'd rather not, sir. Much rather not," Bellows dropped his voice and held the overseer's eyes. He spoke urgently and with a latent enfeeblement in his voice. "Look, I know all about this. My mother died of it. I'll die of it, sure enough, too. But, if I've got to—why, it isn't such a bad exchange for this slavery, is it? And listen, sir, why can't a man die here? Out in the open air. Infirmary? I know all about infirmaries. Whitewash and poultices. Besides—"

"All right. All right. That's for the doctor to say. Get on with that now."

John Archbold worked without conscious effort. Men will when shocked; or when the shadow of a fear is drawn across their hearts. Bellows to die? But, Lord, that wasn't possible. Confronted with the likelihood, he utterly refused to entertain it. Men do that, too. Bellows could go into the infirmary for a while, and when he came out, discharged, get an assignment as a servant out at Windsor, or, say, upon a farm at Campbelltown. But not too far away.

"Hey, Bellows."

"What's that?"

"Don't you be such a fool. Go into hospital. Are you listening? When you get out—wait a minute—when you get

out they'll give you a ticket. That's sure. Then you'll be set up. You could set up as a sawbones, eh?"

He grinned cheerfully over his shoulder. But Bellows only grunted. He quite lacked his friend's resiliency and detached acceptance of their position, and in the past year had declined into a stolid hopelessness.

"If I go into that infirmary, Archbold, take it from me, I'll leave it in a wooden waistcoat."

That evening, when the smoky dusk came down, the chain of men tramped stolidly downhill, crossed George Street and the hollow-booming little bridge, and so up to their barracks for the night. As they passed through the stone-flagged kitchen and received their rations, Bowles, who stood talking to an officer of the military guard, nodded towards Bellows' stooping back and said:

"That's him."

Bellows, next morning, was called from the line, while the toll was being called. As the gang moved out, he stood aside and just inside the gates. Its two leaves closed. And in a sharply-narrowing perspective, he saw them winding down the hill. He saw Archbold's battered cap and wished to cry. His eyelids stiffened. There was a bitter taste within his throat. He waited in the yard until the surgeon had had his morning meal.

"**U**MPH. Now let's have a look at your eyes. Hum-m-m."

A small clock ticked quite savagely upon the mantelpiece.

"Now, here. Breathe, man, breathe. What's that? Hurts? Oh, hurts, be hanged. Now, again. That's it. Yes. Once more. Lift your arms up higher. Is that where you say it hurts? Well, try again. Yes, yes, yes, go on. I see. All right, button up."

The surgeon, a thick-necked man subject to asthma, rapped the other man's thin, rib-marked chest. Without a word he washed his hands. The tall gaunt fellow with his jacket off followed his movements with a steady stare.

"It's in my left lung, isn't it, sir?"

"Eh? How the devil do you know that? Ah, yes, yes. You're—you were—one of the faculty, weren't you?" He made the quick correction as he moistened a quill-point in his mouth. Then he sat down and wrote some four lines in a rapid sprawling hand. Up in the left-hand corner was a mystic R. He turned in his chair and handed the note to Bellows, who nodded understandingly.

"Well, now, look here, my man. You're in a pretty sick way. We'll see what a week or two by way of a spell will do. Take this in to the superintendent of the hospital and they'll do their best for you."

So Bellows had his spell. He lay in the infirmary until the late autumn, when, racked and coughing, and not quite in his senses, he spat up the last fragments of his life. He died one morning, when a grey mist, sweeping from the river, swathed the town. They buried him in the rain.

Bowles, as a mute expression of his sympathy, gave Archbold Bellows' bar with which to work. But when he plunged it singing in the stone, he thought that he could surely hear Bellows' hard cough behind him as he worked. The fancy haunted him. For eight months more the other men carved out the somniferous Argyle Cut. But they could only make a pit of it in which the gladsome sun-

light never shone. Its walls were stark and frowned in daylight as they did by night, save for a dappling of light which lit the entrance as a torch might light a tomb.

Archbold was taken from the gang before the work was done. Indeed, soon afterwards, the men were brought away, and the Argyle Cut remained incomplete for many years. Upon the morning of a winter's day he walked with his long stride down George Street, past the semicircular quay and to the gaunt stone commissariat stores erected by the sturdy one who thought that any man who cared could be a worthy citizen, no matter what the ship was called which brought him out. A few thought differently. Perhaps their sympathies lay overmuch with sheep?

Instead of the familiar creased leather forage cap, he wore a broad felt hat. Trousers and jacket were of grey. His left hand was thickly bandaged; and as he walked, he kept that arm pressed close to his side. Three weeks before one of the gang had struck a great sledge upon a bar which Archbold held. The heavy head glanced from the thick burred iron and smashed two fingers of the man's left hand. They amputated the fourth finger at the top joint.

Arrived at the dark stone building with the long gabled roof, which still stands on the west side of the Cove, he presented his note to the senior clerk. That officer, stooped, bilious and bleak, with pale, near-sighted eyes, and trousers tight-strapped over blackish boots, sent him up to the foreman. The foreman set him whipping rope.

The old convict told off to work with him, called Dicky Dan, bent his bowed shoulders as he wrenched the lashing tight. Archbold, at first, could only use one hand, and held the twitching ropes ends still as they were bound. Later, and for a long time afterwards, he sat upon a trestle-bench, his legs crossed tailor-wise, and dexterously twined waxed whipping round frayed ends of new white hemp.

THE "Courier" changed hands. For just "four hundred pounds, and not one farthing more," Jacob had purchased it of Sneath. The plant and fittings, type, newsprint, goodwill and all the right title and interest thereto belonging and appertaining. So the indenture of assignment had it.

After innumerable advances upon Jacob's part, and all the sniping skirmishing which forms the essential prelude to these transactions, both parties found themselves, late on a winter's afternoon, in the office of the solicitor, Thomas Dobenny, Esquire. A wax-blotched document upon the wall proclaimed him gentleman. Solicitors, you must know, receive that imprimatur of repute upon their admission to practise. Comparatively few could claim it later in their lives.

Dobenny, a plump man rising forty, with a high complexion, had a small and genteelly dingy office in O'Connell Street, not so far from where the Pulteney Hotel stood upon the corner.

Small time was wasted in the interview, this day, and in exchange for his plump roll of Bank of New South Wales bills, large, stiff and white, Jacob received his deed. He ran his bright eye over its meticulous engrossment on the soiled-smelling green parchment, and smiled.

"Well, Mr. Peglar," said the solicitor, as his clerk wrote out a receipt for costs in the outer office, "so now the responsibility for our news will fall on you?"

Jacob moved in his chair, and, in so doing, accidentally kicked his tall hat by the table-leg. He picked it up and brushed it carefully.

"Yes, yes, indeed, Mr. Dobenny. Of course, newspapers are not altogether new work to me. And then, there is our young friend, Bannister, with his little effort, the 'Colonist'."

"Oh, no, my dear sir," interpolated the late proprietor, Sneath. "Mr. Peglar is a newspaper man to his finger-tips."

"And interesting work it must be, I'll be bound," continued Dobenny.

"Not a doubt of it. But wearing; very wearing. After all, as our friend Peglar knows, it is a great care, and the newspaper is a fair target for any and all sorts of criticism. I suppose that, if it were not for the satisfaction one has of filling a public need, it wouldn't be worth while carrying on. That is its one great consolation."

Sneath, a married man of early middle age, and with a Mrs. Sneath and seven little Sneaths of varying ages and dimensions to keep, sighed dispiritedly.

"And the advertisements," said Dobenny, mischievously. All three laughed. "Mr. Sneath is right, Mr. Dobenny," Jacob went on. He pursed his lips and thrust his spectacles up with a quick twitch of his hand. "But when all is said and done, it is a fascinating work. Some day, here, we will have a very great city. For, mark you, this yet will be a great country. Great? Unquestionably. Great. And where to-day I own the 'Courier,' and Bannister, his 'Colonist'—although, to tell the truth, I do not know how long that rag will run—in our grandchildren's day there will, perhaps, be ten newspapers such as mine."

He sat up straighter in his chair and wagged his little head and waved his hand. His voice was raised a trifle as he spoke.

"And speaking of a public need—there is a public need for the newspaper if the disgraceful convict system is to cease, and if New South Wales is to be something other than Great Britain's cesspit, for the rest of her life."

"Aha, deep water there, Mr. Peglar. Deep water, there, I'm afraid," retorted Dobenny, inwardly cursing his clerk's delay with that receipt. "Still, I wish you all the good luck in the world with the 'Courier.' I suppose you'll be taking Mr. Sneath's men over?"

"I do not think so. Not yet. I have a very capable man. And then, of course, there is my daughter, Janet. Have you met Janet, my daughter? No? She will give me such other help as I expect. I shall want for a time. No, I don't think I will take another man. Not just yet. I do not wish to fill my printing shop with assigned servants. But later—later—we shall see. Besides, I am, you know, a particularly active man. Particularly active. Indeed, I am as good as two."

Soon afterwards, they went their several ways. And Jacob's took him home to Rodman's Court.

SHE heard him open the front door and hurried down the stairs to greet him. Anticipation, keen and joyous, irradiated from her vivacious face.

"Oh, father, is it done? And is it ours?"

"Done? Done, dearest? Done? Is what done? And is what 'ours'?"

"Oh, you are too tiresome. Is all the business done? With Mr. Sneath?"

"Ah, the business—" The little man's eyes twinkled, and as he took her in his arms his own trembled for very love of her, and for the future joy which should abide in Rodman's Court. "Done, of course it's done! And I—." He struck a mock heroic attitude, held her at full arm's length, then drawing her in close, kissed her warm eyelids with his eager chattering lips. "I—I—I am the 'courier.' Ha, ha!"

Father and daughter had their evening meal. Denny removed the plates. When Jacob told him of the purchase of the "Courier," the little Irishman's face shone. He skipped, and with his head upon one side, expressed himself with point and an unwonted brevity.

"Arrah! The devil yez 'ave? Phwat-o!"

They heard him singing in a cracked old voice, washing the dishes and the pots.

"And now, my dear, to business."

Jacob assumed a deep tone of voice, and with a heavy step, unusual with him, paced up and down the floor. Janet sat sewing by the table. The needles in her work-basket lay quivered in faded velvet shone brightly like a little garden row of silver plants. Upon her left hand she had drawn a sock. In cheerful garrulity, the printer talked his plans.

"First, I must arrange for a man to do the town for news, say, every second day. Ah, yes, I had forgotten: I must have one to bring in word of ships as soon as they are sighted at South Head. Then it will be for me to go down to meet them. . . . And the press. . . . And the newsprint. . . . And the trays of type!"

When Janet asked him, would they be removed and brought to Rodman's Court.

"On Tuesday," Jacob answered her. "The press can go into the workshop we have always used. I'll make an office of the room behind. There'll have to be a doorway knocked in through the wall. Dear, dear, how very hard I'll have to work! And what a busy time there is in front of us!"

At ten o'clock they paused in their planning and chattering, while Janet spread their supper of pigs' trotters and chitterlings. He ate in absent-mindedness. But she made up for that, and laughed and waved her fork to drive home new ideas and points occurring to her mind. She would learn to set type. So would his grandsons, Jacob answered her. But at that sally he laughed alone.

For, in a shadowy intrapience there rose the vision of the grave-faced, blue-eyed man who strode with head held up. No dawn, indeed, but found him, spirit-like, beside her bed. No dusk but brought to her the cadence of his soundless voice.

Jacob's grandsons. Ah, that it might, in days to come, be so.

"But you are not listening, my dear."

"Oh, I—was—just—dreaming."

Just dreaming. She roused herself and bent her lips into a smile which hurt. And so, the "Courier" changed hands.

If you, as I have done, will read some early numbers of the "Courier," you will gain some idea of the enormous enthusiasm and unremitting care which Peglar, the printing man,

put into his new possession. For this one thing, you understand, the little man had plotted, planned, and waited many a day. All the exuberances of his kindly and discerning mind, all the keen instincts of his craft, had yearned for this means of his self-expression. And into it he threw himself with an unstinted and surprising vigor of the heart. He was, indeed, as he had often said, as good as two. In one long day he filled a multitude of parts.

The "Courier" was published on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week. Most of the copy Jacob wrote himself, mumbling and whispering as he worked. Then, in the late afternoon, his shabby smoking cap upon his head, he scanned the galley proofs, writhing and rustling in long festoons, down from the ink-splashed table to the floor. Standing upon a box for greater ease, Janet set up the sticky type; long primer for the leading articles, minion for news, and for the classified advertisements, nonpareil.

Sheahan, all sweating and harassed, worked the tall press. It stood some six feet high, and for a trade-mark had a brazen screaming eagle at the top. The trade would know it as an old "Columbian." It played a sturdy part in those days of the baby "Courier," but just as well the cranky thing is out of date. It took a tough man's brawn to bear down on that heavy bar—and not slack up. And, from the day when Jacob bought his "courier," time became precious round in Rodman's Court.

The placid old days, with their quiet and even hours—the days whose time was broken only by the crunching of a bullock team's great wheels, the rattle of a cart, or the clip-clopping of a horseman's stirrels in the street, were gone. Gone never to return. No alchemy, nor hope, nor wish could ever bring them back. And still the wheel which bore these people on turned ponderously round.

The little printing office and the passage-way resounded to the tread of many feet. For that meant business. Jacob must need, also, keep in a closer touch with all his friends and citizens and townsmen. In the Supreme Court's hollow corridors, down at the waterfront, in banking chambers, and, sometimes of an evening at the Theatre Royal, he became a familiar and respected little figure, garrulous and oddly dogmatic in his views and bustling importance.

Upon the nights before the "Courier" came out, they worked long hours—Jacob, shortsighted and enervated; Janet, red-faced and breathless; Sheahan softly swearing to himself, and trying to avoid the printer's eye. The little living-room saw many pleasant evenings, too, when Jacob's friends, and Janet's came round and talked about the many things which had a passing interest in their lives.

And with it all, in some small space of time, the paper took a newer footing and a healthier one. Slowly it commenced to show a small return for all the care and labor Jacob had put into it.

"This, dearest," he said often to his girl, "is success. And soon will bring to me—and thee—prosperity."

To his close friend, old Solomon Link, the shipping agent, who had his ware-houses and office down in Sussex Street, he boasted with a boy's vainglory, over their mugs of beer.

"I knew it. I knew it, Solomon. I knew we could make a success of it. And, Solomon, haven't I, now, eh?"

"None of us ever doubted that you would, Jacob. But how the deuce you do it is what I can't make out. You must be so shorthanded. That old boosier, Flaherty—O Tools—what's his name? Yes, that's it—Sheahan. Well, Sheahan can't be worth much; and as for that slip of a girl of yours—"

"But, Solomon, my Janet is not a slip of a girl. Why, damme—bless me, I mean—she's a grown woman. And strong! Ach, you should just see her crush an apple in her two little hands!"

"My good friend, my poor friend," answered Link, a grizzled master come ashore, "has it occurred to you—pass your mug. Yes, there's plenty more. Has it ever occurred to you that your girl won't always be satisfied with printing newspapers—nor even with crushing apples in her little white hands? Crushing apples. Pough! Crushing rats!"

HE laughed, and rapped his pipe out on the bottom of his chair. Jacob looked down into his beer, but did not answer him.

"Anyway," Link continued, "you'll not tell me, Jacob, that she hasn't some trim young fellow in tow? Young Pete Schofield, now, eh?"

Jacob smiled. He was on safe ground here, at least.

"Schofield? Oh, my dear Solomon, most decidedly not. Oh, no. Schofield is certainly round a lot, but my Janet says—hel hel hel—that he reminds her of a watch without hands—all face and nothing to say."

"Now, don't you be too sure, Jacob. I know women. Why, before I married my Minnie, didn't she tell her friend—what the devil was her name? Pride? Proudfeet? Proudfoot? Yes, Emmie Proudfoot—that I was a wearying old noodle? But she married me, didn't she? What about that? What are you smiling at, Jacob?"

"Me? Oh, at the idea of Janet and that young Schofield. No, Sol, there's no one she likes well enough to take any serious interest in. You may be certain of that."

"Goes out a lot more than she used to, don't she?" pursued the remorseless Link, who quite evidently enjoyed Jacob's discomfiture with the conversation.

"I don't know about 'more,' Solomon. She needs the exercise, you know. No, thanks. Eh? Is there enough there? Very well. Thank you."

The cool beer lapped and gurgled in their gullets. Sol lit his pipe again.

"I saw her tripping down the street yesterday," he said, "looking to left and right as though she expected to see someone. But, at all events, Jacob, marriage or no marriage—"

"Ah, Sol, don't think I'd take my girl's marriage amiss. Indeed, I shouldn't like you to think that. So that he be a solid young fellow, and good enough for her, then, my blessing on't. I say. Well, her health, Jacob, and yours, too."

"Ah, by the way, Solomon," remarked Jacob, on his way to the door, "in a few months I'll be bringing the 'Courier' out every day, except Saturdays and Sundays." He rubbed the nap of his hat upon his coat sleeve and regarded the shaven critically.

"That'll be a proposition, won't it? D'ye think it would pay?" The burly shipping

agent in the tight-seamed coat spat and ground his foot upon the floor.

"Pay?" Jacob answered him. "Pay? I'm sure it will pay. After all, Sol, as I see it, anything will pay if it satisfies a public want, and is worked honestly. Why shouldn't it pay?"

He turned in the doorway and smartly rapped his hat upon the crown. The blow rang hollow, like a dwarf's drum.

"Then, if it's so, Jacob—and I wouldn't doubt it for a moment—I'm sure you'll do well by it. Speaking of doing well, you remember the Yankee, Abel Storr? He was in the year before last..."

"Storr? Storr? A little man with sandy hair—"

"Oh, Lord, no! Little be hanged. A gorilla, with black hair. He trades his own ship, the Helen Storr."

"Ah, yes, yes. To be sure. Of course. His wife, the charming little woman sails with him, eh?"

Link cut the end of a cheroot with his teeth and lit it.

"Don't know so much about the charming little woman part of it," he said, between spurts of blue smoke. "A tidy enough craft, she is I suppose. Have one? Sure? However, that is the man. A tough rough customer he is, too. But I'll do a fine thing by him when he's next in, if he unloads the stuff I told him to bring."

"I do not like him," Jacob said, with emphasis.

And, having reached the street door, a step below the pavement level, he shook Sol warmly by the hand and hurried off. But not in that same easy and contented mind which had been his when he was on his way to Sol Link's crabbed little office.

Short days drew into weeks and months. As regularly as the harbor tides, which washed in, paused and travelled back, the paper printed in the small workshop by Rodman's Court came out and passed from hand to hand—by coach and horseback—to the utmost limits of the colony.

And, as the time wore on, watching the "Courier" grow lustier and stronger, the years' wheel took two full turns round.

It rolled, not only over those who worked in Rodman's Court, but over the grave, stern-faced man who was the foreman of the Commissariat Stores, hard by King's Wharf. That he had been appointed to that post (one of no little responsibility) was a fair tribute no less to his methodical and thorough work than to the measure of respect which he had earned, and justly earned, from his superiors. Said the chief clerk to him, on his promotion:

"Do the job thoroughly, Archbold, and although it isn't, of course, for me to promise—there will be every prospect of a ticket-of-leave in the near future."

"Thank you, sir," he had replied. "I'll give the best I can."

He had. Thenceforth, John Cutcliff Archbold was marked for a ticket of leave. There came a day, when with a list of Government remissions on the bench before her as she worked, Janet, with dexterous, ink-blackened fingers, picked out the shining brevier and set it up.

PUBLIC NOTICE

FOR TICKETS OF LEAVE

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Sydney.

8 June, 183—

The undermentioned prisoners of the Crown have obtained Tickets of Leave since the last notification appeared:
Sydney—

Glover, Percy Howlett; Geddes, Andrew; Archibald, John Cutcliffe—And so forth.

With the treasured yellow slip of paper in his hand, Archibald could have shouted in the glee of his emancipation. He was released from the dread bondage of as much a spiritual circumstance as of an actual and corporal detention. And never more, in all his life, to go back to the British Isles? No sane man, in his proper senses, ever would.

"WANTED—An able-bodied man with some education. Competent to assist in setting up and generally in conduct of newspaper. Experience in the trade preferred. Must be willing. Live on premises. Apply this office, after noon, to-morrow or Thursday."

"There, I wonder who will come?" Janet put her head on one side and submitted the block to a critical inspection. She pressed the gleaming type more compactly, turned the key, then went into the room behind. There, Jacob sat huddled over his table, his spectacles precariously perched upon his nose, while, muttering a senseless gibberish, he scanned the proofs for the next morning's issue. Early that evening the "Courier" would go to press.

Janet picked up one of the rolls of closely-printed matter and, with a pair of scissors, cut it in sections as the little printer passed it across the table to her. He glanced up once, but did not cease his mutterings for half an hour or more, when the oncoming darkness of an approaching storm made it difficult to read. Then she leaned back against the table edge and stretched luxuriously.

"It is a lot to put in one issue, isn't it, dear?" she asked.

"Ah-h. Still, that won't worry us for long, will it? You saw to it that the advertisement went in?"

"Yes, I did," she replied. "And to-morrow afternoon I'll stand at the door and pass the able-bodied, educated ones in."

She giggled in a mischievous recital of the wording which Jacob had composed. He took it in the best of humors.

After shaving, Jacob shook out his dark green coat and put it on. As he did so, Janet ran panting up the stairs, and, tapping gently on the door, called out to him to make more haste. He wiped his glasses on the corner of the stiff-starched coverlet upon his bed, and then went down. Outside, the night was chill and wet, with swiftly streaming rain. It swept up from the south, and brought with it the tang of bruised green seaweed dashed up on the coast.

In her small bedroom at the top, the girl stared out, unseeing, at the night. She knelt before the streaming window-glass, her knees upon a cedar box draped with cretonne, and with a half-smile on her face seemed to be hypnotised by all the rushing turmoil in the sky.

A passer-by, the only one in sight within the street, bent almost double to preserve his balance, and with his black cape drenched and flapping in the wind, reached the front door and hammered on it with his fist. In the commotion of the gale he might, for all the noise his heavy knocking made, have been a figure out of Chinese pantomime. In a white blaze of shuddering light the houses in the street, the rutted, puddled road, and the caped stranger striking at the heedless door, stood out in an unearthly glare. And vanished into dark almost as tangible as cloth before the face.

The rattle of the thunder-clap had caused the girl to fall, almost swooning, to the floor. She groped her way towards the door upon her knees. Then she staggered up and flung it open wide. Her hands close-pressed before her face, she swayed upon the landing, deaf and blind and dumb. Stunned by that ringing thunder blow, Jacob came out, and in alarm commenced to climb the stairs. He met her coming down, and looked aghast to see the strained and shocked appearance of her face.

"Janet! Janet, my darling! What is it? Come—"

"No matter, father dear. It is the noise. It frightened me. But—ssh—there's someone knocking at the door, to get in. There it is again!"

Jacob turned round to hear. In a quiet lull the stranger's blows rang booming on the door. They heard him raise his muffled voice.

"Hey, there! Hey! Anyone at home?"

The voice was drowned and swept away in the fierce pelting of the rain and roaring wind. Jacob hurried to the living-room and seized the lamp. Holding it high above his head, the dancing flame tossing a wild pageantry of writhing shadows on the wall, he unbarred the door, and with his foot braced firmly against it, to prevent its leaping inward with a crash, opened it wide enough to let the stranger in. The gust and scud made the old pictures on the walls leap back and forth. In one stride, the caped man, drenched and shining, stepped inside and put his shoulder to the door. The wind roared and the lamp blew out and stank.

"Ah, Mr. Peglar, I'm sorry, real sorry, to knock you up like this. But, 'pon my soul, I couldn't fight my way another step."

He stripped his dripping cloak from his shoulders. Jacob put the smoking lamp down on the floor and fumbled for a lucifer. He struck a light. The small white blaze, ragged and crackling, threw yellow light upon the stranger's face—a spiteful face, and like a rat's, with its thin, indrawn underlip. His dark and close-set eyes gleamed in the light. The water from his sodden hat-brim drained noisily upon the wooden floor. It formed a dark pool at his feet. Like blood, Jacob led the way into the living-room and set the lamp back on the table-top.

"Yes, yes," he said, "as you say, it is a dreadful night. I cannot remember a worse. But, excuse me, I think—have we—I do not think I knew you, Mr. —"

The man who sought a shelter from the storm stepped closer to the fire, blowing upon his hands. He wheeled about.

"Oh, yes, we have. You've forgotten. I brought your man, Sheahan, down when he was assigned to you. I'm senior overseer up at the depot. Bowles is the name."

He turned back to the fire and, upon Janet's entry with a dish of eggs, nodded towards her in a flashy style.

"Good night, my dear."

"Good evening, Mr. —"

"Bowles, at your service, Miss Peglar. I was just thanking your father for the good chance that brought me here out of that hubbub outside."

The wind and rain still raved. Indeed, the rain fell more heavily. The fire hissed and spat angrily as the great drops fell from the chimney on the coals. Again—like blood.

"Mr. Bowles, Janet, dear, was—weather-bound, and has come in for a little time. You will not have remembered him. He is—ah—an overseer up at the barracks."

Ed? Oh, yes, yes—my carelessness—yes, the senior overseer, Sheahan—"

"Oh!" (Janet looked at Bowles in a manner he found disconcerting enough.)

"Yes. I have heard of Mr. Bowles, from Den—from Sheahan."

Bowles, in his crassness, smirked. He must be better known than he had thought.

"Sheahan, eh? A tricky little dog, that—take it from me. I had my own doubts when he came here. Still, I suppose you keep him pretty well screwed down?"

He looked from Jacob to his daughter, then at the well-spread table from which there rose a savory and appetizing thin grey steam.

"Sounds as though the rain has set in for the night," he remarked. Janet made no suggestion that he share the meal, but Jacob, while at ill-ease with his unwelcome stranger-guest, thought it the least thing he could do. The three of them sat down. Bowles masticated in a hurried, champing fashion, and smacked his lips. Perpetually his rat's eyes flickered, glinting, left and right. He could not talk enough of his connection with the convict gangs. It was the occupation of his days—and of his nights.

"Well, there you are. And there's nothing like keeping 'em up to it, Peglar. Nothing like it. Every man jack of the idle swine. They're all the same. Gosh, don't I know 'em too well. I suppose, by now, Sheahan's got most of your silver in the pawnshop, if you only knew it. Ha, ha!"

Janet turned on him in a white fury of scorn. Her glowing eyes and quivering nostrils so startled Bowles that he jumped in his chair. Jacob had a wooden expression on his face, but his weak eyes behind their thick spectacle lenses gleamed in an unwonted fashion.

"Pawnshop, Mr. Bowles?" the girl passionately exclaimed, her voice throbbing with anger. "Pawnshop? You mean Denny—yes, that's what I call him—Denny. You think he'd steal from us? Why, he's been everything honest and devoted since he first came here! Oh, yes, I know everything you could ever tell me about him, and more besides!"

THEN, in a storm of rageful sobbing, she left the room and went into the kitchen. Bowles looked a picture of sheepish stupefaction. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned in an embarrassed manner at his host. Jacob ate stolidly.

"Well now, Peglar, can you account for women?" he protested.

"You have upset my little girl," answered Jacob, his eyes still resolutely down-bent. "It was not proper to speak so, in front of her. And another thing: I do not like it myself, either."

Bowles felt foolish under this downright rebuke, and a slow flush of annoyance suffused his mean face.

"Oh, come, no offence meant. And I am hanged if I meant to hurt the girl's feelings. Sorry. Apologise, and all that. Newspaper keep you pretty busy?"

"Very, very busy."

"I read that article of yours on transportation last Friday."

"Ah, you did?"

"I did. Yes. But I'm hanged if I think you're on the right track there at all. Why, man, if they stop sending 'em here, what's going to be the upshot of it? I mean, where the devil can they go?"

Jacob cleared his throat, raised his eyes, and looked at Bowles with no particularly amicable regard. His forehead slightly puckered in annoyance.

"Where these unhappy men should go," Jacob replied, "I cannot tell you. The earth is, surely, very large? But I am not alone when I say that the time has long come when they should no longer be brought here. You may shake your head, Mr. Howles, but mark my words—the day that will see this horrible system ended in this colony is not very far distant. And to that I bend my efforts. I and my 'Courier'!"

Howles laughed—a pettish, sarcastic laugh, which annoyed Jacob intensely. However, in due course, that uncongenial meal drew to its end. They both rose and drew their chairs close to the fire, one upon either side.

"**N**OT though," said Jacob, "that the experience is altogether the necessary thing. Tell me, can you work hard? Because, this is a place for hard work. I, myself, now, am a very hard worker, but that, perhaps, is because I am a particularly strong man."

The printer, sitting by his old table in the little office, drew himself up and, if it must be said, looked rather ridiculous. Archbold, looking down upon him, checked a too-ready impulse to smile. He shrugged his broad shoulders boyishly and raised his brows.

"I am quite used to hard work, Mr. Peglar," he said, "and very hard work at that, as you can see." (He nodded towards the folded yellow document on the table, which Jacob had forborne from opening.) "And here I have a reference from Mr. Trivett, the Chief Clerk of the Commissariat Stores."

Jacob read it carefully, and, inwardly, was quite delighted that his first impression of the tall blue-eyed fellow so coincided with the chief clerk's manifest opinion. Archbold went on:

"I'm sure that in a very little time I could pick up enough knowledge of the paper, and of printing, to be of real use to you. And I'm strong and active, as well."

"I'm half-inclined to say 'yes' now, Archbold, but that wouldn't do at all. Oh, no, not at all. My daughter, you must know, is the real manager of the 'Courier.' A very hard woman she is, too. At all events, sit down. She should be here at any minute now. Yes, Sheahan, what is it?"

"Misther Link to see y'r honor. Shall Ol be bringin' 'im in?"

"Ah, yes, Sheahan. Bring him in here. Stay—ask him to be good enough to wait for just a minute or two."

Jacob looked at his enormous silver watch. He shook it once or twice and put it to his ear, then, excusing himself, went out to see old Link, who slapped him on the back and laughed to see his glasses almost jolted off his nose.

"Well, well, Jacob, more than a week since I saw you last, my boy! You're keeping too hard at it. Why, upon my living soul, you look about as pinched as an old man in a bird cage. Ha, ha, ha!" "He, he! You're a noisy rascal, Sol. I haven't had the time to get down. Working night and day. Shush! Don't speak too loudly."

He dropped his own voice to a sharp whisper and jerked his thumb towards the office door.

"There's a young fellow in there that I'm thinking of taking on," he said, "A likely enough young man he is, too."

They both walked to the open front door and stood there in the sunlight while they talked.

"Yes? Good. It's time you had another man to help you," Link replied.

"Myself," Jacob resumed, "I like the looks of him—and, if my Janet gives the word—why, he shall come."

He thrust his glasses higher upon his nose and set his small cap straighter on his head. Looking across the street, he raised his left arm in salute to two who passed upon the other side.

"He is a ticket-of-leave man. What have you to say to that, Sol, eh?"

"What's that? No? Umph! Dye think that's a good experiment to try? Don't misunderstand me, Jacob, but with so many others to pick from—I mean—oh, dash it—I suppose it's all one. Anyway, what was his trouble?"

Sol turned, and dropped his quiet voice lower still. A hackney coach rolled past, its bouncing high-set wheels caked with green mud, and creaking on its straps. In the printing-room the old "Columbian" clashed, clanked, and knocked.

"I do not know."

"Well, you can ask him, can't you?" Link irritably asked.

"I could have read it, Sol. But it seems this way to me. He comes—this man—to find employment in my shop. What he has done—why he did it—what he has undergone—neither you nor I can tell. But there is that in his blue eyes—An honest, steadfast fellow it is." He is tall—so tall. (Jacob measured up some six feet on the doorpost.)

"With a clean look about him that I like. So, because I know a man when I see one, he shall have his chance. If Janet says so, too."

The little printer spoke vehemently and rapidly. Link screwed his rugged features tight and picked his teeth reflectively with a split quill. He grunted. Then he grimaced like a kindly old baboon.

"I see your point there, Jacob. But it's not the first time, old boy, that I'll have told you that your notions of emancipation and equality will get you into trouble yet. As for me, I'm as sorry for the gael-birds—some of 'em—as you are. But I content myself with saying, 'Bad luck.'"

Jacob thrust out his pointed little chin aggressively. His near-sighted grey eyes blinked.

"It is not the way I think about it, Sol. Here is the new land for the man who'll work, no matter what he was before he came. You know—some day—this colony, Australia, will be a country very great. Greater, I am sure, than even America."

For a time old Link and Jacob gossiped in the sun, which, mounting higher, caused a thin, faint steam to curl up from the footpath and the road. Inside, the press was quiet, but the voices of the workmen in the stores were brisk and heartening. When Link had gone Jacob remembered Archbold, and he hurried back.

"**N**OW, I am sorry to have kept you so long," he made apology, "but, an old friend, you know; and such an infernal talker he is, too, to be sure."

Jacob quite believed it, in his heart. "Not at all, Mr. Peglar. I beg you won't speak of it."

Archbold stood up. Jacob motioned him back.

"No, no. Sit down. Sit down. Tell me—how long have you been out?"

"Just over four years," Archbold informed him.

"Ah, four years, eh?"

Over the top of his spectacles the printer glanced shrewdly at the man who said "four years" so easily. As though they were split peas. A long time, four full years could be. The glinting grey be-sprinkled through the tall man's close brown hair could tell their story of four years. Four years. Forty-eight months, eh? It didn't sound so long, put that way. Yes, not a doubt of it, this man had strength. No other word quite fitted him. Strength in his arms. Strength in his thighs. Strength in his eyes—and in his hard-lined jaw. Eh? He was the man for the job, all right. How very blue his blue eyes were, unwavering beneath their straight-drawn brows.

"And tell me this, Archbold—I do hope you will excuse all these questions of mine. Have you made any plans? I mean, what do you propose to do in the future?"

"Just as things are at present, Mr. Peglar. It's very hard to know what to do. I had thought of going into the country, once I'd saved enough money, but I begin to realise that that will take a long time. In the meantime, I'll stay in Sydney and work."

Jacob regarded him with an undisguised liking in his astute eyes.

"Aha, I see you're a deliberate fellow, eh?"

Archbold smiled.

"Deliberate? Patient, rather, Mr. Peglar. Yes, I am, I suppose, a patient man. But, then, I'm young and can afford to be."

"Yes, it is true. Patience derides the old, and in revenge, they call her 'Indecision.' You would be young enough to be a lover of the jade! You are, perhaps—?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Twenty-nine."

Jacob took off his spectacles, held them before his eyes and at arm's length, then cleaned them very slowly on a large silk handkerchief. For quite a time he kept his white head down and did not say another word.

"I cannot think," Jacob went on, "what can be keeping my daughter. Perhaps, after all, you would not mind calling again this afternoon. Say, at half after four?"

"Not at all. Certainly, sir. I will be back at that time, or within a few minutes of it. If—perhaps, if you will not want that—paper—"

"Eh? Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear fellow. Of course. Of course."

Archbold put the yellow paper in the pocket of his dark blue coat, and, together, the tall man and the little one, they walked toward the door. From the printing room they heard Sheahan's indistinct swearing, as, in a metallic cascade of type, he overturned a tray.

"And if my daughter is of my mind, too, then you shall have the job. But, it is hard work, you understand?"

"I'll be only too grateful for the chance, Mr. Peglar. And, depend on it, I'll put my back into it."

He held the door open, and, as they passed out, they heard her footsteps in the passage, hurrying from the front door to the stairs. So, as her father spoke and moved aside, she met him face to face.

Bewildered—almost stupefied—he looked at her, and saw her color swiftly drain away, returning in a wave of rushing pink. The lambent, golden eyes dwelt on his firm, fine-moulded face—upon his brown hands, sober suit and neatly blackened boots. They rose again and met his own of piercing blue, and

moving not a fraction in their straight, hard, penetrating gaze. As through a funnel of immense length and narrow girth, he heard the printer's voice.

"And if you think that Mr. Archbold might be suitable, I have told him that the job" (he pronounced it "chob") "is his."

Archbold felt inexplicably confused. The situation was incredible. But the shrewd humor of it struck his mind. He smiled at her. She in her turn looked solemnly at him, at his broad shoulders and his clustering hair, dark brown save for the light scattering of grey above his ears. Children look so at strangers whom they meet.

Standing almost within the office door, while business spun and prospered in the street outside, while men made women wives and children came to life, she felt her girlhood, like a brittle leaf, leave her, and flutteringly travel down into the wan void of years and yesterday's uncaptured dreams. For, in that moment, Janet had grown up. This man might be her father's job-assistant in the shop. He might be on a ticket, too. But, first—do you not hear it?—he belonged to her. The knowledge of this dread possession clutched her heart. There is, believe me, you who are reading this of her, such joy as only brimming tears can tell.

Nor must you say that these things cannot be. I say—and did you know this story half as well as I, you would not disagree—that from this hour she made of him a god and altar, too. She had few thoughts but what were not of him.

His wages were two pounds a week and keep. At first it was arranged that he should have a small room at the far end of the printing shop in the converted store. But, in the meantime, he set up a camp-bed in the attic room. All in due course, with much disturbance and the assistance of two carters, both profane and very strong, the "Courier" was set up in its latest home.

Some few weeks afterwards, and when the alterations to the store were done, Jacob suggested that his new assistant keep the little attic room.

As time went on, bearing these people on its slowly wheeling arc, there fell on Archbold's shoulders more and more work for Jacob's "Courier." And thoroughly and well was that work done. With the paper's expansion and permanent establishment, the little printer in the familiar steel-rimmed spectacles and thick-napped beaver hat developed interests quite apart from journalism. The voice of "politics" began to twitter in his ear. He spent a great part of each day "in town." Meetings held at the new Mechanics' Institute, in Pitt Street, found him quite often there. Archbold it was who actually ran the "Courier," and supervised the two men and an urchin of a printer's devil in the shop.

The paper came out every day. But few who read it knew, or could have guessed the part played in it by the tall man with the grave blue eyes and firm set lips. True, Jacob wrote the leading articles, quoted alike by merchant, farmer, mariner and judge. But Archbold conned them over afterwards, and licked them into shape.

Between the printer and his man had grown a warm and mutually valued bond of understanding intimacy; and when the cloth was cleared, and evening lay upon the world, they sat and talked all round a

multitude of diverse things. Janet, meanwhile, would darn the socks, and think it happiness. After his first delight, Susan had stood off, and, for a time, watched the newcomer critically. In days, however, this rare and unhabitual reserve of his wore off, and, before long, they were the closest friends. Archbold's efficiency, and kindly sympathy had won the old man's heart.

For those in Rodman's Court it seemed, indeed, that time had almost ceased to move. Above the little dark brick house a golden joy had paused, outpouring an effulgent light. Whatever sorrows and distractions, fevers and riots Sydney knew in those old days, none entered here, beneath the all-enfolding sanctuary of the ancient tree.

The King's Mails clattered in and out; the paper sold; bills were discounted; summonses were served; and all about, on every hand, the striving little city stirred and bustled on its way. Still, with his brown whip-muscled arms and able brain, John Archbold labored at his work. His breath drew deeper when she brushed his shoulder as she passed, or whispered in his ear. She sang perpetually. Jacob, a proud, contented, busy little man, paced in the public places of the town, with business friends on either side. His polished cane was tucked beneath his arm. In the sun his seals gleamed in corruscating opulence. This was prosperity, my friends. But had the thought occurred to Jacob that he might get drunk on such a heady draught, and pretty quick at that, he would have laughed.

Four years went down.

AT the cabin table, underneath the lamp which leapt and wheeled to the ship's rolling, there sat a woman and two men. The woman looked as though she might have been some thirty-six years old, with hair of mid-brown, and dark eyes in a healthy, wind-tanned face. Her winsey dress was grey; and on her feet she wore a pair of plaited fibre sandals, picked up, perhaps, for a trifling exchange with a Tongan woman when the schooner was last there. The man at the table was clearly the captain—and the owner, too. Short, thick-set and bull-necked, his face was broad and pleasing, although the ponderous bearded jaw was not that of a mild man. The other man was Scottish. Young, and tall and thin, with stiffish joints; awkward, and dour-enough.

The evening meal was almost at an end. Gulping his hot coffee from a thick white cup, the captain, Abel Storr, thrust back the short form on which he sat, and rose. He peered out through the small square-curtained port, and at the darkening sky.

The woman cleared the table things away, while the two men lay back, and sprawled upon a settle covered in a dark red twill.

The helmsman stood with his two hands resting lightly on the wheel. Aloft, the straining sheets, dark grey and taut, looked like the dorsal fins of a great shark. Bunched clouds pressed heavily upon the rising sea. A tired gull, whirling round the steersman's head, rested a while upon the dipping rail, then vanished in the night. A lonely star shone with a pallid light. The schooner pitched heavily and with a jolt, whereat the thin man at the wheel brought her head off a point and looked above.

Flying sparks whirled from the funnel of the caboose. The cabin door was opened, and a small flood of yellow light spilled out upon the spray-splashed deck. The schooner kicked again, shuddering gently like a reluctant horse, and slid into a gleaming trough. The wind spun higher through the dark tar-stiffened ahrouds. To Storr's inquiry—"How's her head?" the man with the long, impassive face shadowed in the soft glow of the binnacle replied, "Sou'-west be south."

The skipper stooped, and for a moment watched the trembling card. He grunted; and, as the steersman had, looked up aloft. The solitary star was washed from sight. Down in the peak a drawing pipe glowed redly, like an angry eye. The watch was spinning yarns. The schooner heeled, and with the "abooosh" of running sea, her starboard rail went under.

"She'll hold that for now, if it doesn't freshen."

"Sure, cap'n."

"Who's got the next trick? Temple?"

"No, Coppin, cap'n."

"Well, tell him to see me before he goes on."

"Aye, cap'n."

Not once did the helmsman look directly at Storr, but, softly chewing, preserved that expression peculiar to all seamen when at the wheel. Up from the fore-castle rang a loud run of booming laughter. It died away to silence. Someone had set the door below the companion wider open. The skipper turned away, then paused. From the crew's quarters in the peak there floated in song a voice of purest gold—full, richly resonant, a bass of liquid marvel—glowingly colorful, and almost agony to hear.

With its first swelling, throbbing notes, which rang and pulsated like a gem-set gong deep in a temple grove, the helmsman ceased his mechanical chewing, and listened in wonderment. His head half turned upon one side. Storr made a strange movement. His hands stole underneath his buttoned coat; then dropped away.

Said the skipper to the man at the wheel:

"He sure can sing, that one. Eh?"

"Cap'n, he sure can sing. But—maybe I'm not musical—it's a creepy sort o' voice, an' no mistake." (The man seemed puzzled for a word.) "Sort of—"

"Well?" laughed Storr, his great teeth gleaming through the black bush of his beard. "You're darn-right hard to please. What's the matter with the little feller's voice?"

"Cap'n, it's a crool voice. That's the word. A crool voice."

"Ha! Crool, eh? Crool? But still, you know, he can sing?"

It seemed as though Storr was intent upon tantalising the man, who took refuge in the resumption of his chewing. He masticated slowly, and with dignity. The schooner shipped a sea and the captain strode to the taffrail, telling the helmsman, as he passed, to "Drop her head a point, can't you?"

As Storr re-entered the cabin, the young Scot, McLean, sat up.

"Ah, mon, you is a rare gran' voice to waste upon a ship," he said. "Ay, 'tis a bonny voice. I verra much misgubt me that its like has not been heard before."

"Mister McLean, sir," answered Storr, "you've never said a truer thing than that. No, sir, I've had the offer of many hundreds of dollars to sell him—hundreds of dollars, did I say?—Thousands. But

thousands wouldn't buy him. No, sir, nor tens of thousands either!"

Storr spoke in the pinched nasal accent of the New England coast. He rapped the great pipe out upon a wooden cuspidor cleated to the deck.

"Sell him?" inquired the Scot.

"Ay—sell him," rejoined Storr, rearing out the bowl with the point of a large knife blade. The schooner veered sharply and rolled. The skipper spread his thick legs wider apart and blew through the pipestem.

"He's a slave," he continued, and squinted down the black bore of the stem.

"A slave? No—I hadn't understood that. It's the last thing I'd have thoct, And yet it's no surprisin'—"

"Surprisin'?" Storr broke in—"Surprisin'? I should just say not. This, sir, is an American ship. You find a nigger in the crew. Well, Mister McLean, what else would he be, but a slave?"

His wife, who was busily writing at the small brass-bound table looked up at him with an expression which very plainly indicated that she had no liking for the subject.

"Well," McLean proceeded, "singer or no singer—slave or no slave—he is a rare unchancey mon. I've said it before, Captain Storr, an' I'll be takin' the liberty of saying it again—if he was ane o' my crew, or my slave, I'd be ridin' mesel' o' him. I just canna like him."

Helen Storr looked up again, and this time spoke. "Abel knows, Mr. McLean, how much I would give to see the last of Mel Sales. He is a dangerous, clever man. And some day we will all be sorry at his hands."

Storr laughed again. "You know, Mister McLean, sir, Helen has always talked bogey-man like this to me. Of course he's clever. I know that! A cleverer man than him you wouldn't meet from Cape Horn to Baffin Bay. And 'dangerous,' my dear? Ha—The broad white teeth bleamed in the yellow cabin light. "Well, sir—perhaps he could be even dangerous—with any man but me!"

"Then, mon, why court a fullah risk?" McLean inquired.

"No risk, Mister McLean. No risk. Believe me you there. He'll try none of his goldarn' tricks with old Abe Storr. Why, wasn't it me tamed the hugeous dog twenty years ago? Didn't I stand over him more times than I can count, and cut his back open to his rib-fat, and all for the good of his nigger soul? Didn't I, now, Helen? Didn't I?"

He looked to his wife for confirmation of what he said, and, tensing his knobbed shoulder muscles and rumping his thick grizzled mane of hair, he chuckled in his beard.

"See you here, Mister McLean, I've kept this black spaniel tame for more than twenty years. He fears one living man—and that man's me. For twenty years, sir, I've watched him close, closer'n a cat a mouse. For twenty years I've never turned my back on him. At night I sleep with one eye open and a trip cord drawn against the door. I saved his black life. And now—he works for me. Works? Yes, works! And, when I want a song he sings. Mister McLean, there ain't a man who sails these seas, from Hobart Town out to Peru, but hasn't heard of Melchior Sales, Storr's black. Who fed him? Me, Storr. Who broke his devil's spirit? Me! Who knows the very thoughts that chase

each other in his bald black skull? Me, I say! And who knows better'n Mel that if he tries to put anything across me—well, I'll cut his eyes out of their sockets with that there whiplash? And, don't he know it, the sly, black snake!"

"Oh, Abel, my dear, don't speak so, I'm sure that he's always been all that he should have, to me. Only—I've often felt—a silly thought, I know—that like a great silent cat he moves about—and watches—and—waits."

The woman shivered. The sudden short cry of a child in the inner cabin, aft, caused her to listen. When it was repeated she rose and went inside. It was a very baby child, indeed, who slept in its small berth in there. Not more than six months old. And fat? As fat as butter-milk.

The Scotsman sat upright upon his seat and returned the knife to Storr, who stropped it softly on his arm and put it in its sheath.

"Aye, ye ken y'r mon best, captain," he resumed. "But you is no common ane—in size or brain capacity. An', if I might be sayin' so wi'oot offence, I incline to y'r guid wife's way o' thoct. Some day an' he'll be givin' ye a rare deal of trouble."

Storr's laughter rolled again, and he brushed his great beard out with wide-spread fingers.

"Trouble, you say? Mark this: I am his master. He won't forget that while I can sit up and look him in the face."

MARCH is a month of softened summer-time. Then the sun's fierce and humid heat is tempered by changing winds and luent, eventides. Mornings in Sydney break in effervescent haze, yield to the sun's bright passage of the day, leaving the night enfolded in her robe of scintillating stars. The harbor tides are high; its limpid waters green and clear. The pools of silent shadows on the river reaches brood and venerable trees draw close their interlacing boughs, whispering to birds whose flickle wandering in light has brought them home at last.

Now, on this night of March there was no moon. The tide was ebbing free. The restful night, but newly married to the dark, was glamorous with stars shining as softly as a woman's eyes suffused with tears. Soft-muted in the empurpled bower of the eventide, the murmurs of the town, incoherent and blurred, travelled down slowly on the air.

They sat hard by the point where the great proconsul's kindly lady had done her hemming underneath a canopy of unwrought rock and given it her name. By the dark water-edge the running tide chattered and rippled softly. The air smelt sweetly salt. How warm, how comfortably firm, was the strong arm which held her in so closely to his side. How very sweet to smell his clustered hair, when he bent down and kissed her lips, her eyelids, and her throbbing throat. She spoke her mind's content.

"Dear heart, it is so wonderful to me. Sometimes—often—just when I wake—I am afraid to know I am awake in case it is all a dream."

She rubbed her cheek against the rough tweed of his coat, a pretty little carous like a bird's. And when he answered her, his own deep voice was low.

"If, dearest, it is a dream, then let neither of us wake again. But what two fools we are to talk of dreams. It is no dream. We're both of us alive, awake,

and here. And starting on our journey, too, what's more."

The flowing tide had turned, and gently washed the rocks as though to kiss them on return. The wonder of the night had fettered all things in its silver chain. And, link by added link, this man and woman forged closer still the shackles of a deathless love beneath the topaz archway of the sky.

"Why are you so quiet? It is almost a full minute since you spoke. There, dear," she kissed him lightly on his nose-tip—"that for all your thoughts."

"Quiet? I was thinking," he answered her, in a slow, thoughtful voice, "of what your father said."

She placed her little hand beneath his chin and tilted up his face that she might see it in the moon's clear light.

"But, darling, I knew he was going to give you the partnership in the 'Courier.' He thinks so much of you, and the poor dear is getting older, too. He does not know it, but he can't do one half as much as he could in the old days."

Her John plucked up a blade of grass. Idly he whorled it into a fragile knot, softly tugged it, and it broke. From the direction of the fort they heard a man's voice call, thickened and indistinct.

"Hey! Boat-ho! Boat ahoy!"

Again the sleeping birds stirred in their leaves.

When the sweet-pealing clock high on the barrack wall struck out eleven strokes; when stolid watchmen paced the streets, and Sydney settled closer for the night, John and his Janet took their path toward home. Talking quietly as they walked, they came at last to Rodman's Court.

Jacob had not returned and, seated at the table in the kitchen, Sheahan struggled in sweating impatience with a small part of the press. While Janet, her bonnet tilted prettily back on her head, bustled herself preparing toast and tea, Archbold sat down by the little bent fellow and, with deft, powerful fingers, soon rectified the fault.

There, in the newly-papered living-room, lit gently by the saffron-glowing lamp, they had their tea. In the lamp-light, both of them looked unusually youthful and quite carefree, too. As it had done each night for many months, and at this very hour, a lovebird raised its voice, trilling a fascinating little cadenza: "Pretty-pretty. Sw-e-e-et pretty creature! Pretty creature—sw-e-e-et!" Hearing it, he looked at her and they smiled.

"I think," she said, "the little bird knows everything. He always calls us at the same time, now." And, later when I have blown my candle out."

They heard the watchman's booming, sing-song voice:

"A q'rter to twelve, an' fine with a moon!" His cry grew faint, suddenly, as he turned the nearby corner.

Standing upon the lowest step of the stair, she drew his face close up to hers, kissed him.

"Good night, dear love. Good night."

"Good night, beloved. And God keep thee very close. Good night." And in a aureole of candle flame, diaphanous and warm, she passed up to her room.

He turned the lamp wick down, then, treading lightly on the worn stair boards, went up to his room. When he was in his bed he let his hand drop lightly to the floor, and with two fingers, tattooed on the wood. She answered him by knocking gently on the wall. It was their good night signal, every night.

Jacob sat on his bed. As he untied his shining satin stock he called to mind again, and with a pleasant warning of the heart, the meeting and its many incidents. Nor must you think that he was merely there to sit upon a cane chair at the back. By no means. He was invited. Rather, his presence was "most earnestly desired." So he had gone. His pocket-book was straining its stout band with the fat sheaf of notes which he had scribbled as the meeting ran its course. All these to-morrow would be forged into just such another splendid article as had made Peglar's part in the self-government campaign one of distinction, and—in incalculable worth. He smiled. With care he put his cameo breast-pin into a dressing-table drawer. Then he sat upon the bed again.

How vigorously and with what elegance had Mr. Wentworth spoken. No wonder they had cheered him till they were hoarse! And when he had referred to the night and majesty of the public press, likening it to a clear and unpolished fountain stream, and named the worthy Mr. Peglar of the "Courier" his friend, how his heart had swelled in throbbing pride! To be sure, Mr. Wentworth had spoken of the enterprising Mr. Bannister as well. Very proper. Very natural. Polley would dictate that he should.

He pulled his nightcap on, took off his spectacles, put his teeth into a wooden bowl of water and drawing his nightshirt tightly round his slender legs blew out the candle and climbed into bed.

Quiet. No wind. The setting moon. His large watch ticking in the dark. Our worthy friend, Mr. Peglar, of the "Courier." Good night, Mr. Wentworth, my dear sir. Good night, Daymond, my friend. Good night, my little girl. Good night, John, my boy. Good night. Good night.

THE stern-faced Mr. Archbold appeared deeply interested in his conversation with Mr. Whalan, who, in a little while, held all the other quite enthralled with stories of the wonder of his caves.

From the first moment of their meeting, John had been drawn to him by reason of the country man's startling resemblance to poor Bellows. The same solemnity of speech, as though he feared a careless word might slip out unawares. The same long face and sad dark eyes. The grey wrath of his old friend rose before his mind, mute and pathetic in his shabby coat.

But this was Peglar's house in Rodman's Court, and these about him were firm flesh and blood. And there, all gloriously radiant and warm, she sat, her strange, flame-colored eyes quite limpid, just as old amber might appear through a thin film of pearl-blown frost. So Bellows' ghost passed out again into the night, and it was Whalan, the taciturn man from the mountain bush, who spoke.

"Certainly, my dear sir," said Jacob, "these caves must be a most remarkable thing of nature. They must, indeed, eh?"

"Remarkable?" rejoined the man who had discovered them. "Well, yes, they are remarkable, what I've seen of them, sir. But, mind you, that wouldn't be the half of them."

"You mean that there are others, Mr. Whalan?"

Mrs. Link fanned herself with a stiff handkerchief sweetly charged with caude-cologne, and Janet rose and opened the window several inches. Indoors, it

was very close. The men felt moistly warm. Whalan appeared at odds with a collar to which he was not accustomed.

"What I mean, Mrs.—er—ma'am, is that the place is simply honeycombed with caves. My own opinion is that they must run for miles."

The story which he told in his own stolid, unemotional way might have been taken from the pages of a Persian tale. Whalan could not have been expected to know that, of course.

A YEAR or so before he had set out through the wild defiles and deep, ringing canyons of the Blue Mountains range in pursuit of certain cattle which were stolen or had strayed. Down into almost lightless depths of sopping gullies, fern-laced, dim and cold, up shattered precipices, menacing and grey, until he reached the plateau at the top, higher than clouds, and such a place of dreadful majesty as Lanier might choose to make another wager for the world, the bushman climbed. The stone which spurted from his iron-shod shoe rolled to the cliff's appalling brink and fell—down—swiftly—yet swifter still—and, shrilly humming in its flight, swept through primeval trees—which, from above, looked dwarfs—and fractured, flaked in powder, on the chill creek's rock.

Whalan himself found one—a hunted, furtive being whose only allies were the trees and savage cliffs; whose only mistress was the rolling mist which hid him and his tell-tale camp-fire's light; whose only guardian was his thin-flanked mongrel dog, whose only succor, now the hunt was up, lay in the night and in a pistol-shot. And stumbling by chance upon the outlaw's camp (Whalan reckoned everyone had heard of McKeown, the bushranger), the chase led him yet farther into the terrifying grandeur of the mountain lands.

Then, across his path, there loomed a mighty, tunnelled rock, incalculably ancient, black and huge, which could, and might have been, the very postern to the realms of hell—a cavern at whose silent mouth his sweating mare had propped and reared and stamped, nor would be pacified until her rider slowly led her through, cautiously feeling every step, and tense for fear of ambush in the dark, or guits before him or on either side. A small stream ran the great stone gateway's length.

Once through the noiseless, gloomy arch, Whalan came on a sunny, open space through which a crystal creek purled musically. Cool trees swayed softly at the water's edge. Lying prone upon a smooth, grey rock, he drank.

Shading his eyes—it was the early forenoon—Whalan looked round. Then, tethering the mare to a nearby log, he set about beating the mountain-side, which ran up in a smooth, unbroken ascent from the clearing. For the first time, then, he saw what might have been the burrow of an immense wombat almost at his feet. He probed about the entrance of this tunnel in the earth.

So, with a lantern in his hand, he then crept in. The ground sloped steadily, but as he went the cave's height lifted, and at length, in a great place of stupefying awe, he found himself within the limestone caves of the high mountain. For countless generations back the aborigines had known it as Jendolan. Warned by the rumbling of water, Whalan looked about, his glimmering lantern held arm-high,

and soon he came upon a stream, all black and rushing in its passage through the demon cave.

Flame glittered frostily upon the fragile points and rippling curtains wrought of prisoned water-heads. Ice-hearted stone of every rose-flushed hue hung delicately in pendent veils miraculously still; and pale gigantic pillars, tier by tier, ever receding in the light-stabbed gloom, swung to a roof groined splendidly in amber, pearl, and purple-riven rock. And so receding in their galleries, these columns took perspective forms lasciviously lithe. On either hand and underneath his feet, he heard the water from the hidden streams which fled beneath this frozen wizardry, seeking to win again the day's lost light.

Now, as he gazed upon the silent glory of the cave, he felt, for once, appalled. Stone in the sunlight never was so quiet. No, nor dead men.

His heart beat loudly, and in his ear he heard a voice, a very dreadful voice, ring resonant and clear:

"Thou art the first! The first! The very first!"

With that he turned and, sweating for he knew not what, ran back along the tunnel's length and out into the sun. He fell headlong, and lay there with his face pressed to the grass. The purling, crystal creek was singing still.

That was the story which he told. Perhaps not quite as I have told it now, but that, you may be assured, was the main substance of it.

SOON, since the time was getting on, they all took wine—the ladies, very little glasses—and with it, ate sweet cake. And then, all rustling and chattering like birds, the women gathered up their shawls and bags and put their bonnets on. Mrs. Link pinned her shawl with a great cameo which, Archbold thought, looked like a round green target made of wax. The men drained down another glass apiece. Good nights were said and all of them prepared to take their leave. Before his Minnie took him by the arm, Jacob called Sol aside.

"To-morrow, Sol, I should like to have an hour with you."

"Of course, no greater pleasure in life, old boy. You know that. Any time at all, and I'll be in all day."

Jacob looked over his shoulder. Sheahan stood in the hall, holding a lighted candle up to light the guests out to the darkened street.

"Not at the office, Sol. Not in the office. Somewhere private."

Old Link perceived that there was something wrong.

"Dash it, what's the matter? You look as though you've killed a man. Perhaps you're going to?"

"No, no," Jacob hurriedly replied. "But I want your advice, Sol, that's all. We will talk it over in the Blue Bell. I will be there at ten."

"Ten, then, it is. You may count on me, Jacob."

The two of them shook hands and parted for the night. Sol Link rejoined his wife, and with the genial banker, Mrs. Daymond, and Whalan, walked up the quiet, deserted street. The hour was pretty late. As guests invariably do when they have left, they spoke of those whose hospitality they had enjoyed. Of Jacob and his quite bearable pomposity. Of Janet, too—a little malice here from Mrs. Link. And of the new partner in the "Courier."

"Yes, a most charming man. And, my dear, really quite handsome, don't you think? I've heard—I really should not mention it, or who told me, but it was only a whisper—that he and Miss Peglar are quite likely to be making a match of it. So Miriam Cape was telling me."

Mrs. Daymond looked back to see if the two men were dropping far behind.

"No? Oh, my! I hadn't heard a word of it."

"Well, it's the truth. And, of course, you know he's a ticket-of-leave man?"

Indeed, yes. Mrs. Daymond knew. She hardly thought it mattered very much, surely, so long as they were happy. But Mrs. Link differed.

"But, my love, just think of it. The prejudice is stronger every day. Of course, it's nothing to do with me, but for my life I can't see what Mr. Peglar is about."

Oh, yes, she quite admitted that he would make a most devoted husband. And she must find out what Solomon thought of it all.

At the corner the party separated, said their good nights again, and went their several ways.

"AND there, Sol, you have it all. Tell her now, and—I know the little girl—she'll take him out, and it is done. Ah—Sol—you do not know my girl. Why, she would have the place down round my ears. Ah—Sol, Sol—I hardly know which way to turn."

Indeed, he scarcely did. His weary eyes spoke of his mulling care. His finger-ends perpetually tapped upon the table top between them, and his tall brandy and water stood there untouched. Malevolent and green it looked.

"A knot, Jacob, old friend. A bad knot, and that's the truth of it."

Link rasped his fingers round his rugged chin, drank in a gulp, and with his broad face resting on his hand, drew idle patterns in the small wet ring left by his glass.

Link raised his head and spoke: "Jacob—I know your girl. Now, make no mistake of it—I know her very well. And—wait a minute—I know young Archibald, too. I say that you can thank yourself for this. You, Jacob—I talk as one old friend to another—almost encouraged them. Dash it, that's just exactly what you did. Come now—don't sit there like a fool, and try to deny it. It is your fault, and yours alone. And let me tell you this much. This girl and her fellow won't be cheated by you or anybody else. Make your mind up to that."

"You knew that Archibald was on a ticket. You took him on. He—don't you deceive yourself—he it was who worked his insides out, and practically made the paper what it is. You treated him as an equal—mind you, I'm not saying that he's not a man in a thousand in every way. But there it is. And when your Janet falls in love with the handsome dog, and he with her—up go your hands, and you call out: 'Oh, my poor daughter—my poor daughter!' Come—Jacob—I think you want to keep her to yourself, and that's all about it. Drink up, and we'll have another."

At Link's brusque bidding Jacob raised his glass and drank. The spirit, strong and prickling, burned his throat.

"Indeed, Sol, you do quite misunderstand me. Altogether. Altogether. It is only that I feel—as a father, Sol—as a father. It is not of myself I am

thinking when I require that she shall have—ah—some time alone. There. Is that unreasonable? I do ask you—am I unreasonable in this?"

His lips twitched nervously. "Sol—I think that she should have some—ah—time to think about it all, you understand, with—with John away."

"Well—Jacob—what do you want to do?"

Link at his best, with all his rugged kindness, could never have been called a patient man. Now he was growing quite exasperated. But this time Jacob found the formula he had been feeling for. He leaned forward in his chair, dropped his voice, speaking with emphasis, and in a hurried whispering way. Sol frowned, and kept his gaze downbent.

"I don't like it, Jacob. No, old fellow. It's a foolish, dangerous thing. As a matter of fact, it's dishonest."

"Very well, Solomon. I am not a fool; and now, I tell you it's the only way. If a way can be found. Now—He spoke so softly that it was difficult to hear his words at all. Old Link drew forward in his chair again, half-drained his glass and scratched his grizzled head.

"Jacob—I don't pretend to like it. No—not one jot. If either of them ever suspected, then—I'll be frank—I wouldn't change places with you for a thousand guineas."

"If only Storr was in, now, he might—I said he might—help you in this crack-brained scheme. But understand me well, Jacob—and once said we needn't speak of it again—I do not like the thing you want to do, and, directly, will have no part in it. What you do, you do yourself. More of it I don't wish to know."

A sharp knock on the door caused him to stop. Both looked at the waiter as he came in.

"Scuse me, gen'l'm'n, a Mr. Storr wants to know if you're here, Mr. Link, an' I told him I'd see."

"Storr? Storr, did you say? Bring him in, waiter." To Jacob, as he strode towards the door, he said: "Storr, eh? Good, what a marvel! I hadn't thought that he'd be in for two months more at least."

But Storr himself it was. Broad, squat, and with his gleaming beard and odd, high, nasal voice.

"Well, now, captain, this, believe me, is quite the best surprise I've had for long enough. When did you get in?" Link drew a third chair up. "By the way, you'll remember my old friend Peglar? I think you met him three or four years back down in the warehouse."

In the next hour or so they spoke of many different things. Of trade and of the zigzag voyaging of the Helen Storr among the islands of the enchanted South Seas, putting in here and there and never fetching up to rest for many months on end. Of suits of sail, newspapers, copy, and of seamen's broken legs; of white flax traded by the Maoris in their dogskin robes; of bills of lading, manifests and drafts. A medley of subjects, all diverse, yet strangely bearing on these three men's lives. Yes, Mrs. Storr was well, and pleased to see a Christian woman's face again. And now the baby—

"What!" ejaculated Link, joyous and rubicund with brandy and good cheer. "A baby now? Ha, ha! There, Jacob, if that isn't enterprise, perhaps you can tell me what is? A boy or a girl?"

Storr, quite unquestionably, was delighted with this interest. He laughed

richly and combed his fingers through the splendid beard.

"A girl, Mister Link, a girl. And, sir, a cuter little thing no man did ever see."

An appetising smell from the low-ceilinged dining-room reminded them at length that dinner-time was near. Jacob's mouth watered at the thought of boiled mutton, potatoes and capers.

Sol Link's and Storr's loud, bolsterous talk depressed him utterly. But Storr he must see—alone—to make his bargain and to do the thing to which his hand was set. His heart knocked hollowly within his meagre little breast. A monstrous thing? A "dashed dishonest thing," as Sol had said? Come, while there yet was time—draw back and let these youngsters have their way. Ah, and what, if you please, of her, when he sat in the House and close to Mr. Wentworth's side? Eh? How would she like it then? Eh, if you please? He rose sharply and fumbled in his hat crown for his gloves.

"Well, well, Sol, I must be off."

"What's that? Nonsense, Jacob. Here, stay—"

"No, I must indeed be off—and straight away."

He spoke as though he might be tempted to remain too long. Beneath his grizzled brows Link looked at him and saw the worry in his drawn little face.

"Now, Mister Peglar. Well, I am right glad we meet again hyar in these happy circumstances. Perhaps I'll have the rare pleasure of seeing you before I sail again?"

Storr thrust his great hand out. Be silent, rushing little voice which hissed and stammered in his ears: "Now! Now, quick. Quickly, Jacob! Now—do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, indeed. Ha, ha! Ah—yes. It—it occurs to me that perhaps you—ah—might care to see my paper printing? Ah—perhaps some afternoon?"

He knew the feeling of the gambler who lifts the dice box in his hand. But in this case, you understand, the dice was clogged. Storr smiled and clapped the printer on the back.

"Indeed, sir, that I should. Say, now, Mister Peglar, next Monday afternoon?"

"SPLENDID, captain."

Jacob replied. "Splendid—and, of course, you'll bring Mrs. Storr with you, eh?"

Came Friday, Friday night, and Saturday. A wretched little cavalcade of days which, passing, pointed out the man who went about his work and saw his banker, and performed the incidents of other days; who shaved and dressed and talked, and wrote and talked again, and climbed into his bed, and in a few swift-speeding hours climbed out—and groaned because of Monday afternoon.

His new suit came from Rapp; and perky, groomed out, with his seals chinking as he walked, he went on Sunday morning to St. James'.

His pew—he bought a share in it when "politics" and "social eminence" first whispered in his ear—was near the pulpit, which in those days stood much nearer to the centre of the church than it does now. When the soft, mellow organ pealed the responses to the Litany, he joined in with the congregation.

But, on this Sunday morning, clear, with an unflecked sky of powder-blue, laced to the north by creamy, soft-plumed clouds, the stately service of the Established Church found no response within his heart.

That afternoon, while John and Janet took a boat and, for a shilling, sculled across to Kirribilli Point. Jacob sat in his softly-groaning chair and dozed. The old tree in the yard had thrust a nodding branch, in course of time, right out until its leaves brushed lightly on the window-pane. Its rustling was soft, quite gentle, like the stroking of a squirrel's paw, although on windy days or nights it struck and ruffled on the pane and seemed to say: "Let the swift air rush through and all about this house!"

"MISTHER STORR,
STORR, wid Missa Storr."

Sheahan put his head in through the office door. In a loud whisper, which might have been heard some twenty paces off, he added: "The fellow wid th' black three on 'is face." He beered, then pulled his twisted old face into composure again.

Jacob looked up. At Sheahan he frowned warningly. Then his face wreathed in pleasant smiles. His visitors for ceremonial use ashore, creaked loudly like a complaining door. His dark, close-buttoned coat was creased and rumpled and smelt of sweet, dry cedar wood—the aromatic wood of which the old sea-chests were made. His wife's green frock of muslin was freshly ironed, but her new shoes pinched her drawn feet sadly. Her face looked tired. She longed to put the baby down and rest. The day was warm. Light puffs of dust from time to time blew up the street. But here, in the dim light of Jacob's office, it was cool and quiet.

Upon the wall behind his high-backed chair, from which the horsehair struggled to escape, a calendar, already spotted by the drowsy summer flies, shouted the day and the month. Monday it was, as you have guessed. The month was March.

"Well, now, I am, indeed," said Jacob, as he thrust his glasses up and led the way toward the door, "delighted and honored to—see you here. Delighted! De-lighted! A hot day outside, eh?"

He smiled and laughed and rubbed his hands. His words fell very swiftly from his lips.

"And you, my dear Mrs. Storr, must come into the sitting-room and rest, eh? I should just think now—a nice hot cup of tea, eh? And here we have the baby. He, he, he! Such a monster of a baby, too! Chicken-licken-licken-licken!"

The four of them got along splendidly. Janet made tea and spread the creamy butter thickly upon the fresh-baked cinnamon loaf. And, of course, they all ate Abernethy biscuits—large, round, and indigestible.

While the two women lingered over "just another cup of tea"—and while Janet, with the baby in her arms, chirruped and clobbered her tongue and shook her head at it, and with assumed ferocity said: "Boh!" to see the small girl laugh—Storr, in the printing shop across the yard watched all the preparations for the morning's "Courier" to go to press.

Jacob walked round with him, explaining this and that. How many papers the machine could handle in the hour. Who folded them and how. He saw the type set up, and stood beside the busy men, all in white paper caps. It was a pleasant and instructive half-hour and Jacob, with his hands behind his tails, led him about and talked and showed his pride in this, the second darling of

his heart. Archbold was out. But now, with nothing more to see, Storr said he "guessed the time was purty late," and that they had "best be off." The little printer gathered that Abel and his wife would dine with Sol.

Now . . . ach prut . . . why did his heart pound in his breast? . . . Was it a crime for such a little time as it would be . . . Was it a voice which whispered in his other ear: "A dishonest thing?" Or was it only fancy after all? . . . Now, if it came to that, Archbold himself might thank him, too . . .

"Business? Business?" replied Storr to his hesitant inquiry. "Of course, Mister Peg—Peglar, I'll talk business. My life, sir, is one long business, ain't it? Ha, ha!"

Jacob, preceding the captain into the dim-lit office, with its worn table, high desk and chairs which were beginning to grow loose and treacherous to sit upon, echoed his loud laugh nervously. Sheahan limped past the door, which stood ajar. Faintly, but growing louder as its owner travelled down the street, they heard the trotter man's hoarse cry.

The two men sitting by the table cast a blurred shadow on the darkening walls. By this time sunlight was not shining into Rodman's Court. The little printer's face gleamed sharp and white. Leaning toward Storr he kept his weak eyes down. From time to time he raised his hands, with fingers interlocked, and lightly smote the table edge. The bearded man was listening, and his dark challenging eyes narrowed while he heard.

When he ceased speaking, Storr's sing-song intonation took him up. Then Jacob in his own turn spoke again. They did their hawking in tones so low that had an eavesdropper been posted by the door he would have had great difficulty in over-hearing what was said.

"Well, then," said Storr, pushing his chair back as he stood, "that, sir, would seem to be all settled."

Jacob rose and went across to the tall safe which stood against the wall behind his chair. From an iron drawer he took a small iron box. From it he counted out the stiff, white, crackling bills. They rustled as he placed each on the other's back, counting out audibly the while:

"Five—ten—fifteen—twenty-five—forty-five—sixty . . ." Storr counted too. He filled his great-bowled pipe. The printer's hands were trembling. This, said the little whispering voice, was quite a masterstroke. . . . Mr. Peglar, our respected member. . . . A man with a ticket of leave. . . . My daughter, Janet, Sir Francis. . . .

"And—you think—you said, captain, about six months, eh?"

"Well, there and thereabout, Mister Peglar," Storr rejoined, folding the bills and thrusting them into his deep breast pocket. Both of them moved towards the door. Jacob paused there. He brushed his sleeve, trying to keep the quaver from his voice.

"Good care of him, Mister Peglar? The best care, sir. The very best. In fact, as I have said, a passenger. Very well, then, Tuesday night at about eight."

There, it was done. Done? Well—not quite. One other thing remained to do, and then a few tears—only men were firm and hard—a few tears, and time would work its own good cure. . . . Six months was such a short time, after all.

Some two hours after Tuesday's sun was set, John Archbold set out on his journey. That evening Jacob touched him on

the arm and, sitting in the office, lit by a wavering candle flame, held up a thick, sealed packet in his hand. He licked his lips quickly and furtively and drew a breath. Thought John, he hasn't been himself of late. It was quite true. Perhaps too many late meetings? Too much intensity in his work? Time that her father slackened off. That is, if he wasn't to crack up altogether. Jacob spoke.

"Now, John, my boy, I want you—ah—to deliver this—it is most important, most important—to my friend, Captain Storr."

"Captain Storr? Yes, Mr. Peglar. Where shall I find him?"

"Listen. You can pick up a boat by Link's wharf. Storr's craft is called the Helen Storr. She lies straight opposite the warehouse. Give it to Storr himself. And—John—I should like him to have it by—by eight." He touched his hand, gave him the packet and smiled at him pathetically and with that aching fortitude which guilt sometimes evokes.

Archbold nodded. He went upstairs and brushed his hair, then put a street coat on. From the small wooden peg behind the door he took his hat. He stooped to put the candle out, and in that short space saw and smelt the fragrance of the little jug of flowers. He blew, and darkness, unrelieved and swift, smote the small attic room. Hearing him coming down the stairs, Janet came out and waited at the foot. She saw his hat upon his head.

"Oh, John, dear, you are not going out?" She pouted. He smiled quite ruefully.

"But I am going out—to take this down to your father's new friend, Storr, on his schooner. And, sweetheart, the moment I've given it to him I'll hurry back. But, listen, you're dressed. Put your shawl on and come with me. Mrs. Storr is on the ship, you know. Now hurry."

He was boy-like in his eagerness. She shook her head.

"Darling, I'm sorry. You know I should like to, but father has friends coming. Three men. I promised him I'd stay to help entertain them."

"Oh, confound them for nuisances! However, I'll hustle and be back in no time. So, a kiss . . . another. . . ."

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him passionately. "There!" She was quite breathless. "You're a greedy fellow." Entreatingly, she added: "Now, you won't be long?"

And as he turned away, leaving her standing in the soft light streaming through the door, he answered her:

"Not very long."

He strode into the street, closing the front door after him. Janet went back and picked her novel up, a new one which she had bought the day before. A man named Dickens wrote it. "The Pickwick Papers" was its name. When Jingle wore the sporting member's coat and landed Winkle almost in a duel, she laughed in unaffected, girlish glee. But in the little office Jacob sat, his white, pinched face held in his shaking hands.

In that half-hour old age, which does not always creep, sprang on him un-awares.

THE moon was not yet risen in the east. Deep, gloomy water lapping round and underneath Link's wharf in Sussex Street was black and threateningly smooth. No starlight was reflected in its face.

He heard the scuffling of rats beneath the wharf, and then, in answer to his hall—"Boat-on!"—a shadowed blur which,

with a rhythmic knocking sound, worked in, became a boat. . . . To the Helen Storr, somewhere out there. . . . Did the boatman know it? . . . Surely he did. . . . A Yankee schooner? . . . Yes, that would be she. . . . All right, then, there and back. . . . They had not far to go, and creeping round the schooner's counter, soon found a ladder dangling down her salt-encrusted side. There was no sound on deck; nor anywhere, it seemed, within the ship. So quiet, so dark, she almost seemed deserted.

With the sealed packet in the pocket of his coat, he climbed aboard. As his foot stepped upon the deck the thin rim of the golden moon rose slowly up. The silence of the grave lay on the ship. No glimmer of a light, no voice, only that indescribable whispering of water, wood and rope which can be heard on any silent ship.

He saw the balyard-ends, all neatly coiled upon the deck. He shouted, then, a good round, manly hail: "Hey, there! Anyone aboard?" No one replied. A few short paces off he saw the open hold, black like a yawning pit. The hatch was off. As he stepped out, he felt his left foot trip and almost fell upon his knees. A white flame lit the heavens, blotting out the moon, the stars and sea. It seared his eyes. His ears cracked with a dreadful detonation.

This was the night on which John Archbold set out on his journeying again.

At home in Rodman's Court Janet listened through the night, hoping to hear his footstep sound upon the stair. Her father and his friends sat in the office for two hours or more. For a time, in the sitting-room, she read her book, but growing tired of that, and somewhat worried, she brought her tumbled little work-box out and worked upon the hemming of a white chemise.

From time to time she looked up at the quietly-ticking clock, which told its tale of minutes merging into hours. When it struck ten in sweetly-singing chimings she felt annoyed. Women who worry always grow irate. . . . You told me you would be back quickly, John. . . . Now it is ten o'clock. . . . You will be playing whist, with Mrs. Battle's brazen girls? . . . John, I am disappointed, dear. . . . The low-bent, trailing branch which brushed the window-pane rustled and knocked.

When Jacob's friends had gone she went to bed. As she climbed up the stairs, candle in hand, the little printer stood and looked at her. He heard her movements in her room. He knew her thoughts. To-morrow—ah—that to-morrow must inevitably come. And with the business done, how tired and wretched did he feel. At least two people had no sleep that night.

When, on the following day at twelve o'clock, frantic with worry, she had put her bonnet on and told him she would report John's absence to the police, Jacob told his lie. All night he had rehearsed that little lie. . . . John—he, he, he!—had had from Storr an offer to sail down with him to Hobart Town. . . . Yes—ah—on a matter of—of private business. . . . And profitable business, too. . . . Eh? . . . Oh, no, no, she didn't know all John's business. . . . John was too close and sensible a fellow for that. He, he, he! . . . Of course he would say nothing of it; so that there'd be no woman's fussing or objections. . . . So—so there. . . . And he'd be back—oh—oh, easily in five or six weeks. . . . What's that? . . . What was the business? Eh? . . . We—we-well, without being quite sure, he thought it

concerned a deal in—ah—whale oil. Yes, yes. That was it. Whale oil. . . . No, no, no, John hadn't told him that. Oh, no. . . . All right? . . . Why—he, he, he!—John would be all right. . . . Ach, yes—if it came to that, then he could promise her he was quite safe. . . . Yes, safe. . . . But, no, he could tell her no more. . . . not for the present. . . . So there—she would be a good girl, eh?

Jacob could do no work that day. No, nor for many other days. As the slow weeks crept past, his friends remarked his unfamiliar apathy. His back was bent. His footsteps, once so brisk, now dragged as though the very days were burdens on his loins.

HIS eyes could scarcely pierce the fetid gloom. He raised his head. It ached as though a steel band crushed it in its grip and he groaned and fell back. Two points of fire were watching him—a quiet unwavering stare. Water, somewhere, was slopping dismally.

From the black pestilential void which pressed about—above—on either side—strange groanings could be heard, and, interspersed, a knocking, dull and slow; a knocking like a corpse's knees upon a coffin-lid. His starting eyeballs burned. Now, when he closed them, white sparks flickered in his brain.

The schooner, flying to the east, all her canvas set, clove her hurried way through waves which leapt and tossed their restless heads to see her come. In the dark, fancied hold the rats held solemn convales on the form which lay inert upon the deck. Their eyes shone wickedly. Their breath was sour. One, bolder than the rest, sprang on the still man's face. It balanced on his head, against the schooner's even roll.

Again, in a great muffled shout, he called: "Hey! Hey! Hey!" And stamped. His eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom. He found himself quite near a ladder running upward to the hatch. He mounted it. With his hard, powerful fist he hammered on the wood—great ringing blows which boomed down in the hold like a loud drum.

Swift footsteps hurried on the deck. Standing upon the ladder-top, and with his shoulders bent, he heard the men unlash the great tarpaulin cover of the hatch and the thick chocks knocked out; daylight streamed on his face. Quite blinded by the glare, shaken and white, Archbold stood on the deck. He gave one glance astern and saw the troubled wake which raced back to the vaporous bar which formed the merging point of sky and sea. His heart contracted at the sight. Breaking through the knot of half a dozen men who, sizing up the situation, were smirking openly, Archbold made towards the broad, black-bearded man with dark, sardonic eyes. He, by description, must be Storr.

"I came on board last night with a packet for you."

Smiling in what appeared to be a hint of enjoyment of this joke, Storr, in his nasal singing voice, cut his words short:

"Sir, pardon me. You did not. This ship was well at sea last night. Yes, and the night before that, too."

"What? Two nights?" Archbold was stunned by his incredulous surprise. "What day is this, then?"

Storr, still sardonic, answered him. "This, sir, is Friday morning."

"Then—I have been lying in that hold for more than two days!"

Storr knocked his pipe-bowl out, and stepped close up. "Look you here, sir, I

neither know your name—no, nor what you're doing on my ship. You bob up out of that thar hold and, so to speak, ask me the time of day. Come now—he more particular. Speak up."

He tugged his glistering beard, and, turning, equated at the sun. With that John Archbold's anger found a vent.

"My name is Archbold, for what it may convey to you. I came aboard on—on Tuesday—at about eight o'clock in the evening. With this—for you—blast your hulk of a ship. However it happened, Lord knows, but all I'm concerned with is that I find myself shut in your cursed hold with the vessel three days out. Now, Captain Storr—I'm not a man to be played with. You'll have to put back." He stepped close up to Storr. "What! Do you think this is a time to laugh? I say—put back!"

The thought of Janet's frantic anxiety spurred him to recklessness. His thick hair blowing in the wind, he wheeled and leapt for the companion leading to the poop. "You!" he called to the steersman, his voice thick with anger. "Put her head round!" Storr gripped his sinewy arm and wrenched him round. The thick beard bristled like the hackles of a dog. His dark eyes gleamed.

"Ah-hah! Put back, eh? Put her head round? First let us understand each other, my good friend. I never put my ship back! No, sir, not for any living man. So much less for the first drunken clown who tumbles in my hold and, by a pretty natural oversight, is battened down. So there we have it!"

"Now, see you here, Mr. Archbold. I am indeed right sorry to find you in this pickle. My friend, Peglar, gave me these letters for a friend of his in the Bay of Islands, and I tell you, sir, I'd give 'most anything to set you safe on shore again. I would so, Mister Archbold. But—put my ship back?" He shook his great head decidedly. "No, sir; that can't be done."

"Well, Captain Storr, I understand your difficulty there. But I want you to understand mine. I have my employer to remember—and my work. And—one in particular who by now must be beside herself with worry. I have neither clothes, money, nor anything else with me. Another thing—I have no recollection whatever of falling in that hold. It is my belief that I was struck—attacked. Thrown down, if you want me to be frank."

He felt hot and angry again. Storr raised his great gnarled paw and struck him on the back—quite playfully.

"You were not robbed, sir? No? What you remember, Mister Archbold, I can't, myself, say. But, sir, what interests me and my ship's company is that you were found in my ship's hold. And when you talk, Mister Archbold, of being attacked—well, that might very likely be. Purty well all hands were ashore that night till high ten o'clock. There are some right chancey customers there about that waterfront, I'm told. But, sir, for all that, I can't put back. No, that I just can't."

The bearded Yankee spoke convincingly. Archbold, unshaven, raw, and feeling very weak, leaned back against the heavy rail.

"Very well, Captain Storr, it seems you have me at a disadvantage. The fault is hardly mine."

"Nor mine, Mister Archbold, sir," Storr interposed.

"Perhaps not, but, very clearly, I'm not disposed to sail the seven seas in this ship of yours until you choose to turn for Sydney again. Now, if it's a question of

money, then for heaven's sake put a price on it and let us see if we can come to terms."

The captain took his cure, but, none the less, with Storr a bargain was a bargain, come what might. Again, decisively, he shook his bull's head left and right.

"Money? What money you could pay, Mister Archbold, won't turn the Helen Storr's nose round."

Finally was in his tone. Archbold looked round and saw the crew at work. These were the captain's men, to do his bidding when he spoke. Law was a slender, fragile force out here. Resist? Surely the action of a fool.

Storr placed his hand upon his arm. "Come, Mister Archbold, I'll fit you up with clothes and a good berth aft. And take my word for it, the first homebound ship we raise, I'll put you aboard. Sure—and pay a passage back. Old Peglar will not grudge the holiday. Now, come below and meet my wife and my young friend, McLean." The two men turned and went below.

That was how Archbold sailed from Sydney in the Helen Storr in the month of March in eighteen thirty-nine. While the tall girl in Rodman's Court, depressed and heavy-hearted, saw the interminable days turn into nights, the schooner travelled to the rosy east, bearing him farther from her every hour.

Mrs. Storr was full of consternation and concern, but the natural embarrassment which Archbold felt in his unhappy plight melted away beneath the woman's kindly thought for him. From the material in the ship's trade store she ran up several shirts, and in a few days fitted him with a sufficiency of spare clothes. The man was grateful, too, and as the weeks drew on he found himself more interested in his new situation than he would have believed possible.

In Storr—hard, shrewd, sometimes brutal, too, and with the courage of a lion—he found a fascinating type of man, ripe with the knowledge of his forty years at sea. From him he learned for the first time the elements of seamanship—to hand and reef and steer. At noon each day he watched him shoot the sun and then work out the ship's position with parallels and pencil on the tattered chart.

Storr grew to like his passenger. So did his wife.

In the main cabin and at night Archbold, the captain, and his wife talked for long hours. John was, with other things, a conversationalist, and now to them he spoke of his world; of books that he had read; of London and its never-resting paucity-colored heart; of the unutterable vastness of the forest bush, keeping its ceaseless vigil on the great new land beneath the Cross; of poets' silver-chiming words cast like translucent gems into a golden bowl.

Watching his smiling lips beneath the grave, blue, piercing eyes, Storr thought that Peglar's loss had been Storr's gain.

At other times Storr called for Mel. The four of them sat round the small, brass-cornered table underneath the lamp which swung, and played long games of whist and crib. Then, to amuse them, the great giant showed tricks, rare tricks of self-delusion and of juggling. And he did mystic, ancient, wicked things with bones. But as he watched this man whose black skin shone, Archbold saw quite untrusting what McLean had wondered if he saw—a sheer deep in his eyes. Behind his smiling, servile mouth, a heart attuned to treachery; a face which masked a

demon subtlety; and the slow patience of a man who knew his time would come.

When Archbold first met Melchior, he started at the man's immensity. The black had looked down on the other man, who was no less than six good feet himself, and softly smiled without a word. It was a smile which seemed to say: "I am the man who knows of things of which in good time I shall speak. Not yet; not now. The time for saying them has not come. Another day."

The Helen Storr had been out more than four months now. Her hold was filling up, and with a steady nor-east wind, Storr brought her down out of the latitudes which, with their labyrinthine islands, atolls and white reefs, make the soft tepid waters to the north a garden marvel-land of sapphire tides and verdant earth and palms. Soon, John reflected to himself in the quiet nights, this interlude would close down to its end, and in a few short weeks he would stride through her father's door to crush her in ecstatic passion to his breast; to hear her whisper through her breaking sobs: "Dear one—thou hast returned. Ah, the good Lord be thanked!" to gather up again those threads of life in Rodman's Court which on that night in March had fallen tangled from his grasp.

BREAKFAST had just commenced. Storr sat at the table head. Archbold sat on his left, his wife down at the foot. And as they ate they laughed to see the baby's ludicrous attempts to crawl. A soft wind blew. The sun had not yet risen high, to pour its burning heat upon the glass-like surface of the sea. The new-tarred shrouds smelt pleasantly. They heard the great weight of the giant upon the companionway, which creaked. His shadow thrust aside the light which poured in through the open cabin door.

Storr raised his head to see why Mel came aft. The negro, with his finger to his lip, strode round the table to the captain's side. His footsteps—no more than five had brought him round—were quite inaudible. Storr, seeing him so disregard his years' old rule never to let the slave stand at his back, half-turned. Sales lifted up his fearful arm and mallet fist. Then, before Archbold had realised his thought, he dealt the sitting man a frightful blow. Storr's skull and jaw-bone cracked and splintered at the stroke. He uttered not a sound. As his wife screamed and Archbold leapt upon his feet, the black drew from his holster underneath the captain's arm, his pistol, charged and primed. In the same movement, he thrust Storr's senseless, sitting form away. It tumbled to the deck and lay there, horribly inert. To the two, the man and woman facing him, he spoke:

"This, ma'am—an' yo', too, Mistah Archbold—is mah ship." Swiftly the hand which held the pistol tensed. Archbold had moved as though he were about to spring. The slave man smiled, then laughed—terribly—eerily. What memories of years of calculating hate that frightful laugh called up only his own dark demon heart could tell.

The woman stood, both her hands pressed upon her tingling ears. The child, who crawled and crowded upon the snowy deck, sat up and laughed to hear the giant. She gripped his great toe and he stooped and lifted her away. His dreadful laughter ceased.

"Yuss, Miss' Storr, ma'am, mah ship.

... Sit down." His voice snarled horribly and his black face contorted in a paralysis of hate. But when he spoke again he spoke in tones as softly brilliant as a hissing snake.

"See this, yo' people"—he rolled Storr's huddled figure over with a thrust of his great foot—"see this ting. Twenty years I—Mistah Archbold. Ah-h-h-h-h! Twenty years! Ah was his slave, suh. Oho! He whipped mah back!" Momentarily again, his forced composure left him. He almost screamed. The woman put her head down on the table-top and Archbold, sitting by her side, felt his skin roughen underneath his clothes. This man—fool that he was not to have known it earlier—was mad. Like a great ape, Sales drummed his left hand on his chest. His black eyes flashed and rolled in their knowledge of his triumph. He almost chanted in his insane joy:

He stooped above the prostrate man and, seizing his black beard, waggled his chin in a shocking motion of a man's mouth talking. The fractured bones grated frightfully, and at that sound the wife rose up—then fell prone in a swoon. Sales, holding the pistol on the table-edge before him, sat down. He looked at Archbold.

"Mistah Archbold, suh, yo' an' me can und'stand one 'nother, an' talk. Yuss, suh. . . . No, sit still, or be the golly, suh, Ah'll blow yo' face right out. . . . Yuss, suh, we two c'n talk. . . . Ah'm the mas'r of this ship. The crew, suh, are on the deck an' wait fo' mah—mah—Mel. Yuss, Mistah Archbold. Oho, yuss!"

"It mus' have 'curred to yo', suh, to wondah jus' how yo' came aboard this craft?" Archbold sat motionless. Shortly he answered him.

"Why do you ask that, Sales?"

"Why—Ah will tell yo'," replied the man who not so long ago had been a slave. "Yo' would, Mistah Archbold, be s'prised to heah that yo' were sent out heah—knocked on the head—huh—huh?"

John Archbold felt a cold constriction round his heart. Yes, say what he might now to the black, he had suspected it. But with the thing before his face he feared to look at it. He feared to hear it put in words. He looked at Melchior, whose teeth were gleaming in the cabin light. The woman softly moaned. She sighed and shuddered. The sprawling figure that was Storr breathed with an unnatural bubbling of the breath through blood. Sales glanced at him and grinned. Then he continued:

"Yuss, suh, mah ordahs was to lay yo' out—an' not to break yo' head—then lay yo' in that hold. Ah, Mistah Archbold, carried yo' down thar. Th' othahs, all were sent asho'."

Despite himself, Archbold half rose up from his seat. So did the black. Again they looked into each other's eyes. In Sales' John read the bitter truth. But in his smooth and liquid tones the negro, smiling, still, disclosed the orders Storr had given him upon that Tuesday night. The crew ashore and Abel's wife at Minnie Link's, Sales to await the coming of the man at eight o'clock. Storr was below. The black had laced a fine cord fore and aft along the deck hard by the open hold, and when the man had stepped upon the planks and tripped, the slave, who until then had lain concealed and motionless, crept from behind and with a hand-spike struck him down. He had carried him below into the dark concealment of the hold, battered his hat in, and

left him there that he might think he must have fallen in.

"...an', suh, that Storr did that."

"Why, why? Sales, I believe you're lying yet."

The woman, white and trembling, lifted her head.

"Ho-lying? Not mah, Mistah Archbold. Storr-pach!" He spat upon Storr's twisted upturned face. "Storr, Ah say, was paid to do it. Yuss suh, paid! Fat guinea bits. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Archbold's vivid eyes blazed. Paid? Paid? By whom? The negro threw his great head back and laughed. Helen Storr dragged herself round to her husband's side. She raised his fractured head and, with the bottom of her undershirt, wiped the dark blood which oozed out from his mouth and ears. The captain's pistol still held up, Sales stood erect. With his tongue dry and his cold eyes upon the pistol muzzle, Archbold asked:

"Paid to do it? Who paid him? Who paid Storr—for that? Eh? Tell me that—"

"Who paid him? Why, suh, now, jus' who would? Ha, ha, ha! Who, Mistah Archbold, always pays a man to take 'nother man to sea? Ha, ha, ha! Who, now, would pay, suh?"

Archbold's blood chilled within his veins. A myriad discordant voices gibbered in his ears. Ah, could it be that? She never would have done this thing. The blood rushed to his eyes, casting a scarlet veil across his misty sight. Then, while the erstwhile slave enjoyed the whimsicality of this great joke, they heard Storr move. The two men and the woman watched the captain rising on his hands and knees. He groaned. The blood which dribbled from his mouth and ears ran to the deck. He raised himself laboriously, and with his eyes on Sales, essayed to speak. A wordless jargon was the only sound he made.

And as he swayed and with a savage fortitude stumbled and made towards Sales, the pistol roared. Clawing his stomach, with the dark blood-fountain spurting between his crooked fingers, Storr pitched down upon his face. With frozen horror in her eyes, his wife watched dully as her husband twitched and died. The thin blue smoke trailed out, twirling and winding through the cabin door. The small child, Bessie, screamed—and Archbold leapt.

DIRECTLY at the negro's throat he sprang. Through the blood-curdled film which painted every object in the cabin red, he saw that monstrous face convulsed and insane in its wicked joy, and in his ears astounding tumults crashed. His brown hand, fierce and vice-like, closed on the throat which stiffened into knots and cords of steel. His left arm curled about the negro's loins. With a fierce wrench he sought to bear him to the deck. Caught un-awares, Mel reeled and almost fell, but, powerful as he was, strain as he might, Archbold soon realised, while their great muscles cracked, that strength alone could not avail him now.

Locked together, and breathing shrilly as they strove, they staggered over Storr's warm corpse, while Archbold felt the dead man's thigh roll underneath his gripping toes.

Three of the crew had rushed into the cabin.

Archbold swayed and made toward the giant, whose hot sweat trickled with blood

which coursed down from his limply hanging ear. Then as the three men and the woman watched, the negro lunged. Raising his fearful voice in that unearthly hooting cry, he swept his crushing arms about John Archbold's trunk, and, spitting blood and spittle as he breathed, bore him back—back—and down. Still choking in that frightful grip, Archbold, with his last sense deserting him, wrenched upon Sales' greasy head and neck. With desperate, insane ferocity, the slave bent to his knee, buried his fingers in the prone man's flesh, which tore and broke in such a dreadful clutch, raised him on high, and shrilling like a beast, dashed him upon the deck.

The three men crowded round to see the man, inanimate and broken, at their feet, who dared to fight with Mel. He lay unconscious and his face was but a raw and bloody mask of what it had been when they saw him last—perhaps a short half-hour before. The negro was a dreadful sight to see. His underlip was pendulous and pulped, and his great bleeding ear looked like a bat's wing broken by a fall. His gleaming body dripped and steamed and stank. His sharp teeth, sobbing, whistled through his nose. The three men looked at Archbold, then at Storr. In a strained voice, one spoke.

"Well, Mel, I guess you've done it."

Mel, in his negroid bombast, leered and answered him.

"Sho! Ah've done it, Tim. Sho! Didn't Ah say Ah'd do it? An' say, Tim, an' yo' boys—didn't Ah say Ah'd do it on mah own? Well—thar—Ah've done it—ho!"

He spat and kicked Archbold as he lay; then wheeled about and saw the woman crouching, hysterically dumb, and with the child, Bessie, in her arms. The sight of her galvanised him into action.

"Well, lady, Miss Storr—now yo' know. Ah'm cap'n now, Ah am." They lifted Archbold up and dragged him up the companionway, his limp heels clattering delectably as they went. Storr, for a time, they left. The schooner, hove-to in an idling sea, rocked gently, and the hot sun crept upon his vivid-sheening way.

STORR they flung overboard. The woman and the child Mel lowered down himself, the seven other men drawn round and watching mirthfully like rats. When the black stooped, lifted up Archbold's senseless form, and dropped it crashing in the small boat bobbing by the schooner's side, they laughed and jibed.

Mel stocked the boat: two oars; no mast; no sail; a bag of bread; two junks of dripping salt hunk from the barter's cask; and a three-gallon breaker of water. That was his bargain with the men. Storr—if he liked, but Mrs. Storr, her baby and the tall passenger must have their chance. Sales cursed their charity and weakness underneath his breath, then smiled and said:

"Sho, boys, then that's all settled. Food an' water, sho."

He was still smiling as he cast the small boat off. The man was lying doubled up upon the bottom boards; the woman huddled in the stern, her fretful baby in her arms.

When the strong sun was at its zenith point they got the gently rolling schooner under way. As her sails caught the wind, she trembled to its touch, and the small boat leapt lightly in her tossing wake. The woman nursed the child until she fell to sleep again. Then, for

the first time since the schooner up-sailed and away, she stirred, to wrap her daughter in a shawl and lay her down between her feet. That done, she fell once more into a stony, sightless apathy.

From time to time she shivered, and unlocked her hands, and raised her head toward the cobalt sky. Then she stared again unseeing at the dark-haired man who sprawled in a grotesque disorder of his limbs, one leg upon a thwart, his head thrown back, and his white face distorted in a repulsive stricture of the jaws.

The afternoon, as though it were a very age of time, slipped slowly to the west. The idle sea slapped the boat's clinker sides in play and imperceptibly bore it upon an unnamed course. Four hours ago and more the dwindling mark upon the northern horizon, which was the Helen Storr, had slipped from sight and now a filmy band of light spread in a silent breathing wash of light round to the west, merging with saffron, blue, and creamy gold to make a veiling curtain for the dusk—a curtain tremulous as joy. The disk of light which whirled in silence to the sea, gleamed in a riot of stark, soundless flame, then fell.

Now the new dawn, approaching, brought a wind, a small, light wind whose breath was cold and damp. The woman, paralysed with hours of immobility, saw the thin fragment of the moon plunge in the darkened ocean to the west, and, turning round, her heavy eyes were dazzled when the impatient ruddy sun lashed his great chariot to race again across the sky. The baby girl slept softly by her foot. Twice in the night the senseless man had stirred, and, softly muttering, had fallen quiet again.

Then in the swiftly glimmering dawn she rose and made her way stumbling down to him. Putting forth all her strength she drew him straight, and with a piece of linen from her petticoat, she sponged his face and neck with the cold water of the sea, washing the stiff blood from his face and forehead and throat. That did her good, for as she worked and strove to rouse the man, she softly wept. Her tears ran down and dropped on Archbold's face. She spoke quite gently to herself. Then, as he made no sound or movement, she grew desperate. She shook him, lightly at first, but then more vigorously. Then she called him by name.

"Mr. Archbold! Mr. Archbold!" She spoke close to his ear, insistently. "Mr. Archbold! Oh, Mr. Archbold! John! John! John Archbold!" She let his head lie back. Looking about she saw the water breaker in the bow.

The small boat rocked as though it were a cradle on the sea. So, with some difficulty she struggled down to it. She found a small tin pannikin, and to quench her own sharp thirst, filled it and drank. Her heart throbbed once and turned. Incredulous, she put the pannikin to her lips again, but spat the mouthful out. The tin cup fell and clattered in the boat. The water was as salt as brine! For Sales had had his little joke and drawn it from the sea. Terribly trembling, she used the pannikin to sluice sea-water over him; and all the time, an hour or more, she whispered quite incoherently to herself.

Archbold groaned once. His eyelids flickered open and he stared at her in a complete bewilderment. Then his eyes opened wide.

"What...? This...? You...? What am I doing here?"

"You have been senseless all the night."

I thought—I thought that you were dead. It was—” Abruptly she broke off and fell upon her knees, while panic swept her on its rushing way. Her face was tense and livid in its fear.

“My baby! Oh, what of my baby? Soon there will be nothing her to give her when she cries. Then—do you hear?—Oh, she must die! Do you hear? Die! Die!” Her voice rose in a terrible hysteria.

“What did you say your name was, ma’am?” With a pathetic effort to seem unconcerned, he spoke. She looked again at him.

“My name? You know my name, of course. Helen Storr. Don’t you remember, now?” The shock of the blow must have disturbed his memory. Such things she had heard of before.

“Storr? Storr? Ah, he was the captain of a ship—yes? What is my name? I—it seems hard to—call it back to mind.”

Archbold—John. John Archbold. It sounded quite an unfamiliar name to him. And there were other names. She could not know of them. . . . They would come back to him. . . . They must! He, too, had heard of these things happening to men. But—now—how dry had grown his thirsty mouth and throat. And hers.

When the dark fell and all the stars leaped out, she clambered aft and sat with him. Then, while he slept an hour or two, she held the steering oar and watched the unlighting stars—the night—the sea—the dark, imponderable sea, the mocking, moon-mad sea, the sneering, softly-chiming sea. Sitting, forlorn and crouched, the woman watched the sea, while the man sought to conjure up again the forms and faces which had passed beyond the drawn veil of his mind.

When he woke up the wind had dropped. He cut two buttons from his coat. They each sucked one. For a short time it held the misery of thirst at bay. Later that night, worn down with apprehension and despair, she slept.

The water bearing those two people on its breast plucked at the voyaging, aimless boat, and whispered “Drown.” It tempted him, the man, who raised his flame-injected eyes and whispered “Drown! Drown rather than be consumed by that white, throat-devouring fire, which brings these first to madness, then to death.”

The child died first. Two days they watched her slowly withering and, checking, leap from life. Such a pathetic little life it was. When Archbold touched the almost senseless woman’s arm and made to lift her baby from her grasp, she drew her lip up in a dreadful, whispered snarl, and her poor, tortured eyes grew round with all the savagery of fear. But later in the day she slept and then he took the stiffened burden from her arms, climbed to the stern, and softly placed it down—down on the patient bosom of the sea. But when the dread triangle of a fin swept by and round in one swift-eddy turn, his heart knocked and he almost screamed aloud. He crouched and trembled in the sheets until he dozed again; a thin, uneasy state of dreadful sleep from which he awakened in the ecstasy of splashing water trickling on his face. The wind had freshened and the plunging boat, scudding before it, tossed broken spray up from her leaping bow.

His blackened hand moved slowly round his throat. What fiery anguish could lie in a throat! His sight was fading and the fierce incandescence of the sun shone in a

wicked transience upon green-arbored lanes and lichened, moisture-dripping rocks.

But on the sixth day madness had them in its hold. When Archbold, back in Rodman’s Court, sat at an ink-smear’d desk and scribbled copy by the room, he heard a hollow plunge. The sound flung back his wandering mind upon another course, and standing by the taffrail of the Helen Storr, beneath a great bewilderment of stars, he heard the fat fish leap and saw the shining porpoise dive. But that in its turn swept away and when he opened wide his almost sightless eyes, he saw the moon rise slowly, green and torpid, in the dark, flickering sky.

When cool hands stroked his split, chapped face, he weakly smiled and tried to hold them in his own. But when he felt them close about his throat, he tossed and strove in frantic helplessness to cast them off. Anon, he rolled his dreadful eyes, and had he had the strength he would have plunged into the cool green waste which shouted, “Drown! Drown, unhappy madman! Drown! But do not burn!” Through the cold, clammy, tropic dawn he lay upon his face, but when the dread sun’s heat beat down he raised his head. She who had been there when the last sun shone had gone.

Her awful muteness froze his very heart. Hour upon hour he lay, and feared to touch her hands. Hour upon hour the fierce light poured down upon his eyes. At last he bent his head and wept. In the late afternoon of this, the seventh day, he struggled weakly, with his trembling hands beneath her lifeless arms. With all his feeble strength he lifted her and raised her to the side. Huddled upon the sunwale of the boat, she looked just like a crumpled, twisted doll—a doll repellent, and from which the brain had run. He cast an almost guilty look behind, as though he feared to do what his last senses told him must be done. Then, with his left hand crushed upon his eyes, he thrust her down—into the garden of the sea which held her child.

THE COXWAIN urged the eager oarsmen on. The water bubbled at the whaleboat’s sharp, curved prow. Down to leeward, her lean, black symmetry cut sharply out against the setting sun, the whaler rolled, hove to. “As you go.” Then a sharp order from the coxswain in the woollen cap. “Way nough. Hold water.” As they drew up and alongside, the men craned round to see what might be in the other boat. In a sharp, ringing tone the coxswain cried: “By heavens, boys, the skipper’s right! It’s a man!”

“And a dead one, too, by the looks of ‘im,” answered stroke. The two boats grated softly side by side, rolling upon a softly-heaving swell. The coxswain stood and peered at Archbold, silent and senseless, in the warping boat. He, when the small man in the woollen cap leaped in and raised his head, moaned once. The dry breath snored within his throat.

Slowly they drew him from his boat to theirs. He lay curled at the coxswain’s feet. The whaleboat’s crew gave way, and bending to their work, soon fetched up beneath the whaler’s quarter. The falls hooked on. “Marry!” was the order from the dark-skinned mate, and “Hoist away!” Swiftly the whaleboat rose up on the blocks, smooth as a curtain rising on a stage, and just as silently.

Archbold, they carried to the fore-castle, and treated him in the imme-

morial manner of sailormen with warmth and undiluted rum. Soon afterwards the whaler, *Pocahontas*, was under way again. Her home was in New Bedford. Her captain was Jasper Slaph. The coxswain’s name was Shotter—Sep Shotter.

So, on the *Pocahontas*, willy-nilly, Archbold sailed. Down to the icy barriers of the Antarctic seas, out to the inshore and the offshore banks, and through the New Zealand grounds. A mort of rolling water, Archbold sailed in her, hunting the great fish.

When Sep, the grey-eyed, pink-faced man whose hair was oily purple like a Dyak girl’s, dragged Archbold from the drifting boat and back to life, Jacob, in Rodman’s Court, fed pathetically on hope, the least substantial meal for any man, while Janet’s eyes were drawn and saddened with a dreadful fear and the sharp knowledge of what had to come.

A LIE is like a living organism in that it breeds its own deceiving species. So Jacob found, at least, when he had done the thing. For while John sailed with Abel Storr, and long before Sales’ seizure of the ship, he found himself committed to the cruelty—a cruelty, indeed, to both of them—of reeling off, time and again, that wretched tale which once to him had seemed so plausible and watertight.

And now five months had come and gone. While Jacob, bent and doolie, slaved at his work, endeavoring to crowd out thoughts and memories which would steal in and knock insistently within his ear; while he raised both his scurrying pen and nervous, dogmatic little voice in the campaigns for self-government and the abolition of the transportation system, and mingled, softly striving, with the proud, the opulent, the landed and the great—she waited in a terrible abstraction of the mind.

The small net bag upon her arm, she did her shopping as she had done before he went away. (“Why? Why had he not told her?”) She met her friends and seemed to laugh—if a constriction of the lips can be called mirth; and helped to entertain the folk who came to Rodman’s Court now, so frequently. But when Jacob, shortly after John had gone, suggested that she go out more with him, Janet had frowned. And when he urged her—Eh! Yes?—to see more of the young fellows of her own age, she said they made her sick and tired. When, breaking it, he blundered on, and with a clownish clumsiness, littered and told her that Peveril, the bank accountant, was most anxious that Oswald, his son, should meet her, her eyes flamed, and in astonishment, Jacob had wisely let the subject drop. He never brought it up again.

Jacob, this day, was out, and Janet sewed. But not, this time, a white chemise. Before her on the table was a little heap of snowy flannellette. She cut around a paper pattern, and with a thimble on her finger-end, thrust the bright needle through and back. Her head, crowned by its coronet of copper-gold, she held upon one side. The tripping needle gleamed and a bright splashing tear, brilliant and silver in the light, dropped on the tiny thing she stitched.

She put her sewing down and wiped her eyes, but when she pressed them with her

fragrant little handkerchief, they burst and spilled their treasury of other crystal tears. Her face held in her two small hands, she wept. Her old companion in the yard tossed his great arms in impotent compassion for her grief.

Since that March night when John had closed the door and gone out journeying, the paper had not been the same. And Jacob, tormented by his own heartfelt regrets and struggling at night against the fear that something might have happened after all—he knew it, too. The "Courier's" healthy pulse seemed lazy, tired and slow. The cheery flame reflected in its pages seemed to have flickered down and died. The ring of it, its vigor and its soul, seemed to have faded out and passed away.

With all his care and torment, though, Peglar was making money from his "Courier." No doubt of that. Fat guineas piled up in his bank and he began to think of building his own house, a house of freestone, on the allotment he had purchased on the Surry Hills. But only ceaseless and unremitting activity quelled for a time the conscience gnawing like a rat upon his heart. He gave himself no moment's rest, but feverishly worked from dawn to dark, still with his grey, short-sighted, blinking eyes upon the prize he thought he could attain.

Now, Mr. Wentworth, my dear sir, I've done the thing . . . and, if I took your meaning right, I'll enter politics. . . . My answer, sir, is "Yes." . . . Yes, to be sure. And be your strong supporter all your noble life. . . . Great, honorable patron. . . . Dread, splendid Mr. Wentworth. . . . Whose very house is noble and baronial. . . . The eucalyptus trees in Vauluse Park might sneer, indeed, to see the unfamiliar oaks and elms which came from other lands and peep through bowmen's crevassations in the thick stone walls. . . . This was a rare new sight to them. . . . Perhaps they took it as a joke? . . . Well, what of that, eh? What of that?

But now, oppressed by five months' care and piling-up remorse, he quailed to hear Sol's words ring in his ear. What was it Link had said that day they drank their brandy in the Blue Bell sitting-room? Eh, that was it: "Ships are but ships, at best. And ships sometimes go out and don't come home again." But that ship must come home. With a deceptive ease he squared his little conscience round. Janet had had her chance of—well, of what. Eh? To—to look about—and, yes, that was it, and make her own mind up. Besides, ach, how was he to know that the chirruping little mad-cap would take it all like this? Refuse to make new friends. In fact, it was a tiresome job to get the girl to see old ones.

Denny's eyes spoke of an almost angry resolution. The patient hopefulness which marked her face smote his old heart. Softly he closed the door. He held his finger to his lip as Mel, the enchanted singer, did upon a time to Abel Storr. She put her knitting down. He stood before her with his twisted shoulders stooped as though a burden on them were too great.

"What is it, Denny?"

The wrinkled Irishman's face worked. He raised his arm in a strange, sweeping gesture.

"'Tis of the man, Miss Jhanet, Oi wad shpake. Him who 'ave gone away." She had known it.

"Oi 'ave ate 'is honor's—y'r feyther's

—bhead these many year. 'Tis so, Miss Jhanet. 'Ave Oi not? Oi 'ave." Sheahan drew in his breath. The girl looked at him with her eyes dilated wide and her red lips pressed into a bloodless line. She motioned him to speak, and with a heart which seemed to dwindle down within her looked through the window out to the shady yard.

"'Tis so. An' 'ave Oi not be'eld y'r pretty self grow up? 'Tis so again, Oi says, Bethray 'im yet, but Oi will, for 'tis a bad thing that 'e 'ave done. Oi says it."

She wheeled about and seized his gnarled old hand.

"What is this you say? What did my—my father have in this? How do you know? Where is he now, then, if you know so much?"

Sheahan felt very bleached and small.

"Where is the feiley now? Oi cannot tell yez that, but—this much: Oi misremember 'th' day, but a man named Storr—Aha, 'twas the man Storr—'airy loike the back of a shrate ape—what brought 'is lady an' a baby child here, upon wan sunny afternoon. Aha, 'twas a foine day in March. Now, Oi recall, y'r feyther 'ad not bin f'r long enough 'is 'arny, skippin' self."

"Y'r feyther—ah, well, y'r feyther—did sit in the office room wid the 'airy feiley, Storr. Aha—as yez says—'tis right. Too thrue, 'tis right! They shpoke, the two of them, in a soft, whoosperin' tone—shwiss—shwiss. Twere just loike that. Wait."

Sheahan would tell the thing in his own way. For all his troubled heart and pity for the girl whose bleak face stared down on his own, his rooted Celtic love of story-telling rose, for the moment, uppermost. The gesture of his upraised hand was quite superb.

"Wait. Oi heered y'r feyther shay: 'An' 'e mught not be harrumed, nor badly hurted.' Aha. To that the mowl'n Yankee wid the black fur on 'is face says: 'Hurried! Not a bit uv it.' An' y'r feyther says: 'An' the young feiley will not know we 'ad an' in 't, eh?' An' Storr—now blast 'im f'r the black dog that 'e is—replies, so 'e did: 'Me 'and—' A thirty black 'and, too. Oi'll take me warrant on 'e—'Me 'and—me own 'and—on that. Mither Peglar, sorr, oh that,' 'e says. Wid that y'r feyther, Miss Jhanet, leps up from 'is chair an' counts out money from 'is box. 'E giv it to the manny, 'airy wan. Oh, Oi sees it now, as plain as 'oight."

Sheahan stopped. For a moment there was miserable silence. The girl, whose face was strained and pallid and incredulous, spoke now, with her gaze averted from the little cripple's face.

"This thing you tell me—can you be sure? Quite, quite sure? I mean—"

"Sure, yez says? Sure? Too sure! Phwat Oi shay now—'tis so. There yuz a dale of talkin' an' mutterin' an' soft blarney, but Oi heered enough to tell yez—an' begorra 'tis not Oi who'll be carin' who the devil knows it—that yez both bin didded an' done."

She sent him out. His heart was heavy as he limped back to the clanking press. When he had gone, she sat, quite shocked and trembling, in Jacob's creaking rocking-chair. There, with the old clock looking down on her and ticking out its ceaseless tale of hours, she sat with her tight hands underneath her chin. She might

have guessed. She had been blind not to have realised why, in late months, her father seemed afraid to meet her eyes; why he worked desperately, morning, noon and night; and why he looked so bowed, and tired, and old. Slowly, a cold and terrible resentment welled up in her choking her.

She heard her father's step. As he walked in, with several parcels in his arms, she looked him in the face. He had no time to see the flaming anger in her tawny eyes, the marble pallor of her face.

"What did you do with John?"

Confounded and appalled, he seemed to shrink with guilt. His hat fell from his hand. It bounced with a light, hollow sound upon the floor. Unwatched, it rolled beneath a chair. The parcels which he carried, one by one, fell down. His stiffened, stammering lips refused to speak. He put his hand behind him, searching for a seat. His shoulders sloped down and his face was as grey as a cinder in dust. Ah-h-h-h, this . . . this . . . this was what he had always feared. Yes, feared. Now, what a dreadful thing a fear could be. Her burning passionate eyes looked into his. Quivering in a horrified dismay, the wretched little fellow sagged into the chair.

"Will you answer me, father? You heard what I asked you. What did you do with John?"

"W-w-w-with John, my dearest? What—what—you are having a—a little joke—eh—eh?"

At that, her nostrils trembling with rage, she threw discretion and respect to the winds.

"Joking? Joking? You cheat! You wicked, wicked cheat!"

She was so overwrought with this white flame of anger that she could not articulate. Her throbbing voice was thick. She choked upon a raging sob. He, smitten silent in this astounding catastrophe, sat up in a bewilderment impossible to describe.

"Oh, you needn't trouble to answer me. I know it all. You—you bribed Captain Storr to take John away. You hoped that I'd forget him or marry someone else. You cheated him—you evil little hypocrite—because you feared to be the father of a man on a ticket of leave!"

She stamped her foot and stepped close up to him. He shrank away, his lips moving soundlessly. At every bitter epithet she flung at him, his small chest swelled as though his sickly-pounding heart would burst. Ach! Ach! How terribly her hard voice rang.

"Yes, you did that thing because you're weak; and because you've the heart of a little cur! You knew—don't sit there and tell me lies—you knew he loved me. Yes, and you know I love him. But because you thought your great friends would turn you away if I married an ex-convict, you stooped to trickery and lies, hoping you could stop us setting married! Six months! Six months! And where is he now? Where is John now? No, you don't know! And until I found you out you didn't care! Do you hear, you dishonest, cringing, white-faced little man, you? You didn't care!"

She paused and drew a hissing dreadful breath and put her face down in her hands.

"Oh, now you have murdered all my joy. Nothing can ever be the same. Do you hear me? Never!"

In a dull, lifeless voice, he spoke at last. "Janet, dear—don't—oh, don't blame me too much. I—I only did what I have done—for thee. Yes." He nodded his

white head up and down, his eyes pathetically raised to hers. "Yes, yes, indeed. For right or wrong, I did it all for—"

"Yourself, I say!" she passionately answered him.

He quailed. Deep in him another voice spoke softly for his ringing ears to hear. "She speaks the truth." When Janet spoke again her voice was low, intense, and every syllable fell like a whip-lash on his squirming soul.

"Now it is done and I shall have to wait for him. But you must know this, too. I would have spared you something—until at least John had come back. But now he will not come back—yet. No, not yet. There are not two of us any more, but three. Have you been blind?"

He gazed at her across the tops of the steel spectacles, which now, as always, were askew upon his drooping, thin-pinned nose. He thrust them up and peered at her again. He had been blind. Now he was worse, the ceaseless small voice said, than Cain. About his tingling, roaring ears, the wretched structure he had built, and thought it policy, fell with a shattering confusion into potsherds, laths, and every kind of gimcrack worthlessness. Bemused, quite stupefied, he looked at her.

He saw his daughter standing there, for all her dreadful anger, lonely and vaguely fearful of the door she must pass through so very soon. Would that her long dead mother could be with her now. The hot tears struggled to his eyes. He sprang up from his chair and cast himself upon his bony knees, his arms about her trembling form.

"Ah, my poor, poor pretty thing. . . . My heart—it—it will not let me speak. For what I did, and for the little time I thought it would be, forgive me. . . . Forgive me if you can. . . . And for the baby's sake. . . . Ah, I am broken down with all of it. . . ."

Unthinkingly, her brimming eyes upon the gently waving tree—who tried to cheer her heart by throwing sunlight from his green leaves on her face—she placed her hand upon his head. It was her father kneeling at her feet. He who began her life. He must get up. The sight of his abasement was far more than she could bear. She raised him up and in each other's arms their warm tears streamed.

HER baby came on Christmas Day. When the first morning bells rang out and clashed and pealed their message to the folk of Sydney town, when the bright day was dawning and the birds sang in a delirium of joy, her son was born.

Poor Jacob, pinched and grey—let there be no mistake about it, he was in all appearances, at least, an old man now—chafed in a miserable cold sweat in the small living-room downstairs. He heard the midwife's heavy clumping step above, and then, when Sheahan showed the doctor in, he listened in spite of himself, and quaked to hear the footsteps in the room above.

How futile, now, to wish that John were here. How futile, too, to hope that he could ever come again. For that ship had gone out and never had returned. These last few months had been a torture and a nightmare to the printer man. Day after day he had watched his daughter's hopelessness grow like a spreading cloud upon a rosy sky, until he almost wished that he were dead.

At the exchange, at the old post office, in the banking chamber of the Bank of

New South Wales, round in the Hope and Anchor Inn, at the Mechanics' Institute, in all the haunts which he had frequented, his friends had seen the sudden change in him. That swift transition in a man which, like the passage of a shadow over light, bespeaks old age. His one-time boyish, springy step was gone. His back was bent and skinny and his knees were aching.

Perhaps the saddest circumstance of all the consequences of his folly, and of the sorrow which it wrought, was Sol Link's rarer visits to the house in Rodman's Court. One may not altogether censure Sol. Jacob's mad project, and the deception which, in his vanity, he had practised upon Janet and her John, old Link had never liked.

When it was done, although he washed his hands of it, things between Jacob and himself were never quite the same. When business took him to the office of the "Courier" he feared to see the sad-faced girl who smiled courageously and looked so candidly out of her soft and tawny eyes. Sol wished with all his bluff old heart that he had never listened to the thing. Rather that he had said that dismal morning in the Blue Bell Inn:

"What, Jacob? You speak to me about a thing like that? Then do it, if your mind's made up, but never seek to hold my hand again."

No, he had not done that. He had been weak about it all. Weak? Well, worse than weak, Sol had the manliness to think about himself. But in the last few weeks his Minnie had come home from Mrs. Sproules, whose husband kept a draper's shop not far from Mr. Moffitt's in Pitt Street. What she told Sol that night, while she screwed papers in her scanty hair, was bad.

At all events, with this bad news, Sol made up his mind then and there to walk to Rodman's with his wife on Christmas Day. What better day, thought Sol, than Christmas Day on which to bid his old friend to perk up and let his troubled daughter see that old friends still stuck close? Stout, bluff, well-meaning Sol—for all his small share in that wretched morning's work.

She cried out once, a deep and anguished cry, then closed her lips. The golden light of Christmas Day shone down upon the great old tree in Rodman's Court—and on her son. When smiling Dr. Kayling, whose double chin and satin waistcoat were a sight to see, told him he might see her, Jacob climbed softly up the stairs and through the opened doorway of her room—looked in. When he walked to her bed, she looked at him and smiled. Her fingers moved. With one she fogged a little greeting on the quilt. Her eyelids blinked and the two tears crept down her tired, pinched face. She said:

"He—he's here—now."

Jacob knelt down and pressed her little hand upon his eyes. Then, in a tumbling burst of stormy sobs, he cried, helplessly and terribly—like a boy—until the lumbering but kindly Mrs. Twillip—shooed him and told him he was all worked up and would upset the lamb. Jacob, quite stupefied, looked round, almost as though he expected to see some infant specimen of merino in the room. Instead, he saw his grandson, crinkled and red, who lay, enrolled in fragrant flannellette, in a deep basket by the foot of Janet's bed. He

thrust his foggy glasses up, then took them off. She smiled again.

"Who is he like?"

"Like? Ach, my darling, he is like—like John, of course, eh, eh?"

Gently she drew him down and kissed his swelling eyelids. His name, she said, was John. She called him little John.

AFTER three weeks of weakness alternated with delirium, the man had come to life. The skipper had questioned him. The blue-eyed man could only shake his head and press his dark, emaciated hand against his brow. He seemed confused, as if he could not think. Besides, the matter of his name was worrying him. Was his name Chase? He could not be sure. . . . But if they said it was, it must be so. . . . For when his eyes had opened on the dark-grained deck, the day that they had brought him from his boat, persistently he drivelled about clover in a field—a dead man's cheeks—of something which he seemed to call a chase—of nonpareil—and stone. The crew could make no sense of it at all. So, with a seaman's fatalism, Slape had directed that the men draw lots. Sep Shotter's ship had been drawn first. The name upon it was John Chase, and John Chase there and then he had become.

"Chase?" the captain had remarked. "John Chase? Waal, I reckon that's as good a name as any—at all events, until his own name comes back to his empty nut. Anyway, Shapcott, get him on his feet as soon as you can, and we'll see what he's made of."

The man's return to health was swift enough. When he was recovered and about, the captain questioned him again. The tall man's forehead wrinkled in a desperate effort to recall something of what had passed, before and after Seles had flung him with such fearful force upon the schooner's deck. He shook his head, then slowly spoke.

"I have heard of this thing happening to men, Captain Slape, but I cannot remember the boat—no, nor anything at all."

Slape was inclined at last to be convinced. He stared the man directly in the face and looked into his candid eyes, the eyes of blue which she upon a time had loved to see. Now they were opened wider than they had been before. Instead of the old piercing look, they had in them some quality of a small child's regard. Now they suggested in their openness almost a puzzled speculative curiosity.

"But, say, Chase, tell me now. Think hard. Can't you remember the port this ship of yours sailed from? And what was her skipper like? Where'd you been? Dash it, man, you can't have mislaid everything in that round head of yours! What say now, Chase?"

"I can remember nothing. Unless, captain, a wild confusion of broken thoughts can count for anything. You think—you say there must have been a woman in the boat. But you tell me I was quite alone. She might have been. Perhaps it was a dream—a fever—when I spoke of her. . . . Still, a sail made of petticoats? Now, when I strain my mind to think, I hear a noise which sounds as though a thousand voices tried to speak at once. . . . And then that hot pain sweeps behind my ears. . . . My very name has gone away. The one which you have given me might just as well, now, be a number on my back. . . ."

"Remarkable! Remarkable! You look so darn right strong and hefty, too."

The captain of the whaler gave it up, so John signed on, a hand before the mast, and had another trade to learn: the trade of hunting the great fish—the right whale, and the sperm whale—in his own preserves. Like an automaton, he found that, without conscious thought, the things which he had learnt in the old life came to his mind again. When he saw Slape lift up the sextant to his eye, John realised that he could take a sight as well. But none the less, where he had learned, and in what kind of circumstance, his brain could not—or would not—say. And so it was with every other thing to which his mind had been familiarised by use. Now they rose up from his subconscious self detachedly and quite divorced from any will force of his own.

In Sep, the fresh-faced man who had the queer black thatch upon his head, he had a close and congenial comrade. It had been Sep's lynx-eye which first picked up the drifting boat. Sep's arm it was which raised the almost dead man's head and, when they stretched him out upon the oil-stained deck, Sep poured the warm rum down his anguished throat until his feeble fingers clutched again at life. So while the whaler swept the sea, and while the months went down into the dark, unfathomable well of time, John took his place among the tough, hard-bitten ones who hunted for the fish. Before a little time was past his solid qualities, good humor, and willingness to work hard for his salt, earned him the fore-caste's grudging tribute to a man—respect. For what may be the case ashore, you can't fool easily the stubborn man who sails the sea. He knows a man. As for the humbug or the knave, the fore-caste either breaks his back or heart. But this newcomer in their midst was such a one as they.

The Pocahontas' owner was a Scot. His name was Scottish, too, to wit, MacLish. He was a shrewd, hard-driving Yankee Celt, who plied his business in New Bedford, that cradle port of whaling-ships, whence the Pocahontas and her five sister ships sailed on their whaling hunts. Sometimes, when luck sailed with the ship, three years would see them back. More usually, they would be out for four. On this, his first voyage under Slape, John was to sail a road which, had its course been pricked upon a chart, would have revealed a tracery of interlacing lines bewildering to see.

The sea was rising and the spume-flecked air was cold. Reefed down, the whaler plunged upon her course—due south. On deck, the man the crew called Chase was at the wheel. Down in the fore-caste, lit by two brass lamps which twinkled and swung from the deck beams above, four men leaned, elbows on the scrubbed deal table-top, and yarned. The warm, close atmosphere was hazy with tobacco smoke. It swept in low and lazy whirling swirls about the four men's heads.

Through the warm dimness of the fore-caste could be seen the forms of sleeping men upon their narrow bunks. Two or three others, dark and weather-marked, sprawled at the table while they joked and laughed.

Pounding her plunging way against a flying head-on sea, the whaler, reefed down snug, thrust her black, tooting head into the icy spume which leaped and scudded like a wet frost through the booming lacework of the shrilly-humming shrouds. The bearded man whose blue eyes peered so fixedly, first at the almost stationary compass card, then straight ahead, braced wide his feet. When

a great wave swung up and lifted high the counter of the ship, the wheel kicked sharply in his grip. He brought it two spokes round, then wedged it with his knee. With his sealskin-mittened hand he rubbed the stinging particles of brine spray out of his eyes, and from his crisply-curling beard. A dim shape in the figure of a man resolved itself out of the dark. It was the seaman, Shotter, the man for whom John held a deep affection in his heart. Sep was, let it be said, not of the common run of seamen to be found in those rough, joyous days upon the whaling craft. Americans and Scots, negroes and Englishmen, Swedes and Portuguese—the whalers drew a motley ruffian army for their work.

Some went upon their questing for the fish because they were themselves the quarry of another hunting thing—the law. Others were reckless, cocksure boys who loved the richly-colored squalid, roystering life. And others, having gone down upon the seas, lacked the imagination to emancipate themselves from what was little short of slavery. A few were hunters of the fish because they loved the life. The fore-caste of the whaler never was a place for fops, idlers, or fools. But Shotter had a wife and children back in New Bedford. In time, by patient industry and work, he hoped to rise and be, at least, a mate on one of old MacLish's ships.

ARCHBOLD—or Chase

—just as you will, rarely made friends of men. Perhaps his situation in the past had made it difficult. But, for this honest striving man he felt the very closest comradeship. Indeed, Sep was the only man to whom he gave his confidence. He was his friend for many years. As he came up to him John felt the warming gladness of companionship. With Sep he had spent patient hours, storing up in his mind the mystery pertaining to the craft of seamanship. For, mark you, what the ordinary mariner must know, the man who sails out to hunt the fish must know tenfold. It is a mystery. And pink-cheeked Sep gave all his own broad knowledge of the game for his friend's asking.

Many the long and pleasant hours they spent beneath the shelter of a hatch, in soft-voiced talk. So now, upon this night, his trick as helmsman almost stood, John knew a pleasure when he heard Sep's voice.

"Must be six bells, John." He went aft to the cabin and saw the large brass-bound chronometer by which the whaler sailed. The singing bell pealed out. The watch was changed. And from the fore-caste rose the cheerful clasp of large tin mugs and plates. The sparks trailed from the funnel of the caboose. The wheel was taken over by another man. John walked the heaving greasy deck with Shotter by his side.

"The old man's driving her, all right," remarked Sep. "There's the cold smell of ice about. It won't be long before we're in amongst the bergs. And then, my buck—" He laughed and slowly filled his pipe. The man the crew called Chase leaned back against the rail.

"How long is it since we fished you up, John?"

"En? Oh, let me see. Nine months—or so close that it won't matter. And soon it will be Christmas Day, and a double ration of grog and plum duff."

Christmas Day! He could not tell how old he was, but now the thought occurred to him he must have spent a fair number

of Christmas Days somewhere. America? He did not know. England, then? No one, of course, could doubt he was an Englishman. None of the crew disputed that. Sep spoke again.

"What, not worrying over it again, are you? That's a waste of time, if ever anything was."

"Worrying? No, I should not say that. But, none the less, it's—well—a challenge to a man's own mind, to know it's such a poor sort of thing after all. No, Sep, old fellow, I shouldn't call it worrying, but to a certain extent I'll always be concerned about it. After all, it's an uneasy feeling. Like being in a room with your back turned on a candle. Most people, you know, would give anything to see into the future. But I'm the man who'd give an eye to look into the past."

"Yes, but look here. This is the way I look at it, and for what it's worth, it's my advice." Sep paused. Slowly he scratched the smooth skin just behind his ear.

"Well, go on," said the other man, his blue eyes smiling.

"Then this. Most of us would like to forget something or other in our lives, and can't. But you're one of the lucky ones. You've forgotten everything. So—I shouldn't try too hard to catch this ghost of yours, in case you dig up something pretty rare. Something you won't like, perhaps."

John laughed in his full, cheerful voice. And so did Sep. Soon afterwards they joined the others in the fore-caste, foggy with blue tobacco smoke, and then turned in. The rushing water on the whaler's streaming hull brought to the men, first, drowsiness, and then the oblivion of healthy sleep.

The man who had the look-out in the fore top-gallant cross-trees peered again. The tepid sun reflected from the falling sea glittered and hurt his straining eyes with vivid needle-pricks. Below him was the ship. A child's toy, she seemed, with every spar and rope and neat, fine plank reduced into the sharp clarity of small-carved ivory. The sky was very hard and blue. Shril screaming gulls dipped and beat up against the wind, and wheeled upon a level with the lookout's head.

He peered again. Far off, it seemed, he saw a small fine fluff of slowly falling steam. It was—? Wait. Yes! Yes! His great voice billowed from the high cross-trees.

"Thar—she blows! She blows! She blows, ho! She blo-o-o-o-ws!"

Down on the distant deck he saw the scurrying figures run. He heard the skipper hail.

"Lookout! Lookout, ahoy! Whar is that whale?"

The lookout's thrilling voice boomed down again.

"She blo-o-o-o-ws! She blo-o-o-o-ws! Three points o' the lee beam!"

Again, with his heart racing in his chest, he saw the fluffy little cloud of lightly dissipated steam. The ship, herself, the lookout thought, seemed to have sensed her spouting prey and trembled with the cold thrill of the hunt. She heeled, and with her glittering forefoot, churned up a greater foam. The sea was blue and silver like a broadsword plunged in wine. The skipper hailed again.

The gear—the axes and the wooden tubs—the soft and lissom lines in smooth black coils—the great steel-shanked harpoons—were stowed in practised order born of long experience. The men grudging minutes for their swiftly-boiled food,

The ship, close hauled, worked like a heron rising for a kill. Swiftly she neared the great hulk of the drowsing fish, that intermittently sent up the tumbling spout which had betrayed him to the look-out man. The three boats on their davits swung outboard. The look-out hailed again. The captain answered him, then gave his orders to the mate.

"Down helm, Shapcott! Brace up the mizen tops!! Boats, lower away!"

The boats, all manned, slipped down, and since the rivalry to be the first to strike was always keen, the crew set to it with a will. John Chase thrust down his great strength on the bending oar, and, as the boats' crews settled to the pull, the long, lithe, whaleboats fairly skimmed the hissing sea. Ho for the great fish, ho! This was a work for emperors! Swift water splashed inboard, and cracking muscles swelled and rippled in the feverish race. Sep, by his great stern-oar, exhorted them, and kept a count which drove the leaping boat still faster as the others drew abreast. He sang a strange exhilarating chant.

"Put—up!—one—two—three! Pull—up!—one—two—three! Spring, spring! Pull—up!—one—two—three!" The great oars in the tholes rolled, knocked and rumbled in a swifter boat. One moment crested on a white wave-top, then, with a sweeping oar-plunge, in its trough, the oarsmen with their blowing hair, their vivid shining eyes, and rhythmic backs, drove the swift race.

A mad, glad, helter-skeiter race it was! Poised in the stern, Sep plied his oar, and when they rode upon the tops, bent forward and addressed them all with imprecations, no doubt meaningless, but very strong. The beating music of the oars infected every man, and as their salt sweat mingled with the salty sea and stung their brightened eyes, they strove the harder, and Sep Shapcott's boat slowly forged out ahead. Shapcott, the mate, was in the nearer boat. Crouch, cold and self-possessed, waited the word from Sep. It came. He snipped his dripping oar and, standing like a statue in the plunging bows, poised the cold barb to strike. And now the drowsy fish was straight ahead, serenely blowing with a rumbling, high spout. In a sharp clang, the steersman's voice rang out.

"Now! Pull! Pull! Spring up! Harpooner—strike! Again! Well done! Right in the life! And clean to the socket!"

Almost upon the whale's smooth, gleaming hulk, the whaleboat drove, and Crouch, with fearful vigor, launched the ringing shaft which bounded like an arrow from a bow. It sank up to the hilt, followed at once by one from Shapcott's boat. The third stood off.

"**S**TERN all! Stern all! Hell, we'll be under him! Back water hard!"

There was a moment's quietness. Then, with a washing plunge and a great swirl which made the small boats plunge and rock and dance, the fish, stung by the tingling steel, plunged down—down—like a sombre meteor which sought the ocean floor.

"He's sounded! He's down! He's sounded!"

The line was thrown across the logger-head, which whined and smoked as the black rope spun whirling on the gleaming wood. The fathoms' lengths reeled out, and with eager eyes the boat's crew watched the swiftly emptying tub. Crouch,

with his gaze upon the logger-head, saw the hot hemp shrill past and down, his axe upraised to strike. It seemed as though the plunging fish would never rise, and Shapcott hailed the third boat.

"Ahoy, there! Line almost out! We want your line! . . . Draw up to us! Stand by to cast us your line!" The tub was almost out. "Spring! Spring, I say!"

But with the hail his keen eyes saw the slackening of the rope's fierce spinning speed. The line slowed up, for in the caverned fathoms of the fastness which he sought, the fish's tortured bursting lungs forced him to break the surface half a mile away, and up he came again to windward of the boats. Close in, they dashed like savage terriers upon a monstrous rat, and planted deep the whistling harpoons. Again he sounded in his misery, trying to rid himself of that keen, bitter steel which slowly drained him of his blood and paralysed his heart. Again he rose. The fingers of the men who coiled the briny lines were flayed and raw. The crews were pale and murderously intense, for now the heaving sea was brown with bubbling, washing blood—a richly-churning broth. And when the fish flung up his anguished, roaring spout, torrents of bloody froth rained down and tumbled on the men within the boats. Three hours this ruthless war was waged—with flashing steel, and rope, and straining oar—with brain, and brawn, and heart. But when the dim sun fell towards the chill, grey west, the fish whirled up his fearful flukes and, in a panic frenzy, beat the tormented water's face with dreadful clamoring until the men were stupefied and drenched and blinded with that avalanche of sound spattering, foam-curdled blood. The air was thunderous and with a desperate energy the boats dashed out from the dread whirlpools underneath that thrashing, flurrying tail. For, with the first harpoon thrust cleanly through his spracle, great knotted clots of blood rained on the sea. There was one last, intense convulsion, and he flared, still—fin out, stone dead—a patriarchal bull.

The coldly sweating men lay on their oars and raised their breath enough to cheer. A squall of stinging rain swept down and hid the whaler from their sight. Three times they saw her scudding hard before a rising gale; and then the chill and murky twilight blotted her black hull out. Wherefore, the three whaleboats crept up beneath the dead whale's lee and rode a wild night out, making a sea-anchor of the carcass of the fish. When the day broke, Shapcott first picked the whaler up, standing in close—perhaps a mile away. Head first, to make the slugging easier, they towed the capture home. They had two hours for sleep. A restless and exhausted sleep it was for most of them. Then they set to work, against the quiet threat of a falling glass, to flense and try the fish.

Hour after hour the ceaseless work went on. The spinning grindstones whirled. The ship herself heaved to the straining of the tackle gear. The massive head was opened up, the costly bone cut out, and stacked in blood-streaked staves. With a great weighted bucket, called, in the parlance, a case baffle, the pale green oil was drawn out of the fish's cavernous skull. So, stripped and ghastly—just a thing of tattered flesh and ragged, shredded bone—the chains were slipped, and plunging head-first down, all that remained of the fat, lordly, blowing thing

sank out of sight. It grated, clashing, on the furrowed, rubbled bottom of the sea.

Meanwhile, fires had been lighted underneath the huge try-pots to boil the blubber down. For fuel they used old dried-out blubber waste, with water-pans beneath the crackling fires so that the decking would not scorch and burn. The reeking cauldrons boiled and churned and smoked. When the cold, gusty night swept down, what time the Pocahontas plunged upon her south-bound course, it was a strange, uncanny spectacle to see. The sweating men, who toiled upon the seeping deck, stripped to the buff, looked in the ruddy flame-light of the leaping fires like demons working out their servitude in hell. Hoarse orders, shouts and ringing laughter mingled with all the noises of the mincing knives, the crackling of the fires, the hissing of the bubbling pots. And over the deep-voiced thrumming of the shrouds surged the great sluicing of the sea.

When the pale, swilling oil was cool, they barrelled it, and with the sperm and bone, stowed it below. The cooper's work was done. The decks were holystoned and all the gear coiled down. Then, south, my masters! South to the quadrant of the ice!

And so John Chase and all the goodly company with whom he sailed, hunting the blowing fish, went down upon their way. They climbed the ladder of north latitudes again—about and round—for three years, seven months, and fifteen days. Ho for the great fish! And for the kindly comforts of New Bedford town, with Sep's sweet little wife, and all the cheerful, unaffected friends who showed such pleasure when the ship came in.

THE tinkling chandelier reflected pleasantly deceptive lights. Upon the dark wood mantelpiece, a small clock in a cedar case struck eight. Upon its cheerful, candid face two names appeared: "Thos. Wright," and under that, "Dorking." Drawn round a softly-burning fire of coal, which tossed clean, clear reflections on their polished boots, three men sat to their after-dinner cheer. Decanters, flushed in purple opulence, stood on the table top. Plump Dobenny had dined. So had his friends, Anscombe, the jaded-looking barrister, and Trench, who had a grazing property up Maitland way.

"Yes, by Jove. A sudden way to go off and no mistake about that. Mind you, I've more than half expected it for the last two or three years, for if ever a man ran to seed, he did." Dobenny leaned back farther in his quietly creaking chair, and rinsed a mouthful of claret round his tongue.

"A most entertaining man. In fact, Dobenny, he was quite an extraordinary little fellow." Anscombe, perhaps as emotional as one of his own volumes of Chitty or Blackstone, placed the tips of his fingers together and looked into the ever-changing grottoes of the small, red fire. "As a matter of fact, on and off, I had quite a lot to do with him; and really I found him a very unique type, and, what's more, singularly well informed."

Trench, the ponderous man who came from the country, had not known him—only by name. Dobenny, quiet and smoothly capable, cracked a nut with a discreet little fracturing noise. The two men spoke in softly modulated tones. Possibly, it was because they spoke of a man

who had been dead not much more than a week.

"Unique? Hum-m, possibly. I found him—odd. That's the word. Although, mind you, I quite under-estimated him when we first met. He reminded me of a—sort of impish boy. But underneath it all there was a streak of hard business about him. And—bless us—such a cocksure little body it was!" Both of them laughed quietly and deferentially. They seemed to have forgotten Trench, who assumed an air of interest in the conversation of the other two, although he had not known the man of whom they spoke.

"Yes, he was inclined to cocksureness. But quite scrupulously sound, you know. Honest—and all that, I mean," said Anscombe, lightly belching. Dyspepsia and flatulence were troubling him of late. He sipped some wine, then hiccuped jerkily, and said: "Oh—curse it, my dear fellow—excuse me."

The candles in the chandelier burned with a comfortable steadiness of light.

And, Anscombe reflected to himself, pretty well—deuced well, esad—had Dobenny done for himself in the past few years. Here, on the wooded slopes which ran down to Pott's Point, no man could wish to build himself a better house. Its bricks would gently mellow as the years passed on, the sandstone facings take a softer hue of weathered grey. Trench placed two walnuts in his hands, and cracked them with a loud, resounding smash. This, by the way, was comfortable. He stretched his broad boots close to the dancing fire. A softly swirling mist was working down and all about the town. It placed its light grey caress on the lawyer's window-panes and left the slates upon his gabled roof sequined in tiny, shining beads. It trailed the soundless draping of its gossamer, cold, robe about the quietly grieving tree in Rodman's Court, and swept, as though with dark hands pressed before its face, in urgent silent haste through the great barricade of the unmissed Argyle Cut.

"You knew him pretty well, Dobenny?" asked Anscombe, lifting his gaze from the red glow of the fire, which flickered rudely upon the walls.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I could say pretty well. You know, he was a client of mine. A punctual, earnest little chap, and as astute as a parrot. In a way, he had a most irritating habit of pushing his ideas and opinions down another man's gullet. Pardon my word, there were times when his confounded smugness was enough to make me want to pull his nose. But it was quite impossible to feel angry with him for long; an utter impossibility. A big funeral, Anscombe."

Anscombe nodded.

"He left a girl, didn't he?"

"His daughter—yes. A splendid girl, and the very apple of his eye."

"Yes, yes. I think I have met her. Ah—wasn't there—some—rather unfortunate affair she had with a fellow in the old gentleman's business? Jilted her and left her with a youngster, I believe." Trench was drowsing by the fire. His head was sagging slowly on his chest. Dobenny brushed a spot of wine from his Paisley waistcoat.

"Umph—yes. Although, to be frank" (At once Anscombe knew he was not about to be frank.) "the—details I never have heard. But it made things difficult for the girl. It always does. Women don't like that sort of thing overmuch, you know. They seem frightened that they'll be held accountable on the judgment day

for all the errors of their sisters. Not that Peglar's girl seems to have been unduly worried on that score. For the past five years—in fact, since this youngster of hers came along, she's taken an enormous part in the working of the paper. All the same, I think it must have knocked the old man pretty hard."

"The 'Courier' of course, will go on the market?" Anscombe inquired. This was getting closer in than Dobenny wished. He leaned back and stretched his arm out towards the wine decanter.

"What's that? Ouch!" (A twinge of sciatica ran him through the thigh.) "On the market? Oh, no immediate likelihood of that, I should imagine."

Anscombe hurriedly took him up.

"Ah, Dobenny, rather a careless question, I'm afraid. He made a great thing of his 'Courier' while he lived. I'd like to see it continue as it is. It has a destiny, I've thought, very often, that it isn't generally realised that in a young country like this the newspaper will, in years to come, be a history book. Perhaps the best history book of all. Thank you, Dobenny, I will. It's a good full claret."

TRENCH stirred to hear the plashing of the wine, and joined the other two. Their conversation swung away to other things—of fat stock and of the season's crop.

At twelve o'clock, the three men yawned and, with a common movement, rose. A servant brought their hats and capes. They said good-night, cracked one or two quiet jokes (which were old, then, and still are currency), and Anscombe drove Trench back to town. Before he went upstairs to bed, Dobenny drank a glass of milk and ate a brittle rusk. Sitting before the quietly dying fire, he drew his boots off. His tired toes worked in comfortable luxury before the red heart of the coals. Under the sporadic magic of the cheering warmth, the lawyer mused upon his client who had died—or ceased to live.

There is a difference in the terms. Some men are cheated out of life. Protestingly, they leave its cheerful vari-colored paths of light. Others grow tired, and in a hopelessness of heart and soul, pass willingly enough down to the silent corridors of the dim black lands which lie beyond the portal doors of sleep. But men call both things death. Perhaps they are.

Ten days ago the lawyer's mind went back. He had sat opposite the little man, whose face, of late, was grey and pinched; whose hand was palsied like an old, old crone's. His tiring heart had spoken in his enervated voice. Ten days, and then the age-old question knocked at the lawyer's ruminating ear. Well, where was he now? There is no man who has not asked the very thing. Where now, indeed?

His will lay in a drawer in O'Connell Street. A very concise document it was, reflected Dobenny, and no ambiguity about it. His practised memory recalled its every word:

This is the last Will and Testament of me Jacob Peglar of Sydney in the Colony of New South Wales Printer and Newspaper Proprietor. I appoint my friend Solomon Link of Sussex Street, Sydney aforesaid Merchant and my daughter Janet Peglar Executor and Executrix respectively of this my Will. I Direct the payment of all my just debts funeral and testamentary expenses. I Give Devise and Bequeath all my real and personal property of

whatsoever nature and, wheresoever situate unto my beloved daughter the said Janet Peglar absolutely and for her own use and benefit free of all condition and encumbrance. And in the humble earnest hope that in some small measure her material benefit from my estate will serve as a recompense for that which has passed and of which she knows. And in the certain conviction that she who has been my comfort for so many years of my life will yet find joy both for herself and for my grandson John Peglar.

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and subscribed my name

And so forth. Duly executed and attested. Let the probate office pick any holes in that if they could. Dobenny knew the strange, unhappy little story, of course. Not that it touched his heart so much. Lawyers have very little heart to touch. Well, there it was, he thought. Peglar was dead. But if the daughter's first decision stood, she would sell out. It looked as though the 'Courier' would be on the market yet. Thinking all this, the lawyer put the candles out and went upstairs to bed. He drew his woollen night-cap down and rolled luxuriously between the sheets. He grunted softly once or twice and dreamed strange dreams about Ca Res.

The grey fog rolled the heavier upon the town, and round the leaden-gleaming coves. The lawyer's house was very quiet. But in the little house in Rodman's Court, there was a quietness of another kind: the quietness of lonely grief. The old tree wept in gentle, sighing breaths. Sheahan's dreams conjured up his master's form again. Once more he said to him, "Yes, sort, Oi will—Oi mane, bedad." But the small man who stepped his silent way about the printing shop was only Jacob's ghost; with ghostly spectacles and ghostly words, which fell from ghostly lips.

In her own bed Janet slept, for all her splendid courage and her unquenched hope, forlorn. Beneath the window, in his small cot, slept her little John, chubby and pink, with redly-golden hair, his blue eyes veiled by slumberous lids. As tremulous and transient as a sob, she heard again the echoes of the yellow keys which she had touched that night. In sleep she heard her own low voice again.

The song itself was new. But only she could know how old was that heart hurt of hers; how fixed her fortitude and hope. Five years had worn poor Jacob out and sent him, halting, to his grave. They had not killed her love. No, nor her patience. Nor her certain faith that some day he would come again, or she would go to him. Since that one dreadful day when she had taxed the little man with his deceit, she had not mentioned it again. Nor after little John had come and blessed the house in shadowed Rodman's Court. When he was very young, how terribly her heart at times cried out: "Ah, John, my beloved! John! Where are you now? Can you not hear me call?" Her child was baptised in the warmly flowing tears which rained—yes, many a time—upon his fragrant, upturned face.

How desperately the little printing man had wrought and toiled, month in and out, about his "Courier," knowing the misery of dwindling hope, until, in time, it fled forever from his breast. And then, oppressed and timorous, he had died. Or ceased to live. They said—the wise ones

round the busy town—pneumonia took him off. It is quite true that he caught a chill and shivered all that night. After five days of pleurisy had worked their way upon his lazy lungs, his pulse grew slower, and his troubled breathing quiet. They said he died upon the sixth day, but that, I think, was wrong. Jacob—the Jacob whom we knew—was really dead the day before. And notwithstanding what sentimental Dr. Kayling said, it was his broken heart which sent the little printer's spirit winging out into the great arched cosmos of unutterable life.

His paper sang a dirge for him in gleaming minion type. His heart stopped beating for a day, and then went on again. Janet rolled up her sleeves, and with the men about her, set to work once more. Crippled and bent, Sheahan—the stout old rascal that he was—limped back and forth, and fought his "rheumatism" to see the paper carry on. And so it did—for four months more—until the poignant memories which crowded Rodman's Court, bore down her gallant, fighting little heart, and woe and loneliness oppressed her with their weight.

Sheahan was growing very old. Behind his back, the workmen in the printing shop cursed him for an old nuisance. So he was. Well—could he not be that, and still, for all his twisted back, and fading sight, and fondness for the black potheen, be all nobility and jealous care for his "pretty wan an' the bright shpankin' young shaver?" She had the same small boy to think about. The paper now was not a part-time job. She had long conferences with Sol, her co-executor. And so it came to pass. The "Courier" changed hands again. But it brought more than Jacob paid for it.

When she wrote, "Janet Peglar," opposite the scarlet wafer on the bill of sale, the hand which held the pen trembled a little. She underlined her name the heavier on that account. Dobenny shook her by the hand, and Whicker saw her to the street, and in a hackney drove her home. A fortnight after that her furniture was taken out and down to Sussex Street to the new shop. Sheahan went down with it. She could not trust herself to see the gaunt and empty rooms which for so long had been her home, and seen so much of joy and sorrow in her life. She shook the workmen's hands and bravely smiled at them. She passed beneath the shadow of the ancient tree, it whispered, "Hope." Then, for the last time, she walked beneath the lintel of the door—and out of Rodman's Court. The "Courier" and all it represented in her life was past. A thing beyond her reach.

JANET had all her father's business acumen—and more, indeed, else she could not have made the store in Sussex Street return her what it did. Sol Link, by now a man of very comfortable means, often came down to the chandlery, and, watching shrewdly, told her he wished that he had bought the place himself. At that they laughed, for Janet knew how good a friend she had in Link. She had, indeed, for he it was who taught her all the mysteries of the gear of ships; of rope and anchor flukes; sail cloth and binnacles and copper nails; lanterns and cleats and gudgeon pins; marling and seasoning and spun yarn; coil sinnet, wooden casks, harpoons; white lead and linseed oil, blucut and bunting, amica and pork. A vast array of strange and unfamiliar things for which the

gnarled brown mates and bosuns haggled when their ships came in.

The shop had a great raftered store behind. Upstairs, she had her dwelling-rooms. And at the back there was a jetty wharf. As years went on and watched young John—her little John—grow out of infancy and into young boyhood, the barrows rolled upon the jetty planks all day, and sometimes far into the night. Above the front door was a good-sized board on which one read: "J. Peglar & Co., Ships' Chandlery, Stores and Provisions." Sheahan and young John were the "Co." Although, to tell the truth, most of the youngster's time was spent in the great store behind. There, in that wonder cave of capstan pawls, great blocks which hung like wooden fruit about his head, sail cloth and coils of cordage, all odorous of tar, he dreamed about the glamor of the ships which sailed upon the seas; and of the men who took them out. He tore his trousers; and he grimed his hands.

At other times he played at tally clerk upon the wharf, and made himself a perfect pest, until old Sheahan lumbered down and took him back. Ten is a lusty, happy, and romantic age for any boy to be turned loose to play at ships, particularly if his mother own a chandler's store, and if he be a "Co."

Sheahan himself mandered about, taking what he called stock. At other times he sat outside upon a cranky chair, enjoying the pleasant sun and telling interminable lies to all the youngsters of the street. They crowded round and lapped his harmless rubbish up as cats will milk. Out of old chunks of wood he whittled boats, and rigged them, too. But Janet had a word or two to say one day, when he made little John a small toy gibbet. Actually, it was a very spirited little job, complete with a pulley and a striking effigy of the miserable one who graced the rope.

"Oh, mother, mother!" the small boy called, as he careered into the shop and down to the railed-off desk at the end of the counter. "Look here what I've got!"

She saw it. Her lips—years had not robbed them of their cherry redness—tightened and twitched, just as old Jacob's would have done. She set the little engine up and jerked the rope. The small doll danced and spun. Altogether, it was a most realistic piece of work. So young John thought, at least.

"Who made you this horrible thing, John?" Her voice was grim, for all the understanding laughter in her golden eyes. Young John began to think that something might be wrong.

"Denny made it. I want it, mother. It's a—swinger in a tight necktie. I want it, mother."

"You shall not have it. It's a horrible thing. Denny should know better than to give you such a disgusting toy. Denny! Denny! Come here!"

Sheahan's chair scraped against the wall outside. He shuffled in with a hang-dog expression on his face. He closed his clasp-knife with a snap and put it up.

"Aye, Miss Jhanet. 'Tis uv th' oil yez wad be askin'?"

"Oil? Oil? You know very well what I want you for. Did you make that?"

"Ah—that?" He looked at it intently, as though it required the most precise identification. He in his turn twitched the cord and set the little figure dancing to and fro. "Ol did. 'Tis be way uv a joke fr' th' young."

"A joke, Denny? Why, it's horrible! I'm really surprised at you, giving John such

a—a thing. You should be thoroughly well ashamed of yourself."

Denny had rather expected that his handiwork would be condemned, but, once commenced, the fascination of the thing had been quite irresistible. He sighed, then jerked the string again. But young John had a word to say.

"What's that? Oh, I want him, mother. Can't I have . . ."

With a very ominous calm she answered him.

"You shall not have it. Denny, take it away and destroy it, and don't let me see such a thing again." Sheahan picked it up. He looked at her and saw the laughter in her eyes. Both of them fully understood each other's thoughts. But later, when the little chap and she were quite alone upstairs, she spoke of it again.

"Denny was careless. You see, dear, I want my little man to be a man. There are so many of the beautiful things in life to see and think about without looking for all the ugly things—the things which make men's minds crude and brutal—selfish and blind."

"But, mother, men are hanged. They did one on Tuesday—" he tried to answer her.

"YES, dear, I know, but would you like to be the hangman? Of course not. . . . Poor Denny has never had a chance. . . . He cannot understand these things. . . . But I want you to be like your father, so that when he comes home he'll say: 'It is a little man.'"

"But, he never comes home." No, that was true, but—he had his work. Come home, some day he would. Of that he could be very, very sure. Or else he'd send for them. One thing or the other. This, mark you all, she quite implicitly believed. And as she worked and kept a tally of the stores, selling old stock and buying new, and, by the lamplight in the living-room above, keeping her books, she waited for the day when he would come or send for them. Her hopefulness illumined all her life. It burned as constant as an altar lamp within her heart. Yes, he would come, or send, and all the loneliness would vanish like the morning stars before the sweeping besom of the golden day.

Yet time was rolling on with all its dread remorselessness. Little John was ten and soon must go to school. Now it was difficult for her to find the time to teach him as she had before. The chandlery had grown too busy in the last few years. The man whom she employed, a tall, red-headed fellow, worked hard enough, but two were needed here. With all his willingness, poor battered Sheahan could not count.

From her own bedroom up above the shop she often watched the dark, stained whalers working in and round to Berry's Bay. She liked to watch them in the morning light—these ships which, when their Odysseys were done, came home again and basked a while beneath the canopy of wooded bay and verdant rippling cove. With their scarred, salt-encrusted sides, and ravelled, rotten-hemp, they spoke to her of him who once had sailed upon a ship and had not yet come home; of him who, had she known it, yet sailed upon the heaving, rioting sea, hunting the fish, north, south, east, and west. From these tired wanderers, which from her busy store in Sussex Street she helped to fit again before they cleared the Heads, and strode into the green distance of the eastern horizon, she heard the fluted

singing of the winds which blew around the Pocahontas' yards and filled her bellying sails.

And little John, with ten good years behind him, was growing up. Her heart throbbed when she thought of him, sturdy and strapping in his dark blue pantaloons and blunt-nosed shoes. His hair was hers. His eyes, clear, sparkling, and piercing blue, were his. When the child slept at night he stirred to feel her shadow fall across his face when she stooped low above his bed, and with a gentle touch caressed his head.

The new days came upon the old days' heels. She worked with all her father's love of self-absorbing work, and with a girlish, swelling pride, saw "J. Peglar and Co., Ships' Chandlery, Stores and Provisions," grow to a bigger thing than she had ever dreamed. The merchants farther up in Sussex Street wagged their heads, crowned with ungainly chimney-pots, and thought that old Peglar's girl was a chip of the old block. But she kept closely to herself; very few could claim themselves her friends. Sol's Minnie went down with Sol and spent the Thursday evenings there. At other times Sol drove her out to Woolloomooloo, where young John climbed Sol's trees and scared the birds with all a small boy's thoughtlessness and glee. Old Sol was "Uncle Link" to both of them.

And as for Sol, why, I suppose all men are much the same, the memory of Jacob's little mischief, time had dulled. When he allowed himself to think about it all, he wondered if it had not been the best for both of them. Once—only once—had he claimed his privilege as her father's—and her own—close friend, and urged her (when little John was seven) to take some serious notice of Tulloch, the young shipping agent in Pitt Street.

"Marry Clive Tulloch?" she had repeated after him, pain brooding in her eyes and her lip trembling. "How—how can I marry anyone? I do not love Clive Tulloch. . . . Besides, Uncle Link, I am married, you know. Quite married—to John. . . . Oh, that would be quite impossible. I would not ever think of it, for it would be a treachery. And—please don't ever speak of it again—ever. Please!"

Sol had started when she had said she was married to John.

"Married, my dear girl? What the deuce do you mean—married?"

"I feel, myself, that I am married. A prayer-book has the least part to do with it, you know. She drew him to the window and both of them looked out and saw the small boy, flushed and bright-eyed, playing with a barking terrier of Sol's. "You see? You forget my boy—and—John, his father." Her eyes filled. Sol wished he had never brought the matter up at all. That was the last of it. It never was recalled.

That, as I say, was when young John was seven years old. It would, I think, be just about the time that John, his father, home from his second voyage under Captain Slape, and now the whaler's mate, married Sep's sister, Joan.

THE same great wheel of circumstance and time which swings its huge coil up and round and down for Janet, little John, and Elnorah on the Darling Harbor waterfront, swept also over those whose way lay on the endless seas. For yet the Pocahontas sailed about her business of the royal fan. The captain still was Jasper Slape—bolder, perhaps, and thinner in face—but Slape, no less. Shapcott was dead these five years past.

He had gone mad—and overboard. John Chase, the powerful, bearded man whose speech was soft and musical, whose eyes were blue, whose great thighs strained against his jacket seams, was mite. And Shotter, older like all his shipmates, still had his black-sheened hair unflecked by grey. In the years past, their friendship, like a lusty vine tree, had grown, ennobling their minds and strengthening their hands. Hodges—Odgers—the treble-throated Cockney carpenter, still sailed with them; all but his toes. Frostbite had laid its black, numb, rotting clutch upon them. Their loss made Hodges cry.

But Crouch, the harpoon man, was dead. And what was left of him rolled here and there down in the purple-curtained grottoes of the Mozambique. His boast had failed at last. The singing shaft had missed. With savage eyes gleaming all red and wickedly, the fish had lunged and charged. Rearing its head, its jaws clashed shut upon the boat, which broke and split and ran with Crouch's brave red blood. The others leaped with a frantic shout and in a flurry of spray.

At home, Sep's wife and family kept their hearth bright. In the small house of painted weatherboard the girl whose name was Joan waited the hoisting of the flag, the gunshot, and the scurrying footsteps which told her that the Pocahontas had come in again. And soon this last interminable voyage would be at an end. She smelt the tang of iodine in the sour weed washed on the shingle of the beach. And when the pounding breakers shattered in their rush to land, she thrilled to know the ecstasy that winds which blew so hard must drive his ship the faster in their haste.

In these ten years the man whose life, as you have heard, was only ten years old, sailed many rounds upon the trackless seas and learned a many things. Born in the black hull of the living thing men call a ship, he went down through the crackling gateway of the icy southern wastes. There the blue-spangled air numbed the men's faces and their frost-split hands; and the harsh ringing squealed and stuck in frozen blocks whose pulley-wheels were jammed in lifeless ice. And all about was ice; white, dully blue, insistent, and menacing. The pale bergs drifted in their ghostly pilgrimage, riven in alabaster whiteness, cruel and deathly cold. Chill, torpid, chafing waters washed their feet.

From their own icy hearts the silent men, whose beards were glinting on their cheeks, and stiff, quailed at the threat of this appalling solitude of livid sunlit night. Ice—white and terrible! It hung in downy arabesques from rigging, yards, and spars, and falling, clanged upon the frozen deck like glinting dagger-blades upon a tessellated floor. Down through the shivering, dazzling blink, which sought to crush her in its wicked, frozen arms, the Pocahontas slowly pressed. They lit the tryposts on the decks. But in this white-flagged hell of crystal, deathly cold, no flame could burn with cheer. Swathed in their sealskin coats, muffled and muffled to the eyes, the miserable men drew around the wan glow of the blubber fires. The very smoke itself seemed petrified, and pressed down low, moving like some affrighted thing around the ship, as though it feared to lose the company of men.

Down in the chill and fetid fore-castle-head, with hatches battened close, the men sat silent and morose. They heard the fearful roaring when the great bergs calved—when a great mass of frozen minarets and gleaming battlements, mined

by the restless under-sapping sea, tumbled in one dread avalanche of light and sound, and with its equilibrium disturbed the berg turned turtle like a wounded ship. When the floes closed behind them and before, they felt the timbers crack and start, and looked a dreadful exile in the face; an exile out of which death seemed the only gate.

Then, with their gangrened hands, they slaved with saws and mallets, urged by the captain, Slape, and the great mate whose hand was heavy on the sluggard and the coward. When Bligh, the craven man, flung down his axe and sobbed: "To hell! We're done! Let's drink the grog and make an end of it!" the mate strode up to him.

"Done? Pick up that axe!"

"AXE be hanged! And you and the whole shipload! To the devil with all of you!"

He screamed in that dementia which sometimes overtakes the strongest man, when his brain snaps, and all the blood runs racing from his heart. As the man swung the axe at him, John Chase leapt in and tore it from his grasp. He struck one blow upon the other's jaw, and, with the swiftness of a striking snake, bent his right arm behind his back and broke it with a snap. Bligh yelled out loudly like a dog. He sat a while upon the broken ice and softly cried. The rest of those who labored at their almost hopeless task, had scarcely raised their heads.

But yet they brought her out. A rushing wind sprang from the devil-rund of utmost ice and, like a dark, wounded bird, the Pocahontas staggered out. The gloomy, washing seas called, "Stay, oh, stay!" The crew, who hacked the stiff, frost-crusted sheet-reefs from their rigid folds, cried, "Out! Away!" And with the icy gale behind, she fled—into a waxen sky which held a rushing moon—a moon which raced with breathless haste towards a mottled dawn.

Through the pellucid waters, warm and murmurous, which lave the coral wonder of the Australian coast, he saw the dolphin's silver mail flash in the splendid sun. The golden, flaming waters sang seduction to the ears of those who gazed into the limpid mystery of her bow-house. The wizard stars enthralled their eyes and lured them ever north through the swift Torres Strait. In one great sweep, beyond the Archipelago, whose breezes carry on their wings the evil languor of deep, moistly-smoking forest swamp—they searched and wrestled with the noble fish.

And through the Mozambique, speckled with flashing proas and portly men-of-war, they sailed; out in a mighty curve about the gilded pearl-strewn Timor Sea; below the choppy Bight and up again past Twofold Bay; in a great surging line through the black, spouting gateway of the Horn—roaring—tumultuous—and dark with whistling spume, and beating up against a stamping wind around the grey and sullen Falklands—home.

Quiet restfulness; green trees; his brown-haired little wife could hold him close for some four months or more. In her quiet care, the man found all the peace his toil had earned for him. Down in MacLish's counting-house he drew his pay, and, what was more, his share in the fat plunder which his ship had carried home. On this last voyage out it was noble indeed; six hundred barrels full of limpid sperm; of white oil, two thousand two hundred barrels; and eighteen hundred pounds of bone. The old Scot rubbed

his hands and chuckled to his hard-screwed underdogs.

Drawn up on slips, the Pocahontas had the knife-edged barnacles scraped off her sudden hull. The singing, boisterous workmen in the dock laid her new sheathing on. Her spindle masts were scraped fresh, rigging rove. About her cluttered body small urchins prowled and squawked, swarming like monkeys from the web of swaying lines which led inboard. The booming mallets rattle a joyful song about one ship, at least, which, having put to sea, came home again. And in New Bedford lanes the bursting trees and mating birds thrilled out a psalm to the tender prodigality of lovely spring.

John built a new white fence of pickets round his cosy home. He tended flowers and watched his plump and corn-free wife gather up new-born chickens in her apron fold. Unthought, old words stirred in his manly heart. They found responses in his inmost soul:

"Sheep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

The old perplexities of what had gone before had died away long since—unanswered. Sep, perhaps, spoke the truth. There was something in the life of every man which, if he only could, he would forget. Was he—as Sep had said—one of the lucky ones? Only a fool would strain to call to life that wear-dead ghost, in case it brought with it things which were better left unseen and unrecalled. Let all the clamorous voices whose syllables were mute now stay for ever dumb—close locked within the dungeon ear whose key was lost.

But latterly another voice, one which he could not altogether disregard, spoke in his listening ear. He heard it whispering upon his pillow in the fresh spring nights; and when, with vivid sunlight on his back, and with the scent of gardens stealing in, he sat and had his breakfast in the clean-scrubbed kitchen of his house. He heard it when he walked abroad with her, and when she combed her dark brown hair before the dressing-table glass.

"We have a little money, John, and I cannot bear to think that in three months you will go off again. It is always worse for the ones who are left behind. I do not think that men can understand how terribly the time drags on—month after month. When we were married I didn't think I would mind it so much, but now I'm frightened. Dear John—don't—don't go out again. Why, you and Sep could easily go into trade here yourselves. You know that, dear."

John—still John, for all the sprinkling of grey about his ears and his thick, curling beard—smiled as he answered her. His tight blue jacket revealed in its creaseless fit the splendid chest and muscled back beneath.

"My dear, of course it can't go on for good. No, I shouldn't want that myself. You know how passionately I love the life, but home I love best. You—and fowls, and birds, and trees. But—whether we've got enough to come ashore just yet is quite another thing. Let's see."

From then she knew that she had won her point. As, with a stub of pencil in his hand, he jotted figures down subtracting—adding—and multiplying by fifty-two—her grey eyes shone. Her fragrant breath blew lightly on his firm, tanned neck. The white, thick curls upon the dresser-hooks shone with a brighter light. The copper circle hanging by the burnished little stove beamed with a

higher gleam. He put the stump of pencil down. Then, with his hands about her supple waist, he sat her on the table-top, tilted her back, and kissed her on the mouth.

"Well, I'll see the old man about it—and Sep."

"Oh, Sep?" she said. "Why, Sep will do 'most anything you say, Sep will."

And so it came about. When next the Pocahontas sailed, the bells rang lustily and women waved their fluttering shawls. Youngsters who saw their mothers cry, cried too, until their screwed-up eyes and noses called for check handkerchiefs. Come—Rachel—Hiram—Jonathan—and Maud—now dry your eyes, and blow—hard. A new mate tossed his dunnage on the old mate's berth, for John had come ashore to stay a while, perhaps twelve months. Until . . .

A LIGHTLY whispered word went fluttering forth. It trembled, gull-like, on a mounting wind which smelt of leaping creeks and sassafras, and morning dew. Then, in a vibrant and exultant haste it sped away. Through the fierce portals of Port Phillip Heads, strewn with the harvest of its racing Rip—beyond dark Otway, where the roaring winds gathered it up, and flung it echoing, with wilder impetus. So out.

The Orkney fishermen heard its light whisper in his tempest-deafened ears, and raised his head to smell the sassafras and dew. But, heedless in its singing course, the thin and lightly whispered word spun in its dazzling speed. It rang, all hollowly, down in sour German ghetto vaults, reeking with cooking oil and sweat and fish. Old patriarchs and rabbis, young men, and dark-eyed virgins heard its thrilling sound. And in their nostrils lingered lovingly the scent of sassafras and dew.

It fled past slowly-laboring ships at sea. And with the sharpness of a bullet's wind thrilled out its call. Across the undulating prairie lands, down mighty rivers, pythonesque and slow, through parched and silent wastes sacred to desert dogs and vulture birds, the whisper-shouting small voice winged and swooped. And where-soe'er it raced upon its flight, it left the mystic odor of the sassafras and dew.

It rang triumphant like a trumpet clang, in the dull ears of serfs whose backs were arched to take the hissing knout; and, like a summons from the Great Lord Himself, thundered on doors of pestilential tenements in squalid slums. The hopeless ones who ate their bread in tears—the convict and the prince—the rascal and the mouthing saint—doctors, pickpockets, plumbers, shipwrights, and carpenters and dronges—all heard the tingling of the puck-like call. Always, it left the echo of a word. Faint as the essence of an angel's hair, it cast the strange seductive smell of sassafras and dew. Bright dew. Thin, prinkling and aromatic sassafras.

Cool Spanish ravines heard the bugle call; and Tyrolean peaks, invested in their cold and immemorial snow. Traitors and patriots, of myriad tongues, listened and turned their troubled heads to hear whence it had come. From dark blue floods, swept by showering stars, the swift voice spoke. It spoke again beneath the pyramids, and panted out its message to the drowning temple bells which chimed it musically while cherry blossom fell, and lanterns glimmered in the limpid frailty of women's eyes. Soft-smelling sassafras and softer-smelling dew.

The sleepers were awake at last! The

skies grew dark, for the bright sun was quenched by sails. The sea roared louder, yet his voice was drowned in all the frenzied hammering of the shipwrights on the slips. And not a wild flower, growing by the roads, but was not slaughtered, trodden underfoot, and lost beneath the thundering footsteps of the multitudes who swarmed towards the ports. The forests thinned—for masts! Indentures cancelled—torn and derided—flung into furnaces and sties! Wives left behind and companions taken up! New children born at sea! And old ones tumbled overboard! Wines sold and rare collections broken up! Quick! Quick! And catch the feverish stage, or run, or walk, or grovel, or, for what anybody cared, fall down and die and be a stepping-stone to help the others reach the seething quays! Guineas—to win the race to Hobson's Bay! Guineas? Why, hundreds of the trash! And thousands, if it came to that! But, master, break the quivering ship's back—split all her bursting sails and strain the very innards out of her—so that she get in time between Port Phillip Heads, and spew her maddened cargo out to roll and wallow in the golden trough! For sassafras—ha, ha!—and dew—ho, ho! The word the small voice rippled in their ears was—gold. Gold! Gold!

Into the shallow bay the vessels raced. Down came the canvas with a roar and run. The hawsers screamed and clattered, and the choking dust rose up in ochre clouds. Wherries and punts, lighters and overburdened rafts ferried the victims of the gaddy to the shore and left them there—fair play for all the sharps and rascals of the swirling, burning tides. And still the crowding ships dashed in! Schooners and sloops, squat brigs and laboring barques, whalers and knife-prowed clipper craft, a multitude of flaunting flags, a bedlam of raucous tongues!

And in that race of scudding, throbbing ships, all flying in mad abandon to the great birth rite, was one who bore some people whom we know. For John, and John's plump little wife, and Sep, and Sep's wife, too, had flung their stake upon the board and ventured out.

As their own craft surged towards the creaming vortex of the Rip, her people crowded to the rail to see her race, a splendid thing which, in the press of all the sails she bore, leaped and sped onward like a gallant horse. Her decks and ports were jammed with fresh-faced immigrants, who cheered and whistled in a great storm of glee to see the Yankee ship give up and drop astern. The graceful, leaping thing of finely tapered spars and clean sheer lines, heeled to the kicking sou'-east wind, and with her close-pressed cargo of humanity, swept through the troubled, jade-green water race, and in, John and Sep Shoter picked her name out as she passed—the Donald Mackay.

Upon her crowded poop a young man stood, his cheeks pink-flushed, his blue eyes sparkling with all the glamor of the great new land to which his sturdy heart had sent him voyaging. His curly hair was dark, his shoulders broad. His eighteenth birthday he had spent down in the leafy quiet of a Dorset lane. On his first essay out to Goldenland, shipwreck had rolled him, spluttering and cold, upon the rugged, beaten Irish coast. Wherefore, with all the courage of his eighteen years, he took another ship. And this, he thought, was surely worth it all. His name was Elliott. He landed with his bundle tucked beneath his arm. Be-

wildered, and, in fact, quite stunned with all the drumming cannonade of sound which surged about his ears and bore him onward to the seething town, he trudged up from the landing wharf, and rode to Melbourne from the port upon a dray. He slept that night in Captain Cole's great shed—rather forlorn, but stout and quite courageous about it all. And this was Melbourne—the Mecca of the restless, fevered world.

Not far behind the Susannah—the ship which fell astern and followed in, hard on the heels of the Donald Mackay—one might have seen another kind of ship: an oily, clanking craft, whose high, thin funnel belched out grimy smoke; a craft which wallowed wickedly, and sickeningly rolled in the swift, chopping sea. She was the Sydney boat, and five days out with a tight-wedged load of sea-sickness and woe. The wan-faced men who pressed about her heaving side, watched enviously the snowy-canvased Susannah as she overhauled their own contraption run by hissing steam and nauseating oil. But, with the Port Phillip Heads in sight, much of their gloom went overboard. Down in the close saloon, some smoked and made their wagers on the gold they meant to win. They tossed down tall glassfuls of brandy and hot water. The women in the small box cabins corded baggage up. Mamas smacked tiresome children till they cried, and then they smacked them till they stopped.

OLD Sheahan staggered as he stooped. He was berthed aft. "Phwy," he asked of the unanswering ship's lantern overhead, "phwy wuz Oi, in th' winther uv me ould days, so mad to come upon an' 'unt loike this? Phwy—yes says—Phwy 't's poor gossen? For phwy, unless a madchap, an' 'er brat, must git a bug, an' want to folley thrade an' bushiness to th' Goldenland. An', at sivinty-six 'tis a madman's thrick, an' a madman Sheahan so yer are. Och—mad! She's over!"

Not a bit of it. She rooted, plunging in the jerking troughs, but ground her way up to the whirlpool of the Rip. Tin mugs and flying water-bottles rang and clattered on the deck, the children squalled and in a smothering of spray the old May Day came in and nosed her way up the river to the Queen's wharf. The tall, red-haired young woman, with the sombre golden eyes, held her son's hand and bade the men who hurried them ashore to have a care for the old man. For an exorbitant price, a blue-nosed old scamp drove them through surging, shouting streets to one lodging-house after another in a fruitless quest for accommodation. Young John, crumpling an apple on the driver's seat, thought it a wondrous sight.

And so, indeed, it was. For Melbourne, in that year of grace, was one great crucible in which were fused all the discordant multiples of creed and language on the earth. Bourke Street, a straight, broad thoroughfare, glittered and shone in itself and in jewels. And, like two rumbling snakes, mottled and never resting through the day and night, the fevered crowds on either side surged riotous and drunken on their way. Gold was their currency—in nuggets or in dust. Gold was their bedmate and their lodestar, too. Virtue and friendship were as strong as gold—no more. Rum sold for gold. Contracts were spider-web against the fierce gleam of this wicked prize.

The bellowing taverns and hotels in Goldenland poured out their fierce nepenthe and warm, foaming beers—for gold. Tired men, who ached for all the languor of a narrow, pallet bed—might have it, if their luck held good—for gold. Mutton and flour were in abundance here—for gold. The man who coveted his neighbor's ox—or ass—in Goldenland might have them all, and if he had enough—of gold. Raiment? Then gold. Transport upon a lurching cart? A foundered horse? A brindle cow gone dry?—then, brethren, take your pick—for gold!

Quite true. The luckless or the idle had no gold. No gold in Goldenland? Absurd! Yet there were thousands there who had no gold. They starved, turned thieves, or, what was worse, became bushrangers in the forest depths, waylaying the stragglers who lagged behind in the fierce race for Ballarat.

All this, the tall, red-headed woman thought, while their thin, blue-nosed charioteer drove them up churning Collins Street and round in that long search for lodgings for the three of them. They found two rooms at last—in Russell Street. The rent was two pounds for the night. That noise and boisterous laughter from the crowd downstairs made sleep almost impossible, was no ground for a reduction in the bill. But in the early golden dawn she slept.

Sol's case had been quite hopeless from the start.

"What's this you say, Janet?" he had gasped.

"I have made up my mind to go down to Melbourne and open a store at Ballarat."

"At Ballarat! At Ballarat! Oh, Lord! But—why, girl—are you quite mad?" Sol seriously wondered if she had lost her wits. "Half Sydney's gone over—I know that as well as you do. But d'ye think it's a place for a woman? I tell you, girl, it's rank, rotten madness. Listen. What about the store here? What about young John? Don't be so crass, my girl. The diggings are no place for women. And—I don't want to hurt your feelings—Janet—you know me well enough—but if you think you'll run up against that will-o'-the-wisp of yours down there—then take my word for it—you won't."

Her quickened breathing and the pale flame in her tawny eyes warned him to haul his wind.

"Uncle Link, I'm not mad. A long time ago, my father, Jacob, listened to a voice. It said, then: 'Out, Jacob. Go out, my friend, be not afraid.' Unconsciously, she mimicked her dead father's clipped accent. "Yes, that is what it said to him. And he went out. What madness was there, then, in that? No, you will not interrupt!"

In momentary rage, the flame eyes flashed, and she stamped her foot. Sol started in his chair. In his small room upstairs they heard young John—her little John—whistle, in piercing shrillness, a wretched execution from "The Black-Eyed Susan."

"Well, was my father mad? Perhaps he was. But he made that." Her heart chilled in a sudden pang. "At least, the most of it." That was the morning's "Courier." "Now, my voice has spoken, too. At night, for months—oh, Uncle Link, you could not guess how many, many months—I've heard it in my heart."

Heard it say—you will not laugh at me, please—Janet, go out. Be a stout girl—no fear of faltering. Very well, I go—I and my little John. Yes, Sheahan, too. What of the store? Why, Dore will keep it going, and you will surely come up once or twice a week? I have it all worked out, you see. And now I know another thing. I will find him again. Not here. But what I feel I cannot help. Soon—oh, why cannot men perceive these things? Why do you never understand—he will be in my arms. It may be only for a little time, but if it be the smothered part of a short hour I will put down his head into my arms."

She seemed unconscious of the white-haired man who stared—too moved to speak. Like wood which knocked on wood Sol heard his own voice calling from the years. "Ships are but ships, at best. And ships sometimes go out and don't come home again." The full tears rose up to her shining eyes. Sol fired one last despairing shot.

"Why not hold on a bit, my girl—"

"Hold on? But then it might be too late. No, Uncle Link, there are some feelings in the heart too deep to reason out. Now I know where to find the man they sent away. He wants me still. He may not know it, but he does. He always will—until he dies. And I wait him. Twelve years. How—how very long . . . A long, long time."

He sat and heard her plans out till dawn drew down.

When she told Sheahan of her intention to take him down to Melbourne—down to Goldenland—he skipped quite in his style of years ago. When she stooped down and kissed her mildest hand, her cheek, and then her soft, red lips—bidding her Gold speed and a quick return—she wept a little. But when the snorting May Day drew out in the stream, old Link it was who snivelled like a child. So Janet and her little John, and Denny Sheahan put out for Goldenland.

When the bright, golden sun crept over Dandenong's broad mountain back, Goldenland, heartless and radiant, roared into life again. Men and their families, fevered and unrefreshed, crept from their restless beds and hurried out into the ceaseless turmoil of the raving streets. Long before dawn the hapless ones whose couch was newsprint in the tea-tree scrub, rubbed their red, rheumy eyes and with dry throats resiled to the streaming pump and breakfasted on beer.

THE great and close-pent immigrant shed, just over Prince's Bridge, resounded with the strident hoekings and the shouts of that great company who spent the stifling night upon its verminous floor.

Whipcracks, and shrill slow-turning wheels, curses, and all the horrible hysteria of drunken brawl made Goldenland a fearful bedlam whose heedless inmates were insane—for gold! Gold! Gold in the dancing fountain and the sewer! Gold in the banks' outswelling vaults, and in the wastrel's shoe.

Here were lean, snake-faced men from Texas, California, and Mexico, bright scarves about their throats and huge hats shadowing their heads. Their skins were crinkled with a golden tinge. Their spurs, with rowels as big as half a crown, looked merciless and cruel. Fresh, bright-eyed boys from Somerset and Kent shouldered and jostled men whose homes lay in the cool, pine-scented valleys of Bavarian

alps. Women, in madly-swinging crinolines, were pressed aside by Neapolitans whose eyes and lips were soft; whose hearts were three shades paler than their hands. Irishmen, Greeks, Bulgarians, Canadians, and smooth Chinese, pressed, shouting and gesticulating, up the streets. The roads were pounded by a hundred thousand hooves and crackling wheels. The mails were tipped out on the road, and every man looked for his own. The whistling, winding, roaring horde swelled greater every hour. And tired, flushed clerks within the Treasury, in Queen Street totted in a gritty perspiration, weighing gold brought in by the loud-clanking wagon with its guard of troops.

For Goldenland was really quite possessed. Policemen threw their truncheons in a ditch and raced away—for gold. Servants climbed out of windows in the night and took the road—for gold.

WHEN she had washed and dressed, Janet went out, and, asking here and there along the teeming streets, came to a door in Queen Street on which she saw a board: "Mr. Oscar Leeming, Merchant, etc." Old Link had given her a letter to the man. At all events, there she found Mr. Oscar Leeming, "merchant, etc." He was a soft, bald, round man, with cunning little dark brown eyes. Milk from his morning porridge dribbled on his lips. His dressing gown bulged open at the chest—a chest, white, pulpy, lightly marked with grizzled hair.

Of course—his dear ma'am—of course. From Solomon Link? Of course. And how—he put his dirty glasses on to read Sol's note—how now was Mr. Link? Quite well? Of course. Now, in what way could he be of service to a lady friend of Link's? She required, she told him, enumerating the items on her finger-tips, a cart and horse—a covered cart, the dray, two horses for the dray, camp gear, blankets, and tents and rope. Then, as to stock: flour and molasses, sugar and oil and tools. A vast and very formidable list it was, and caused the merchant's flabby, greedy heart to flutter in his sodden, sallow, chest.

His small eyes roved about his customer. . . . Trim feet . . . a good firm, rather—ab-set face . . . a shrewd too, thought Mr. Oscar Leeming, "merchant, etc." It took them some two hours before the last small items had been fixed. The price on which she had to strike, quite took her breath away. But, she reflected, this was Goldenland. Well, she would get it back. Old Jacob's blood ran very strongly in his daughter's veins.

Yes, all would be ready and in first-class order on Wednesday—first-class order. So, now, all that remained for her to do was to engage some likely man to drive the dray to Ballarat. Out in the streets again, she hurried back, shouldered and jostled by the streaming, harsh-voiced multitude, reeling and gesturing upon its whirling dervish dance. In wonderment, she saw a dicker and his dicker—sweet transitory helpmeet in the spending of his gold—sprawling in strict drunkenness upon a carriage seat. The horses all were garlanded. The drunken footmen had cockades. A train of other carriages rolled their slow way behind.

Janet walked home as swiftly as she could to what she always called her "family." The next three nights they

slept in Canvas Town, a vast and orderly-arranged encampment, pitched on Emerald Hill. Janet had hired two tents—for gold—in what they called Bung Lane. In Goldenland, bung stood for beer.

"What did you say your name was?" she asked the young man with the curly hair.

"Elliott, ma'am." He was such a boy, she thought. His cheeks were pink. His eyes were blue and candid. Her woman's heart warmed to him as she watched him sitting there upon a candle box, his felt hat crumpled in his hand. Through the tent-fly, he saw the ceaseless, rumbling train of hurrying men and groaning carts. The white dust-clouds were strangling to the throat. Dogs barked and children bawled. It was a babel pit, was Canvas Town. Young John was towing Sheahan round the camp, his keen eyes noting everything. All this was one immeasurable joy to him.

"Elliott? That is not a too-common name, I think. You are English?"

"Yes, ma'am, English. Bridport, in Dorsetshire." His quiet tongue was unlocked at last. "I came in on the Donald Mackay last Saturday. During the voyage I served the water out. At least, I helped. But that wasn't my first voyage, ma'am. Oh, no. The first time, we went ashore in a gale off the Irish coast. Ha, ha! Have you ever heard a captain swear, when an old dame in a fright gets away with his trousers? Ha, ha! I beg your pardon? Oh, I swam for it, ma'am."

With all his eighteen years and broad shoulders, he was a boy. She thought he might resent it if she rumbled up his hair and kissed his ruddy cheek. Drive? Yes, he could drive horses. Aye, and harness them as well. And, if he said he'd do a job, he'd do it. Although, when they had reached the diggings, perhaps she wouldn't mind if he went after the gold himself? Of course not. How could she mind? That was what he had come to Goldenland for, wasn't it?

"But," she remarked to him, "some—not everyone finds gold. There are a dreadful number of men who have found only disappointment after all their travelling. What will you do if—well, if you have no luck?"

He laughed at that.

"Me? Oh, I'd look to the building trade. I can use a hammer and a saw, somewhat, ma'am."

They struck hands on their bargain. Over their pannikins of tea, she told him what he was to do. Quite punctually, he kept his word. Late into Tuesday night they stowed and lashed the stores upon the dray: shovels and timber, picks and sharp-toothed mattocks, broad coils of yellow rope, a few mouth organs and accordions; bagged flour and treacle in small kegs; sugar and jams and spice, and tinned beef and pickles; lard and castor oil. That was not half of it.

And then, in Wednesday morning's pallid dawn, they stowed their own gear on the covered cart, and, long before the rising sun rolled up, joined the huge serpent of other drays and carts which creaked and ground its ponderous course towards Ballarat. The Bridport boy and Sheahan travelled on the laden two-horsed dray, Janet and young John, on the covered cart.

They safely passed the dreaded quagmire near Royal Park, sticky and miry still, despite the heat, and, by the time the sun had risen high, they found themselves beyond the town, and jolting on

the mangled road into the scarce-awakened bush. On either side of the great stream of lurching carts, people on foot pressed vigorously on, as though it were a race for life or death. Some carried compact swags and bundles on their backs.

Others had none. Some walked because their carts were laden high, and could not carry any more. Yet again others trundled bouncing prams, pressed down with clattering pans, blankets, and rain-stained carpet bags. As the slow miles crawled surely past, the rumbling procession with its cacophony of loud and indistinguishable sounds wound its vast garish length, down into muddled gullies and up stony hills. All the unparaleled confusion of that scene was a new wonder for the age-old eucalyptus giants between whose bristling ranks the scarred brown road had rolled its way. Legions of birds—magpies and kookaburras and small iridescent wrens—fluttered and made their wild conjectures on the bewitchment of the land.

When the wind turned, and glowing afternoon died in the ashen glow of dusk, the swarming host strained hard to hear the billowed rumble of the cradles on the white clay flats. But they still pressed on, grudging the hours of darkness and the need for food. Pale, powdering dust rose slowly in the air. When the west sun's straight, vivid rays shone on its slowly-swelling density, it glowed in colors limned in every rainbow tint. Madly and savagely they thrashed he groaning cattle at the fords. Great wheels and little wheels slipped and slid spongy into the brown, sucking mud. Loads were torn off, dumped on the muddy ground, and strong arms rendered stronger in this epic race heaved on the wheel-spokes till they staggered free. On with the loads again! Those jammed behind yelled with impatience to be on.

Through the Black Forest's sombre eucalyptine depths. Beyond the splendid frowning fastnesses of Macedon. An hour snatched for a swift-devoured meal. Upon the first and second nights, the bright fires smoked while lanterns lit the noisy camp. Mouth organs, yelping dogs, and whinnying horses rang a discordant slumber song for those who cheated sleep.

UP! Limber up! Yoke in! Strike camp! Douse fires! Away! And on! And in its weird cantabile of haste the endless surge of lusting feet and wheels swept by.

Young John was quite incoherent with joy. Most of the way he drove. His tongue was sore with chirruping to Pongo. His healthy cheeks were sunburnt and his auburn hair was stiff with dust. All he lamented was the whip. With this, at first, he had done splendid execution. As witness. First, he cut the mare under the flanks, whereat she leaped, flung up indignant heels, and almost smashed the bottom board to bits before the Dorset boy, who drove the dray, could hurry back and quieten her. That sobered master John, perhaps for half an hour. Then, to poor Janet's sharp disgust, he whooped and whirled the long thong thrice about his head, and cut his mother's bonnet-brim to shreds. "Now, John, remember: it is the last time I shall warn you." But leave that confounded whip alone the boy could not. He took it in his restless head to crack it, but at the first essay, the stinging lash almost took out his eye.

With that our Janet kept her word. She took the whip from him and boxed

his ears, then made him walk a mile. Perhaps it was because she yearned for solitude. Small and unheeded unit as she was in that immense conglomeration of faces and of tongues, as the great march rolled on, she felt herself as though some slender force slowly detached her from its midst. Almost—she recognised this, too—as though with every mile she looked on all that vast environment of trees, of horses, and of panting hearts, as an intaglio of almost soundless things. But for that constant little voice within her breast which stammered ceaselessly—"Turn back? Impossible. Press on. Be not afraid. Press on. Press on"—she would have wondered why she ever started out. She brought her secret self up from its hidden tomb, and placed it in the truthful light of day.

Is it—let me be honest with myself—is it because it is inborn in me? Because I wished to trade in mutton, flour and lard at four hundred and fifty per cent? Perhaps it might be that. But—now, why should I lie indeed to her—my other self? Is it because—because I hope to find—well—what I have had in other days, and lost? In plain words, because he will be waiting at a road's end for me? And for his son? . . . Would it be that which urged my father's daughter out, to travel in a jolting, covered cart in Goldenland? As for him—it was he you meant, I suppose?—as for him waiting—that might not be the truth . . . But, yes—this is the fact . . . He is in Goldenland . . . And hereabouts. So—I shall see him—and before the month is dead. And hold him. . . Surely. That is a certain thing. . . Then it is love you expect to find? Love? . . . What is that? Does love lie sleeping and alive for twelve grey years? . . . It might be so . . .

But yet again—love, in a woman's heart is cherished less than memory, you know. . . Listen. The monarch of three washing seas, and of an orange-scented island had a gem of splendid worth. Of that—who doubts it?—he was fond—fond with a savage pride of ownership. Was it not his? Lost he lamented it, for it was his. He searched, at endless cost, three washing seas, and sieved the orange-scented island's yellow soil. A crippled man who fished for lobsters in the bay, brought up the gem and took it to the king, who wept to hold it and to see its face again. Its clear, green lucent light had not been stained. He bound it closely in his sirdle, and beneath his heart. . . Would that be love? . . . I cannot know. If it be so—then love has urged me out. . . So you expect to find him here—or hereabouts? . . . Expect? I know. . . Oh, quite assuredly.

The fading sun of Goldenland crept lower still.

The third night's camp was pitched. The hobbled horses wandered through the blue tree-gloom. Ranged in a circle were the drays and carts. The shafts of some were ranted to the evening sky. Others were resting on the bark-strewn ground. The sun was partly blinded by the mountain ridge. Impressive. In their excellence, the great gums watched—their haggard limbs knotted like the muscles of a giant. A jackass shouted, and another took him up. Others replied. They laughed. The cold creek sang. The dipping buckets clashed. Behind the camp, an axe rang in its measured strokes. The sliding sun was almost blinded by the mountain ridge. The smoke of forty crackling fires curled low, then rose like purple incense to the sightless trees.

The high flames leapt and wrestled in

contorted turns. * Boys shouted out and laughed. A game of fly-the-garter drew a crowd. The pleasant steam of soup and stew swept by. Lanterns glimmered through the canvas tents. Someone, beyond the farthest fire, played an accordion. A knot of burly listeners clapped broad palms as they sang. And the bright clearing, ringed in by the trees, rang with the clash and clattering of pots and plates, and all the comfortable sounds which go to make the evening camp.

Janet was in her tent, unrolling blankets for the night. Sheahan sat on a bag of chaff, hard by their fire, stirring the steaming pot. The boy who came from Bridport, out of Dorsetshire, scoured his face upon a hard jack-towel. The camp fires took a ruddier gleam. The axe blows ceased. There was a momentary silence—one loud resounding crack, a running fusillade of sharp reports, each louder than the last, and then the rushing of the falling tree, the rattling echo of its thundering fall, and the light trembling of the startled earth. She heard the shouts of many men. They cried for lights. Swift footsteps padded past. The boy from Dorsetshire joined the little crowd, which swayed around the middle of the fallen tree. She came outside and looked to see what might have happened there. And then, as though to answer her, a hundred rapid voices spoke:

"A man's been killed!"

YOUNG John was pressing through the close-drawn group. He thrust his head between a tall man's legs. But then he could not see. . . . "A man's been killed."

"A man . . . he tripped an' the tree fell on 'im." . . . "Is he dead?" . . . "Yes, his back's been busted." . . . "What's his name?" . . . "Yes, what's his name?" . . . "What's his name?" . . . "They say, John Chase." . . . "John Chase."

Sheahan came limping up. She wondered why his puckered little face was pale. With a trembling hand, he tried to urge her away from the small procession of men who walked on either side of a burden which quietly groaned. A woman—a plump little woman—ran past. Her face was dreadful in the raw glare of the fires. A man followed her. Surprised at Sheahan's gesture Janet turned and looked at him.

"Phwy—phwy—Miss Jhanet. Now, don't yez be upst. 'Tis not a pretty thing for thim eyes o' yourn. 'Tis a man 'ave bin—ah—knocked be a tree."

"A man? Oh, how terrible, poor fellow. There might bet something I can do. Is that his wife?"

She moved toward the tent to which the groaning burden had been borne. Sheahan's clutch tightened desperately on her arm. People streamed by. Young John, her little John, crept quietly to her side. "A man's been killed. His back's been broken by a tree."

"Why—Denny—whatever is the matter? You're hurting my arm. Let me go! Oh!—a-a-ah!"

"Phwat man, mavourneen? Phwy—'tis a—littish kind uv man wid—ah—wid a broken nose, an' wan eye—an' about so 'oigh as this." Appalled, the wretched Sheahan bungled out his lie. "About so 'oigh as this." He measured with his hand, a height which would have brought the man somewhere about his—Denny's—waist. She knew. She knew! "Blood on his head and sorrow in his soul!" She knew and with the swiftness

of a frightened bird, flung Sheahan's gripping hand-clutch off and ran.

He lay upon a bed of blankets on the ground. His wife, quite stunned, knelt by his side, and stained his splendid head with tears. His eyes were closed. His harsh breath grated in his breast. A man whose hair shone with a purple sheen unlaced his heavy boots. She stood—alone—unnoticed—by the tall man's feet. . . . A beard . . . His blue eyes clouded . . . And his hand—his "poor, maimed, battered hand"—lying loosely on his chest . . . His breath came louder. His flickering eyes rolled up. He looked at her, perhaps while you of I could count to five.

"We will not have it through the press in time," he said, and left them all.

She stood, immovable, quite statuesque. Far off, the woman with the golden eyes heard a great rushing sound. About her redly-gleaming hair it rolled and billowed up, filling the little tent of calico with a dread resonance of beating noise. It shouted out into the vasty silence of the bush, and made the white stars, steep in their radiance, tremble and twinkle in their sky. Then, in a gushing flood of paralysing force, the wave burst through its bending bonds and broke.

It might have been a woman's sob she heard. Without one sound, she stooped and, with a numbing hand, stroked his dark, clustered hair. His wife looked up. The man whose head was darkly blue, and ringed round with a livid, rolling scar, looked down. The Adam's apple in his brown throat throbbed. The noises of the camp were muted down. Young John peeped, with a strange, shocked feeling at his careless heart, through the tent-fly. Smally insects spun a silent, giddy dance around the lamp. The dead man's bearded jaw was sagging down. A mupoke hooted in a tree. The red moon quietly climbed into the sky. The brown-haired woman wept. She called his name. The other still stared down. Both of them raised their heads and looked into each other's eyes—the tawny and the brown.

"You—you knew him, then—once?"

Unconsciously, Joan's fingers toyed with the small, golden band on her left hand. Slowly, then, Janet moved her head. She nodded—twice.

"Once . . . years ago . . . I knew him . . . yes. A—little—yes . . ."

Round Benelong, six hundred heartless miles away, the old tide travelled down to sea. At dawn—before the sun was up—they buried him beneath a wattle tree. It showered purer gold upon his fresh-turned grave than he had ever hoped to find.

Listen: it is the truth. Just as I tell you here. I had the story from my grandfather. As an immigrant boy he journeyed out to Goldenland. His ship was the Donald Mackay. He, now, is dead—with John, and Janet and the rest of them. They made of his old ship a coal hulk in Madeira. She, too, is dead. The sea took pity on her broken heart and drew her down in fire—a Viking's death. What I have told you here is true. He whom I had the story from knew Janet in her life.

There is no more, indeed, to tell, save that their Goldenland is ours—and golden still. Golden in all great golden things—in courage, fortitude, achievement, and success. It is her destiny. Of that, be sure—sure as that this day's night will bring the morrow's sun.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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